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[THE EARL OF MONTFORD'S TRIBULATION.]

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I'll keep this secret from the world,
As warily as those that deal in poison
Keep poison from their children." Webster.

ALMOST choking with rage and mortification at the ridiculous position in which he found himself, as the guardian of Lorraine's drunken slumbers, Rosenbury stared at his visitor in silence. Had he dared to have done so, he would have instantly expelled him from the house. But he realized that his only course was that of concealment, and that the man before him had the power to strip him of his honours and wealth, and place his hated rival in his stead—the facts and circumstances in the case being sufficient to establish the evidence of the single witness beyond all question.

Unconscious of the tumultuous thoughts in Rosenbury's mind, Lorraine stretched himself out in the easiest position possible, and dropped almost instantly into sleep. The handkerchief with which he had covered his face fell partly from it, and his vulgar red visage was thrown into full view.

Rosenbury looked at him in disgust.

Brought up as he had been among gentlemen of rank, Rosenbury had acquired a haughtiness of spirit, and a fastidiousness of taste which had not been exceeded by the noblest of his school and college companions. His pride of rank had always been his chief characteristic, and he had always been scrupulous in exacting the utmost respect and attention from all who came in contact with him.

It may, therefore, be judged with what keen humiliation and mortification he had realized that he was not a Rosenbury—that he was the son of a hireling put in the place of the rightful heir.

But even that realization had not broken his haughty spirit, for he had believed himself to be the sole repository of the terrible secret.

As he looked upon the face and form before him, with the full knowledge that this vulgar fellow was his own father, the author of his being, he felt as if he could strangle him then and there, and thus rid himself for ever of one who shared his secret.

But this paroxysm passed, and Rosenbury sat down, endeavouring to think over a plan of action.

He resolved that he would not have Lorraine calling at Rosenbury House, as such visits could not fail to excite comments among the servants, and might possibly arouse suspicions in the mind of Lady Rosenbury.

"There is an immeasurable distance between us, and he must feel it," thought the young man, with a darkening brow. "Our paths must lie very far apart. Perhaps it is as well to understand the matter to-day as any time!"

He endeavoured to study Lorraine's face, in order to judge of his character, but he could gain little information from the stolid, expressionless visage before him.

From his dress, however, and the rings that glittered outside his kid gloves, he gathered the knowledge that his visitor loved display, and that money was, probably, all he desired.

After this decision, Rosenbury breathed freer, concluding that it would be an easy matter to dispose of him, and that he had nothing to fear.

He had hardly given himself this assurance when he reflected that Lorraine was probably, judging from his late behaviour, very communicative when under the influence of liquor, and that at any time the carefully guarded secret of his life might be made a subject of tavern gossip, and that in the moment of his greatest happiness he was liable to be thrown from the proud eminence he now occupied and see another take his place.

A cold dew broke out upon Rosenbury's face, and his form trembled with a sudden fear that penetrated to his heart.

The punishment for his wickedness and treachery to another had already begun.

The moments of careless security he had enjoyed, since listening to Mrs. Lorraine's revelation, had

vanished for ever, and he had entered upon a new life that was to be made up of ceaseless anxieties and fears.

As he sat there, regarding Lorraine with a look which—if glances could have slain—would have annihilated that individual on the spot, he heard the sudden click of dainty boot-heels on the mosaic marble floor of the corridor, and then followed the rustling of a silk dress.

He had hardly time to spring to his feet with a frightened look when Lady Rosenbury entered the apartment.

"Are you alone, Raymond?" she asked. "I felt anxious to learn if Walter had sent any message by his father, for I cannot conceive what other errand Lorraine would have here. Ah! what is that?"

Her question referred to the snoring of Lorraine, which had suddenly grown in intensity. As she asked the question, she glanced in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and beheld Lorraine lying upon the sofa, with his dusty feet elevated upon one arm of it, and his plentifully-oiled head lying upon the other.

For a moment amusement and indignation struggled for the mastery upon her ladyship's countenance, and then she said, gravely:

"Raymond, what does this mean?"

"I understand it no better than yourself, mother," responded Rosenbury, hardly knowing what to say, and feeling quite desperate. "When I came down to see this fellow, he was in the condition you see him now. I suppose he is really Lorraine?"

"Yes, Raymond. But why did you not have him expelled from the house? It must be done immediately?"

Her ladyship moved towards the bell-pull, but Rosenbury stretched forth his hand to detain her, saying, with considerable agitation:

"Don't ring, mother. The servants know from Toaks that he is Walter Lorraine's father, and as Walter visits you a great deal, it would be best not to humiliate him before the servants. On Walter's account I have spared this creature, whom, otherwise, I should have put into the street!"

"You are right, Raymond," responded Lady Rosen-

bury, studying Rosenbury's countenance with an unsatisfied look. "As Walter's father, Lorraine must not be expelled with violence. I wish, however, you would awaken him, and dismiss him as soon as possible!"

She turned and swept from the apartment, not altogether satisfied with Rosenbury's explanations, knowing well as she did the animosity he had always cherished against Walter. She was well aware that Raymond had a petty and ignoble disposition, which would delight in nothing more than to treat with ignominy any friend of the young artist; and why he should have lost such an excellent opportunity as was now afforded him seemed to her ladyship something of a mystery.

Rosenbury read something of her incredulity in his professions before she left the room, and when she had withdrawn, his face looked savage in its passion.

Remembering his agitation on reading the card of Lorraine and learning that he was in existence, he feared that he had already given her ladyship the idea that he possessed a secret in connection with his visitor, and that fear almost maddened him.

Proceeding to the sofa, he seized Lorraine by the shoulder and shook him fiercely, calling upon him to awake.

Under his vigorous treatment, his visitor yawned, stretched himself, and opened his eyes.

Rosenbury drew him up into a sitting posture.

"Where 'm I?" asked Lorraine, looking around him, his utterance still thick and impeded, as, however, it generally was. "Ah! Rosenbury House! And here's Ludship! Bouse me for goin' sleep, but overcome by heat. Did you wake m' up?"

"I did," returned Rosenbury. "You have slept long enough. It is time to proceed to business!"

"You woke m' up?" remarked Lorraine. "You wanted talk with me? Heart yearned over me, eh? Realise, Raymon, that I'm yer long-lost father, eh?"

He arose as he spoke, and before Rosenbury was aware of his intention had clasped that fastidious personage in his arms and was embracing him with great fervour.

"Father loves you, m' son," remarked Lorraine, pathetically, straining Rosenbury to his breast. "Walter's never took yer place in m' heart. Blood's thicker 'n water, an' you're m' bes' bloved! All's at peace, now, Raymon. Life's all flowers an' money. Sweet to turn an' celve such a welcome, m' son!"

Rosenbury struggled frantically to free himself from his father's embrace, but Lorraine seemed to take his convulsive movements as the results of emotion, as he said, soothingly:

"There, there, m' son! Don't take on so! Ain't e'prised at your motion. Feel so 'self. 'Strain yer joy, Raymon!"

Rosenbury succeeded in jerking himself loose from his companion, and said, angrily:

"Cease this foolish mummery. If you have anything to say to me, say it, but do not lay your hand upon me again!"

Lorraine seemed disappointed and grieved by these words, and stared at his son, as if unwilling to accept the evidence of his senses. He had expected to be received with open arms by the son for whom he had so deeply sinned, to be made his boon companion, and an honoured guest at his house, and to share with him the fortune left by the late Lord Rosenbury.

He had had dreams of sitting at Rosenbury's table, and quaffing with him the rich old wines that had lain for years in their vaults; dreams of lounging through the handsome rooms of town and country mansions, and being at home in all; dreams of ordering about the servants with a lordly air, as if he were joint master of the establishment; and dreams of driving about in the Rosenbury family carriage, to the great wonder and admiration of his former acquaintances and friends.

It was with these pleasant visions before his eyes that he had exchanged his son for the rightful heir in their infancy so many years before, and these visions had cheered him throughout his wandering life in Australia, and brought him home on hearing of Lord Rosenbury's death.

There was a real pathos in the voice of the erring man, as he said:

"An' this 's my reward! Well has the poic said, Raymon, that's sharper 'n a snake's tooth t' have thankless child! Wouldn't b'lieved it! Even Walter, poor injured Walter, treated me better'n you do! If he was real son, couldn't be kin'er. Shall 'mem'er this!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Rosenbury, becoming alarmed at the effect of his words. "I spoke thoughtlessly. I am glad to see you—very glad indeed! Sit down, and let us have a little conversation together!"

"You 'knowledge our 'lationship, m' son?" asked Lorraine, anxiously.

"Yes, yes."

"But you don't call me father?"

"I dare not. Some one might overhear us," returned Rosenbury. "It is better to be very secret about our relationship, for if Lady Rosenbury had the slightest suspicion of the fact, she would not sleep until Walter was restored to his rights."

"Just so," assented Lorraine, taking a seat. "Has la'ship any e'picion?"

"I think not, as yet. She came in here a few minutes ago and saw you asleep, and I am sure, she thought it very strange that I should allow that. She wanted the servants to put you out—"

"Oh, she did?" exclaimed Lorraine, angrily. "Well, la'ship 'll find can't have everything she wants! I've come live with you, m' son; guess la'ship 'll find I'm as much consequence herself—eh, Raymon?"

Rosenbury recoiled from the prospect thus presented of having his father under the same roof with himself, and hastened to say:

"But this is impossible. I cannot have you live with me. Do you not see such a thing would provoke suspicion? How could I explain your continued presence here to her ladyship? No, you must not only live apart from me, but you must not come to see me, must not mention my name to any one, nor hint that you know me. The sooner you understand this the better!"

This was very unpleasant intelligence to Lorraine, and he endeavoured to combat his son's resolution, but in vain.

"As to what I owe you," continued Rosenbury, "you will not find me ungrateful. You would like some pecuniary assistance, would you not?"

Lorraine assented.

"Suppose I were to give you a neat little sum with which to buy a small business—"

"No shopkeeping for me!" interrupted Lorraine. "Shouldn't think venture s'gest such a thing, an' you so rich! Going to be a gentleman of leisure. Want plenty money, an' do nothin'!"

"Very well, then, I will settle an annuity upon you—"

"Don't want 'nully, Raymon! Prefer have money when want it. 'Nulities are bother. Can't have money only so often. Praps I'll want it every week!"

"If you do, you must not come in person for it. You must send me a note. You want some to-day, I suppose?"

As Lorraine assented, Rosenbury drew out his purse, and handed it to him, adding:

"Be careful that you do not make your demands too often. Where do you live?"

"In Kensington. Walter wrote note to landlady, an' she's given me a nice suite rooms. Very comfortable. She's used to my ways, an' get on fir' rate!"

"I think you had better return to Rosenbury Heath, and take possession of the cottage. I'll furnish it for you, and you can hire a neighbour to keep house for you."

"No, Raymon, I prefer town life. Don't tend to hide 'self in country 'gain. Need more 'citement—theatres—concerts—an' all that!"

Rosenbury made no attempt to overcome this resolution, but replied:

"Well, do as you like, only keep silent. Have you seen Walter more than once?"

"Yes—twice. First time, before old woman died. Second day, la'ship an' girl went see Walter. Moe' sorry I went that time. La'ship an' girl went off soon after I rived, an' Walter felt awful. 'Fraid I've broke off the match between her an' Walter, but 'reptional. Felt sorry ever since!"

"Lady Rosenbury and a young lady were with Walter when you called on him last?" exclaimed Rosenbury. "The young lady must have been the Lady Geraldine Summers. Ah! I see the reason Walter left town!"

His face glowed with sudden joy.

He believed that the sight of the vulgar Lorraine had either caused the Lady Geraldine to refuse Walter, if he had proposed to her, or to treat him so coldly as to extinguish all hopes within his heart, and, under this view, he could readily explain Walter's depression on the night he had enticed him into the gambling-house.

"You needn't regret that visit," he said, in a more cordial tone than he had yet used to his visitor. "You did me a service on that occasion which I shall not forget."

"How so?"

"Because I love that lady and desire to marry her, as I shall do ere long!"

"Don't, Raymon! Let Walter have her. You've got his title an' money, so let him have the girl. That wouldn't be more 'n fair!"

Rosenbury laughed at the suggestion.

Lorraine continued to plead, urging Walter's great kindness to him on his return, his forbearing to upbraid him for coming to see him while he had visitors,

and, thus, dashing his hopes in regard to the Lady Geraldine, his great liberality with money, &c., but he might as well have pleaded to a block of granite.

"There is no use in talking to me on this subject," said Rosenbury, coldly. "My mind is made up to marry the lady. Doubtless, Walter has given her up, and has no hopes whatever connected with her."

"You'd better do 's I say, Raymon," said Lorraine, with a frown. "Walter been kin' an' good to me, an' I ain't the man to forget it. 'Mem'er I can say things—"

"But you'd better not, for your own sake," replied Rosenbury, with sudden heat. "You are aware that when you placed me in my present position you committed a criminal offence, and you would be transported for it if the fact leaked out!"

This threat seemed to daunt Lorraine, and he responded:

"We won't say nothin' more about that. If you're 'termined to marry that young lady, I don't see 's I can help it. But you must give me all the money I want whenever I ask for it—"

"Provided you don't ask too often," said Rosenbury, curtly, feeling that he had now the upper hand. "You must keep your distance and let me alone."

"Walter treated me better 'n this!" whined Lorraine. "You'd better keep the right side o' 'em, Raymon, or you may regret it!"

The words probably produced the same opinion on Rosenbury, for his manner grew conciliatory as he said:

"You understand why I cannot have you here at present. Should Lady Rosenbury die, affairs, of course, would look different. In that case, I should insist upon you taking up your residence with me and should treat you well. Until she dies, however, we must be wary and cautious!"

Lorraine agreed in this view of the case, and seemed quite amicable.

It was mostly evening, for at heart he was deeply chagrined at his reception by his son. He could not help contrasting it with Walter's treatment of him, and he felt his heart incline to the latter.

Rosenbury conversed with him for some time longer, and endeavoured to make a friend of his visitor, whom he allowed to see how deeply he was held in fear, and Lorraine began to conceive hopes of a brighter and happier future.

"It is getting late now," observed Rosenbury, when the interview had grown irksome to him. "You had better, perhaps, be on your way home. Remember that it is to your interest to keep my secret, and that I will pay you well for doing so, but should you betray it you will receive a felon's doom!"

Somewhat annoyed at this cavalier dismissal, Lorraine rose, tied his neck-tie with trembling fingers, set his hat on the back of his head, and prepared to take his departure.

"One thing must be understood," he said, doggedly, as Rosenbury arose to see him depart, "an' that is I'm comin' to see you 's often 's I choose. Pity I can't see m' own son! An' when want money, it's everyday, I will have it! If you 'ay me, I'll 'fess everything, and take consequences!"

"You shall have everything you want!" declared Rosenbury, deeming it politic to ignore his previous remarks.

"An' when I choose to live in same house with you, I shall do it!"

He shook hands with Rosenbury, and after a few further words made his way into the corridor and was ushered into the street.

"I wish something would happen to him on his way home!" muttered Rosenbury, flinging himself wearily upon a sofa, his countenance looking quite haggard. "I shall live in constant fear of his coming to live with me! I hope he'll get killed in some drunken brawl. I shall not feel easy until I hear of his death."

His mind wandered in dark speculations, at which he would have shuddered even a few hours before—so rapid is one's progress downwards when once a descent from virtue is begun—and the object of these speculations was how best to entirely remove from his path his late dangerous visitor, and thus constitute himself sole master of the terrible secret of his identity.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is my soul that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears. *Macbeth.*

The day after the lovers' interview on the rocks by the sea, the Lady Geraldine wandered about the mansion of Rock Land in a state of happy restlessness, now looking out of the tower windows in the hope of catching a glimpse of Walter Lorraine, and again endeavouring to interest herself in books and needle-work.

Notwithstanding the efforts of good Mrs. Tomlin to interest her, the day dragged slowly, and she fre-

quently consulted her watch to ascertain how nearly it was spent, and as frequently looked upwards to learn whether the weather would be favourable to the meeting appointed for that evening.

Immediately upon their arrival at Rock Land, the earl had shut himself up in his study, admitting no one to his presence except his page, and replying to the solicitations of his niece that he was greatly fatigued by his journey, but that he would see her on the morrow.

In the flush of her happiness, therefore, the Lady Geraldine desired above all things to make her uncle happy. Her heart was filled with kind feelings towards every one, and she forgot the coldness that had always existed between her and the earl, and resolved to bring about a happier state of feelings between them.

This resolve was heightened by a glimpse she caught of the earl when she was passing through the corridor. The study-door was slightly ajar, and she saw his lordship sitting in an arm-chair, his body bent forward and sustained by his arms, his elbows resting on his knees. His dress was the same he had worn from town, and seemed not to have been touched since. His hair was dishevelled, and added to the wildness of his countenance, which was seamed with deep lines, and looked even more haggard than when she saw him last. His eyes wandered in restless, frightened glances, which instantly detected her presence, and he raised his hands to wave her away as if she had been an accusing spirit. The next moment the page had closed the door.

The Lady Geraldine indulged in some speculations upon the earl's singular conduct, but ascribed it to his fear of the disease which the family physician had assured her was preying upon him. Knowing how deeply he was attached to life, and how he had exulted in the possession of his honours, she did not wonder that death should be full of horrors to him, particularly so sudden a death as he had to fear from his malady.

But this decision was disturbed by the recollection that he affected to disbelieve the words of his physician, and declared that he was only nervous, and not suffering from heart-disease.

She lingered about the corridor until the page came out from the study on some errand, and then sent by him to the earl an earnest request to be allowed to attend upon him, and cheer his hours of pain and loneliness.

The page delivered the message, and returned with the reply that the earl had slept none the preceding night, that he was, consequently, much worse, and that he could see no one, not even his dear niece, as the sight of any face beside that of his favourite servant would only aggravate his nervousness.

The maiden was, therefore, obliged to content herself with urging her relative, through the page, to send for Dr. Horton without an hour's delay, and she then proceeded to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Tomlin was amusing herself with some Berlin work.

The drawing-room was a large and handsome apartment overlooking the sea, and with a window fronting upon the rocks that lined the shore, so that the maiden would have found ample amusement in watching the white-capped waves pursue each other, and the gleaming sails in the distance, had not her mind been so preoccupied.

While she was looking out upon the shore, as a relief, perhaps, from the sea-view, she saw a horseman ride up towards the mansion of Rock Land, with every appearance of haste and excitement. He was a man of middle age, as nearly as she could judge from her brief glimpse of him, and of gentlemanly appearance, but as he glanced upwards, the Lady Geraldine thought that his face looked dark and sinister.

This personage gained an entrance to the mansion, and demanded admittance to the earl, sending in his card by the page, who happened to be in the corridor at the moment of his arrival. To the Lady Geraldine's surprise, he was admitted to the study, where he remained closeted with her uncle several hours.

It seemed very strange to the maiden that, when her uncle had declared himself too ill to see her and receive her gentle ministrations, and that the sight of any face would add to his nervousness, he should admit a stranger to his presence and keep him there so long.

This wonder and surprise were heightened when she and Mrs. Tomlin were joined at dinner by the earl himself, dressed with extreme care, and with a countenance on which beamed pleasant smiles.

Nearly all traces of his late singular illness had vanished. It was true that he looked thin, and that deep lines had been lately engraven upon his face which could never be eradicated, but his late paleness was replaced by a deep flush, and his late nervousness by an unrestrained joyfulness. His eyes shone with their old lustre, and had lost their frightened expression, his step had nearly its usual vigour, and

he carried himself erect, as he had not done since the fall.

The Lady Geraldine could hardly comprehend that he was the same person she had seen crouching in his chair that very morning, as if he were awaiting in silent terror some awful blow.

"Why, uncle," she exclaimed, extending her hand, "this is a very unexpected pleasure. I can hardly believe that it is you—you looked so very ill this morning. Are you not over-exerting yourself?"

"Not at all, my child," responded the earl. "I am well again."

The countenance of the Lady Geraldine expressed surprise at this announcement, as she said:

"Is it the change of air that has cured you, uncle, or did your late visitor bring you good news?"

The earl glanced at her half-suspiciously for a moment, and then replied:

"He brought me good news, Geraldine—splendid news! Perhaps the sea air has done me good too," he added, as if fearing he had said too much. "At any rate, my illness has departed as suddenly as it came, and I am myself again!"

The maiden did not venture to question him further, although she was but half-satisfied with his reply. She could not help asking herself what news could the stranger have brought that had power to restore the earl to his usual health and spirits?

Never, since she had known him, had the earl been so gay, so pleasant, so full of wit. His whole conduct seemed to be actuated by a feeling of relief—as if the horrible fears to which he had lately been a prey had suddenly vanished, and he once more felt safe!

After dinner, he joined his niece in the drawing-room, where he begged her to indulge him in a little music, and he himself accompanied her in a song. He seemed so sociable that the Lady Geraldine began to fear that she would be unable to keep her appointment with Walter.

After a time he ensconced himself in an arm-chair while Geraldine continued to sing to him, and it was not long before his late sleeplessness overcame him and he sank into a doze.

It was the first time he had closed his eyes in sleep since the fall.

As soon as she perceived his condition, the Lady Geraldine arose from her piano and glided from the apartment, hastening to her own chamber. Here she paused only long enough to don a light paletot and a covering for her head, as a protection from the evening air, and she then quitted the mansion, hastening to the rocks where she had met Walter the previous evening.

It was a lovely moonlight evening, with the scuffling half in light, half in shadow to the eastward, and the shore seemed to be, as usual, deserted.

But it was not long before the maiden's eyes distinguished a tall, slender figure standing upon the rock to which she was hastening, and as she looked at it she murmured her lover's name with an endearing epithet.

It was indeed Walter whom she beheld, and he advanced to meet her, exclaiming, as he folded her to his breast:

"You are late, darling. I began to fear that you were ill!"

"I have been detained, dear Walter," she replied, "by my uncle. He has quite recovered, and I have been singing to him. He has just fallen asleep!"

"Recovered! Is it possible? Why I understood last evening that you were seriously alarmed about him."

"So I was, dear Walter, and I think I had then reason for my alarm. He looked like one on the verge of death. But he is now quite well. He has received some good news which has cured him!"

Walter led his betrothed to their seat upon the rock, saying:

"Such a long day as this has been, dear Geraldine! I thought evening never would come. The sun seemed to be within view twice twelve hours! Has the day seemed long to you?"

He read an affirmative answer in her blushes.

He had debated in his own mind whether he should or should not tell the Lady Geraldine of that singular adventure, and the misfortunes which the poor gentleman he had relieved had endured, but he had finally decided in the negative, preferring not to cloud her bright spirit with woes she could not relieve.

But the adventure had aroused a deep interest in his mind, which increased with thought on the subject. The strange, wild face of the fugitive seemed to haunt him in his happiest dreams throughout the day, and that despairing shriek seemed to ring in his ears continually.

But all thought of the fugitive vanished now as he listened to the tones of his betrothed, and he was completely absorbed in his present and prospective happiness.

"You promised to wear my ring in token of our betrothal," he said, tenderly, "and so I walked over to the village this morning to buy one, so that I might place it upon your finger myself this evening. Here it is!"

He drew from his pocket a tiny box, which, being opened, was found to contain a heavy circlet of gold of small inside circumference. It was unusually massive, and of the finest metal.

"I hope it will fit your finger, love," he continued, exhibiting it to her. "You see that it has our united initials inside, as an emblem of our united lives."

Geraldine examined the ornament admiringly, and Walter then placed it upon its appropriate finger, which it fitted perfectly.

"I thought it would fit," he said, smiling. "I have a good eye, you see, for judging such things. I am sorry that I could not have bought a ring more worthy your acceptance, but this was the best the village afforded!"

"I prefer it to all others," murmured Geraldine, kissing it. "You have placed it upon my finger, and it shall never be removed while I live!"

"I fear that the earl will endeavour to break off our engagement!"

"But his endeavours will be in vain, Walter."

"And should he attempt to force you into a marriage with Lord Rosbury, I know you will remain true to me and our mutual vows."

"Yes, Walter," responded Geraldine. "Remember, I am promised to you. My uncle has threatened to force me into a marriage with Lord Rosbury," she added, struck with a sudden thought, "and it is possible, should he learn of our betrothal, that he might endeavour to estrange us from each other. Should he, or any one else, ever tell you that I am engaged to Rosbury, or any one beside yourself, place no faith in the assurance!"

"I shall not, love. I will never doubt your truth and fidelity to me, until you yourself send me back the betrothal-ring I have just placed upon your finger! As long as you retain that, I shall know that you continue to love me. And should you ever wish to break off our engagement," he added, playfully, yet earnestly, "you have only to enclose me the ring without a word, and you will never see me again!"

"How can you suggest such a thing, dear Walter?" asked the Lady Geraldine, shivering. "Do you doubt me?"

"No, no, a thousand times, no! But you see how unused I am to my great joy, my own darling," replied Walter, clasping her fervently to his breast.

"Then be it as you say, Walter," said the maiden, with smiles and tears. "When I get tired of you, I'll send you back the ring. I fear, if you wait for any such event, however, you will have to wait long!"

Walter's face was wreathed in answering smiles. The faith he felt in his betrothed was like his love, boundless; and the idea that either would ever be untrue to the other seemed to each absurd—as it really was.

"And when, darling, may I claim the fulfilment of your promise to become my wife?" asked Walter, as the maiden leaned her head upon his shoulder.

"I want to try to win my uncle's consent first, dear Walter," responded the Lady Geraldine, blushing. "You know how dear he was to my father, and that he stands to me in the place of a parent, and I do not like to marry without his blessing, if I can gain it by waiting a little. But if he continues to refuse, I—I will marry you when you please."

Walter expressed his joy at this assurance in rapturous terms.

At this juncture, a shadow fell upon the rocks beside them, and looking up, the lovers found themselves confronted by the Earl of Montford!

There was a wrathful glare in his eyes as he surveyed the young couple, and a stern compression of his lips which boded them little good.

Directly after the departure of the Lady Geraldine from the mansion, the earl had been awakened from his doze by the entrance of Mrs. Tomlin into the drawing-room; and on her stating that she had seen the maiden going out upon the shore alone, he had started after her with the intention of escorting her home.

Hearing voices, he was led to the very spot where the lovers were sitting, and his rage on seeing the young couple together can be better imagined than described.

"So!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "This is your lover, Lady Geraldine? I little thought you had made so distinguished a choice as Mr. Lorne, the son of Lord Rosbury's former nurse and his gardener!"

Geraldine flushed with indignation, but Walter listened to the insult with unmoved equanimity. He arose from his seat, clasped his arm about the waist of his betrothed, and replied calmly:

"Your lordship cannot be more surprised at the condescension of the Lady Geraldine Summers than am I—its object. But, humble as was my birth, my

lord, I love your niece as much and far more, I believe, than any of her noble admirers can do, and my devotion to her has won an answering love. Not as the son of Lord Rosebury's gardener, but as a man and a gentleman, if integrity and refinement make a gentleman, I ask of you your consent to our marriage!"

"Well, this is presumption!" ejaculated the earl. "Do you join in this very singular demand, Geraldine?"

"I do!" replied the maiden, meeting his gaze with an unabashed countenance.

"Indeed! I should have thought, Geraldine, that you, a belle as you are, having refused so many noble admirers, as this—this person is pleased to call them, would have penetration enough to see what a prize your fortune would be to this painter, and estimate his attentions at their real value!"

"You are mistaken, my lord, in your estimate of me," said the artist, quietly, although his cheeks burned. "The Lady Geraldine is a fortune in herself, and I give you my word of honour—if it is necessary—that I have never bestowed a thought upon her money!"

"Of course not," sneered the earl. "Low-born, poverty-stricken lovers never do when they aspire to the hand of an heiress! Geraldine," he added, addressing her, "I am astonished that you can have so completely forgotten your rank and position as to encourage this person, and must beg of you to give him his dismissal as a fortune-hunter unworthy of your notice!"

"I know him better than you do, uncle," said the Lady Geraldine, trembling with indignation. "He is all that is noble and good. If you do not believe me, ask Lady Rosebury, who has known him from childhood! She will tell you how honourable and worthy of honour he is!"

"Indeed!" commented the earl, in a sneering tone. "Yes, uncle," returned the maiden, with more spirit than she had yet shown, "and I am his betrothed wife! I have promised to marry Mr. Lorraine. You have taken towards me the place of my poor father, and I desire your consent to our marriage. We are willing to wait for it. But, sooner or later, I shall become the wife of Walter Lorraine, with your consent, or without it, as you prefer!"

The earl almost choked with rage at this open defiance of his authority. It was the first question upon which his will and that of his niece had clashed, and he had to struggle hard with himself to repress the violent words which now sprang to his lips.

"You cannot have my consent to such a marriage," he said, at last, as calmly as he could. "Why, think, Geraldine, what would the gay world, of which you are the idol, say to such a husband as you have chosen? An earl's daughter marry a gardener's son!—you would lose your place in society!"

"I should not care, uncle. Better is a happy home with a loving heart to shield me from all troubles and upon which to lean, than all the fashionable acquaintances in existence!" said the maiden earnestly. "I like society, uncle, but it does not constitute my happiness. My best friends, I know, would appreciate Walter and honour him. Lady Rosebury loves him, and she is my dearest friend. Oh, grant us your consent!"

"Never—never! This marriage shall never take place, I swear it!"

Geraldine clung to Walter, whose countenance beamed upon her with tender encouragement.

"Say no more now, love," he said, in a low tone. "I will call upon the earl and ask his consent in a formal manner as soon as he has had time to give the subject a sober second thought. Be brave, my love, my promised wife. He cannot separate us, you know. I desire with you to win his approval, since he is the only relative you have, and I do not despair of gaining it!"

"You are corrupting the mind of my niece against me, Mr. Lorraine!" exclaimed the earl, in an accession of rage, not having been able to distinguish the artist's words. "Come, you needn't deny it. I wish to have no further conversation with you. Geraldine, come with me. I shall not leave you here, and it is time we returned home!"

The first impulse of the Lady Geraldine was to refuse to obey this command, fearing that Walter might regard her present obedience to the earl as an amen of a future concession to his authority; but a glance into her lover's face showed her how great and implicit was the faith he placed in her, and she yielded assent.

"That is right, love," said Walter, tenderly. "We must leave no means untried to win the earl's consent, and our married life will be all the happier for it. Shall we meet here to-morrow night?"

The maiden assented, adding:

"But if I should not be able to come, Walter, I will send you a note. My uncle cannot at least deprive us of the luxury of corresponding with each other."

"And should you need me, you will summon me?"

The Lady Geraldine replied in the affirmative.

"Come, come!" said the earl, impatiently. "If you have anything further to say to me, Mr. Lorraine, say it at my house. If you or my niece have any self-respect, this will be the last stolen meeting you will have—and I am inclined to think it will be, any way."

"I will call upon you, my lord, to-morrow," said Walter, with calm dignity. "Perhaps I may be able to induce you to regard this matter in a different light."

He embraced the maiden fervently, unheeding the angry frowns of the earl, and as she turned to leave him, the Lady Geraldine said:

"Remember, Walter, I shall always be true. Whatever you hear, never doubt me."

The lovers exchanged glances that promised love and fidelity as well as words could have done, and the earl then took the hand of his niece and led her homewards.

Neither spoke upon the journey, but once or twice the Lady Geraldine glanced backwards and beheld the form of her lover, outlined against the sky, as he continued standing on the rock, and she knew that he was watching her progress homeward, perhaps with a view to observing whether her uncle treated her with his customary kindness.

When they had arrived within the corridor of the mansion, the earl broke the silence by saying:

"I have said that you will never marry Walter Lorraine, and I now repeat it. I can prevent such a marriage easier than you think. There—you needn't take the trouble to reply. What I now wish to say to you is this: We start for London by the early morning train. My sudden recovery makes a longer stay here needless. Mrs. Tomlinson knows of my intention already, and your maid has put your things in readiness. Good night."

He escorted her to the very door of her chamber, waiting till she had entered it.

The Lady Geraldine was greatly surprised at this sudden announcement of their return to London, and it rendered her slightly uneasy. On entering her room, she found it lighted, and her maid waiting to attend upon her. She learned from her that everything was indeed in readiness for a start in the morning, and then dismissed her.

As soon as she found herself alone, she hastened to the window and looked out.

As she expected, Walter was still standing where she had left him.

"I wish he could know of our sudden departure," she thought. "He will wait for me at the rock to-morrow evening in vain. I think I could go back to him and tell him what my uncle has said, so that he can return to town with us."

To think with the Lady Geraldine was to act, and she opened the door, passing out into the corridor. The earl's page was seated in the broad window-seat at the end of the corridor, and he arose, flitting before her, and disappearing in his lordship's study.

The next moment the earl made his appearance, saying, with a smile:

"Ah, Geraldine! So you were going back to see Walter and tell him of our new plans? I think it is too late for you to go out alone, and I hardly feel well enough to attend you. But he will discover your absence soon enough, and follow you to town. You see, my child," he added, significantly, "a new order of things is begun."

As he escorted her again to her door with elaborate courtesy, and as the page glided again into the window-seat, the Lady Geraldine began to realize that a new order of things had indeed begun.

"Very well," she murmured, with a quiet firmness, "if one way is not open to me I will try another."

She advanced to her window, and fluttered her handkerchief rapidly.

Walter observed the signal, and hastened to respond to it.

"Dear Walter," said Geraldine, when he was sufficiently near, "my uncle informs me that we are to return to town in the morning. Do not have any doubts of my love and constancy, nor any anxieties about me. I shall always be true to my promise! Heaven bless you! Good-night."

He responded fervently, and walked away to the stairs.

(To be continued.)

A MINT for the coinage of Welsh silver was established previous to the reign of Charles I., at Aberystwith. The indenture was granted to Thomas Bushel for the coinage of half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, twopences, and pennies, all of which were to be stamped with the ostrich feathers on both sides.

At a recent fire in Westminster, the Earl and Countess of Caithness were among the spectators watching its progress. After it was subdued the countess expressed a desire to have a ride on one of

the steam fire-engines, which was readily acceded to by Captain Shaw, the chief of the brigade. The countess was at once assisted up to a seat, the earl sitting by her side, and the horses being attached to the engine, Captain Shaw took the reins, and drove them to the earl's residence, in the vicinity of Belgrave Square, where the countess and her husband alighted, apparently pleased at the dashing rate they were driven through the streets of London.

POULTRY AS SUPPLIES OF FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

EVERY newspaper one sees is now more or less earnest in considering the cattle plague; and thus there is no class of society under whose notice this scourge of the herds is not brought. Consumers of beef to a far greater extent than any other people, it behoves us seriously to look about us to find substitutes for the many tons weight of meat which must thus be deducted from the ordinary supply.

The mouse in the fable gnawed the net and helped the lion out; so may the Dorking fowl, Aylesbury or Bona duck, Toulouse geese, and other varieties of poultry each in its degree help the farmer as producer, and help to satisfy the appetite of the consumer. There never was a time when our best breeds of domestic poultry were better worthy the attention of farmers and of country residents generally. This is a subject that has held and does occupy a far more important position in relation to the food supply of the Continent than with us.

It is usual, when we at intervals see in the public journals a little foot-note stating the number of millions of eggs imported in a few months, to feel a sort of regret, not unmixed with wonder, that we do not take steps to supply ourselves with articles of such daily use from our own farm-yards.

Again, the number of rabbits imported from Belgium amounts to many thousands per week; these sell at an average of from 3s. 6d. to 4s., and sometimes at can there not be found an old pig-sty or cart-shed 4s. 4d. per stone. In how many homesteads in England that at a trifling cost could be converted into a rabbit-house? The cost of keeping these useful little animals would be but very small on a farm where there is always more or less waste corn and fodder. If well cared for, they are fit for market at nine or ten weeks old; and they will breed nearly all the year round. They have, however, hosts of enemies; but none so dangerous as those who are prejudiced against them without having given them a trial.

Fowls are at last getting rather more attention among us, and a marked improvement is apparent in the size and quality of those sent to the London market from Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire. When it is considered at how slight an expense the stock of poultry on a farm can be improved by the gradual introduction of fresh blood, it is only to be regretted that it is not more generally carried out.

The farmer or dealer who takes to market a dozen fowls weighing one pound each more than the average is sure to have the call of the market, and will naturally obtain the best price. Where on a farm there is an ordinary stock of poultry of no particular breed and of little value, it would answer as an experiment to turn down some strong young Dorkings, Brahmas-poultres, or Crève-cœurs, and to note the result of the first year.

We believe the difference in amount and improvement in quality of the produce would be so marked that those who made the attempt would be induced to persevere until they had a stock that would rank highly in their estimation from the results obtained from it.

THE young King of Bavaria is suffering from a disease of the right foot, brought on by too rapid growth. He is obliged to be carried in a litter up the stairs leading to his apartments, and has been ordered out of Munich by his physicians, and desired to remain for some weeks at his residence in the mountains. He enjoys perfect health in every other respect, and was present at several theatrical performances during his last stay at his capital, at one of which the Queen Mother made her first public appearance since the death of her husband, King Maximilian.

BARTHOLOMEW CORBET, aged 89, father of the Federal soldier who shot Booth, has for some years lodged with a Mr. Allen, in Edgeware Road, London. For seven years he has never permitted persons to enter his room. The other day, as he had not appeared, his door was, with difficulty, broken open, and Corbet was found crouched on the floor in a state of delirium. The room was heaped, from floor to ceiling, with old rubbish, cases of birds, books, and papers covered with dust. The old man was taken to the workhouse hospital.

A GOOD HINT.—By a Prussian law passed in 1844, no divorce cause can be heard until the clergyman of the parish in which the unhappy couple live has had an opportunity of reconciling them to their chains. In the year 1864 there were 7,596 couples who wished to part, and of those no less than 3,774 were induced by the clergyman to give up their unamiable intentions. In this way the lawyers lost no less than 48 per cent. of their expected business.

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE WATER-PARTY MYSTERY.

And from the tumult of my breast, this only
Could I collect.

A FORMAL adjournment of the trial of Gabriel Edgecombe had taken place for two days.

At the expiration of that term the juror with the apoplectic tendency had recovered, and was able to resume his duty.

In the interim time had not been wasted. On the part of the prosecution, inquiries of a most searching nature had been instituted, while Flimkid junior, who was interested in the defence, was never known to be so active, and besides going to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, personally wrote so many letters, sent so many telegrams, and spent so much money in banquets, that in these matters he even surpassed himself.

Never, perhaps, was a crowded court animated by so strong a feeling of curiosity and suspense as on the morning of the adjourned trial. The case was, indeed, as the judge had said, pervaded by an atmosphere of mystery, and the anxiety to know how it would be cleared up was intense.

The apoplectic juror who had been the cause of the delay found himself a hero, observed, pointed at, and commented on by all.

But when the counsel for the prosecution rose, the hero was forgotten. Silence, profound, death-like, pervaded the court. Every ear was on the alert to catch the first words of the speaker who might have it in his power to set public curiosity at rest.

What was heard was, however, calculated to increase rather than allay curiosity.

The learned counsel informed the court, that so far as he was concerned, the case was finished. He had made his statement and given his evidence; but the extraordinary circumstance of the receipt of the letter which had been communicated to the jury prior to their adjournment, gave him, he conceived, the privilege of addressing the court again on any question arising out of that communication. All he had now to say was, that the most diligent inquiry and research had failed to disclose anything which altered the position assumed by the prosecution, namely, that the prisoner at the bar was guilty of the murder of the man named in the indictment, the man who was known as Neville Onslow, and who incontestably received his death wound on the spot known as Lady Edith's Island.

Instinctively all eyes sought the pale, haggard face of the young prisoner, and were only averted from it when the counsel for the defence rose, with the most provoking deliberation, and proceeded with tantalising coolness to arrange his robe and unfold his brief.

In the prolix and roundabout style which is supposed to be effective at the bar, he then proceeded to recapitulate much with which the jury was perfectly familiar; and having done so, said that since he last had the honour of addressing the court, facts had come to his knowledge which were unparalleled in the whole course of his experience; facts which savoured more of fiction than of sober reality, facts which he did not hesitate to say would overwhelm not only the court but the entire country with surprise.

His learned friend had, he said, persisted with considerable adroitness in the position he had taken up, namely, that an individual had come to his death, that there was evidence sufficient to show that he had so come to his death through the act of the prisoner at the bar; and that this being so, it mattered little who the individual really was, whether his name was Onslow or Edgecombe, Jones or Brown. This was, he admitted, ingenious; but it so happened that there was evidence available to-day, which would utterly upset that position, and compel the other side to abandon the prosecution altogether, while he believed he should have the satisfaction—which he was sure would be shared by those around him—of seeing his young and unfortunate client discharged by proclamation.

As a matter of form and precedent, he proceeded to say, he should have to submit that the prosecution

were bound by their own allegation. In other words—they having charged the prisoner with feloniously slaying and killing one Neville Onslow, it was incumbent on them to show that he did feloniously slay and kill that individual and no other. It was not for them to say "somebody had been killed, and if it was not Jones it was Brown, and the prisoner is equally guilty." They must prove their first point, namely, that Neville Onslow had been killed and slain, and then that he was so killed and slain by the hand of the prisoner.

The judge interposed.

Did his learned brother mean to offer proof that Neville Onslow was not dead?

"Yes" was the answer.

"What proof?"

"The evidence of Neville Onslow himself."

And before the excitement consequent upon this announcement had died away, the witness in question was making his way slowly and painfully toward the witness-box.

Yes, it was unquestionably Neville Onslow who ascended the steps and confronted the court. But how altered in appearance, and how singularly changed for the worse! The handsome features were there as of old; but the face was pitifully thin and wasted, the eyes were sunken, the cheeks hollow, and the indications of long and severe illness were not stronger in the face than in the rounded shoulders and enfeebled frame. Had he absolutely risen from the dead he could not have presented a more spectral aspect.

His evidence, given with great difficulty, took this form:

"I am known as Neville Onslow, a name which I assumed shortly before coming to this country some months ago in order to look after property to which I considered myself entitled. I took a false name because I believed that I was the victim of treachery, and because I feared that should I present myself here in my own name, I should both fail to obtain certain evidence of which I was in search, and also expose myself to the danger of foul play."

"And your real name?" asked the examining counsel.

"Is Balfiol Edgecombe."

"Not John Harwood?"

"No."

"Have you heard that Neville Onslow has been declared to be the alias of John Harwood?"

"I have; but it is an utterly incorrect statement—a pure invention, having no foundation whatever in fact. I am named after my father, Sir Balfiol Edgecombe, and the prisoner at the bar is my cousin."

"Now, I need not ask you," said the barrister, smiling, "whether you are alive?"

"I am."

A titter went round the court at this matter-of-fact reply.

"Nor, whether you have ever been dead?"

"Never."

Again the court echoed with suppressed laughter.

"Then perhaps you can tell us how it happens that your kinsman stands in the unfortunate position of being charged with your murder?"

"I will. On the evening of the day named in the indictment, a party of us proceeded by boat up the river to what is known as Lady Edith's Island. It is a lonely spot, supposed to be wholly deserted, except as the superstition goes, by the spirits of the dead. On nearing this place, to our surprise, we saw something distinctly moving among the trees; it was white, shadowy and indistinct in the moonlight, and had no sooner been seen than it disappeared. Excited at the supposed apparition, three of the party hastened on shore. The prisoner was one, a person known as Cheney Tofts was another, and I was the third. It is necessary to state that on this island there is a ruined and dilapidated fishing-house, which as the tradition goes, was built by one of my ancestors, and was the scene of a very romantic incident—the sudden disappearance of his wife, the Lady Edith, whose name the island has since borne."

"Is it necessary that we should have all the family legends imported into the case, my lord?" the counsel for the prosecution suggested.

"This particular one is important," the witness rejoined, "on account of what turns upon it. Near this deserted fishing-house, the apparition we had seen vanished. Supposing it to be a human being, we rushed into the boat-house, but it was empty. I then darted round to the opposite side of the island from that at which our boat was moored, and there caught sight of the figure of a man. He was a stranger to me, and in the moment's glance I had of him his object appeared to be concealment. But I had barely time to think of this when there was the report of a pistol, a ball whizzed past my ear, and the man fell with a groan back into the water. I looked hastily round for the man who had committed this outrage, and saw, not the prisoner, but another man hastening away."

"You are sure it was not the prisoner?"

"Quite sure."

"You saw his face?"

"No. Only his back."

"Why do you speak with such confidence then?"

"Because that man was taller and broader, and because he had on a hat, whereas on that night my unfortunate cousin wore a cap, for which he had apologized to the ladies."

"Well, what next?"

"Without a second glance or a second thought, I rushed forward, and by the dim light saw a face upturned in the river. It was covered with blood. I did not hesitate, but just as I was, plunged in. As drowning men will, this man caught round me, clutched me in an iron embrace, and we went down. Being a good diver as well as a swimmer, I continued to maintain my consciousness and to beat the man off, so that I could recover the use of my legs. While under the water, I heard a voice proceeding from the island say, 'Look, there is no one in the river. Nothing to be seen.' When I rose to the surface with my burden, it was on the farther side of the river, among the reeds of the mainland. I looked across toward the island, but could see no one. I strained my eyes to take in the level flat of the river bank, but it is low and marshy, and there was no chance of help there."

"In this emergency, I was delighted to find, within a few yards of me, a boat moored to a rough landing-stage. I scrambled into this, and placed my burden in it. A young man I then saw he was covered with blood, and apparently dead. The injuries to his face prevented any recognition of his features. What I was most concerned to discover was whether or no he lived. The body was warm; but there was no motion of the heart, no pulse. As I looked at him, lying in the bottom of the boat, I observed that he was without a coat, and thinking warmth would do something toward keeping life in his frame, I took off my own, and slipped it on his arms, buttoning it warmly across his chest. Then I thought I would make with all the speed I could for the Manor House, where all things necessary to revive the man might be obtained."

"With this view I unmoored the boat and pushed off. Being little more than a skiff, the rigid body of my companion greatly impeded my movements; but I managed to get out into deep water, to pass the island, and get some way toward my destination. That I might have succeeded in reaching, but there was one point on which I had bestowed no consideration. That was, as to the state of the boat. Unfortunately that was old and rotten; it let in the water rapidly, and suddenly one of the timbers sprung, it filled in an instant and with the dead weight in it, went down. I sprang into the water intending to swim on shore, but I was already cold and benumbed, and on this second immersion cramp seized me, and I knew no more."

"You do not know what next befel you?" the court inquired.

"Only as I have been told. I was found lying among the reeds and flags, some hours afterwards, quite insensible. I was conveyed to Lady Edith's Island, where in course of time I revived, but suffering acute tortures; these resulted in fever with delirium. From that I have but just escaped to learn the nature of the proceedings which were being taken in consequence of my supposed death. What I have thus explained will account for the body of the unknown man found miles away down the river; the coat which he had on, and which was identified as mine, the hat, with my name, in the river (it fell off as I stepped into the boat) and the broken boat, one of those left by the explorers of the island and which had been used for my rescue."

"By the way" interposed the judge, "you have not told the court to whom you are indebted for that rescue."

"To whom I owed my safety, my lord?"

"Exactly. Some one took you to Lady Edith's Island?"

"Yes."

With a strangely anxious expression of face, Neville Onslow looked round the court before answering the question further.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE LIVING SPECTRE.

Into these glassy eyes pour light;
Be still! keep down my ire;
Bids these white lips in blessings speak—
This earth is not my air.

Mrs. Hemans.

WHEN the momentary pause following the judge's question had subsided, Neville Onslow replied:

"With submission, my lord," he said, "the question does not affect the issue before the court, and I would prefer not to answer it."

"You have some motive in not doing so?" his lordship inquired.

"Yes," was the reply; "I think it might possibly help to defeat the ends of justice."

The objection having been admitted, Neville proceeded:

"You doubtless have it in evidence that Lady Edith's Island was searched during successive days, and that nothing was discovered calculated to throw even a ray of light on what had transpired there. I had disappeared, and my body could not be found. This may be accounted for in a simple manner. Reference has been made to the legend of the fate of Lady Edith. She having landed on the island, in company with the knight, her husband, was never again seen alive. I am afraid that the wonder can be accounted for in accordance with the rude usages of those times—I am afraid that my rough, unknightly ancestor purposely made away with his wife, he being enamoured of the charms of a younger beauty. Certain it is that my father, Sir Balliol Edgecombe, when a young man, discovered that beneath the old fishing-lodge, which had been repaired by successive generations, there was a vault or chamber, reached by raising a flag in the floor, but which could scarcely have been found out except by accident. In this place he, then a spirited young man just entering life, discovered the skeleton of a woman."

He paused a moment; but the hushed attention of the court was scarcely broken by a sound.

"The secret of this place," Neville resumed, "he confided only to a companion or two, and they removed the skeleton, and put the vault into such a state of repair and ventilation, as would enable them to use it for the purpose of playing tricks with superstitious and credulous persons who believed the island haunted. It was to this place that my companion conveyed me, and I remained there until, in the dead of the second night, a visitor came to the island in a boat. It was a woman, Lola, by name, who had served my mother, Claudia Guiver, and who came to search for my companion where I lay concealed. Through this woman's agency, I was removed to Nettleborough, where I remained, growing worse and worse, and with only faint gleams and intervals of reason, while all save those more especially interested in my recovery, supposed me dead and buried. Had not the woman Lola been a solitary person, imperfectly acquainted with our language, my kinsman never could have stood in the dreadful position he now occupies."

Here the witness became fatigued, and ceased.

During his evidence, both Sir Noel Edgecombe and Dr. Dorian, who had been hastily sent for, and who occupied seats behind the counsel for the prosecution, evinced the utmost inquisitiveness.

They now earnestly watched the effect as the counsel rose, and with a self-satisfied air proceeded, as he supposed, to scatter the evidence just given, to the winds.

"A very pretty bit of romance you have amused my lord and the gentlemen of the jury with, upon my word, Mr. Onslow, or Edgecombe, or Harwood, or whatever your name is!" he said. "Unfortunately for you, but happily for the cause of justice, it bears very little upon the charge before the court. Whether prisoner shot at you and missed you, is not the question; you, in fact, are nobody in the case. The question really is, whether one John Harwood—who might have had a dozen aliases for aught we know—fell by the prisoner's hand?"

"And that I am prepared to swear was not the case," replied Onslow.

"How so?"

"I have already said that his was not the hand which fired the pistol."

"You fancy not. You saw a man's back, and have a fancy about it. Is it really anything more?"

"Whether it is or not, one point is quite clear. It was not John Harwood who was shot down."

"No."

"On that point I am confident. The man shot was an obscure and unknown individual, Nicholas Flavel by name."

"You are sure of this?"

"Quite. And I am further sure that John Harwood is a living man."

"What, more living men?"

"Nay, in this there is no mystery or romance. The real John Harwood is the fellow whom I made my companion for years, and who returned the benefits I heaped on him by plotting against my life and fraudulently adopting my name. Cheney Tofts, who now insolently and wickedly calls himself Balliol Edgecombe, is in truth and in fact John Harwood, the son of Martin Harwood, the lunatic asylum keeper."

"With submission," said the barrister, "this is incredible. Martin Harwood himself identified the body found in the river as that of his son."

Onslow smiled.

"That," he said, "was the body of a man of my own age and complexion, and cast of features. In its mutilated state, and in a portion of my clothing, it was

not difficult for a mistake to occur, especially when, as in this case, there was a serious motive in misleading."

"It is easy to impute motives," replied the counsel, "but the father was not the only witness, and I have here the testimony of a respectable man who was well acquainted with the late Sir Balliol's family, and can speak with confidence on the point. Let Yool be called."

And Yool was called, his name echoing through the outer courts; but Yool was wise in his generation, and had taken the most prudent of all possible courses. Directly it had come to his ears, as he lounged and sneaked about the court, that the supposed murdered man had re-appeared, he abruptly quitted the assize town, and made off as fast as possible to the Manor House, where his patron, Cheney Tofts, remained, unable to venture forth, as the injuries to his face had taken a serious turn.

So Yool was called and called in vain. He did not answer.

But while all eyes were turned in the direction of the door, and a lane was being formed for the admission of the witness, a strange circumstance happened.

There tottered in an old man, with wild eyes, a seamed face, long white hair streaming over his shoulders, and a bent form that rendered the support of a stick absolutely necessary. And the stick grasped in the tremulous hand was not sufficient, for he was supported on the right by a woman, and on the left by one of the javelin men attached to the court.

At this unexpected spectacle, Neville Onslow rushed from the witness-box, and approaching, caught the old man's hand.

"Is this Yool?" demanded the Judge from his seat.

"No, my lord," replied the young man, turning a flushed face toward him, "it is my father."

"Your father?"

"Yes."

"Why, by your account that should be—"

"Sir Balliol Edgecombe."

"True—but he is dead?"

"No. Living, my lord! Cruelly, wickedly used and tortured; but living!"

The old man raised his face and added:

"For a few hours, my lord—a few hours. He is right. My own son—Balliol, my own son—is right."

His end was indeed, obviously near. He was weak to a pitiable degree; his limbs shook, his head hung heavily on his breast, and he was so feeble that it was found necessary to accommodate him with a chair, where he sat.

Had a spectre appeared in court, it could hardly have created more commotion; but if indifferent spectators were moved, let it be imagined what the feelings of Sir Noel Edgecombe and Doctor Dorian must have been.

The latter, starting up with a cry of horror, would have rushed from the court, but Sir Noel seized him by the collar, and with sudden rage and exasperation, shook him as he might have done a dog.

"Infamous wretch!" he demanded in a hoarse whisper, "what does this mean?"

"You see," was the sullen answer.

"It is my living brother?"

"Well?"

"How? You dare say 'well' to me? You who have deluded me with a lie all these years, who have lived on my coward terrors. It was all a pretence?"

"All; and unless you take your hand from my collar, I'll make a statement of the whole thing to the court this moment."

He said it in a whisper, but it was clear he meant it. The baronet felt this and relaxed his fingers, and the instant he felt himself free Dorian availed himself of the first chance that offered, and darting through the nearest opening, disappeared.

Stunned by the apparition before him, Sir Noel did not lose his presence of mind, but hastening forward, seized the old man's disengaged hand.

In an instant the woman—it was Lola Mendez—whispered in the old man's ear:

"Tis he! Your brother!"

The effect of the words was electrical. The drooping head became erect, a heightened fire glowed in the bright eyes, an angry flush gave to the wasted face the semblance of youth, and the bent form became straight as a dart.

"Brother of mine—never, never!" cried Sir Balliol. "I knew him but to throw him off, to curse him—to curse—"

The head fell, the raised hand lost its power, the momentary strength which had animated the old man was gone, and he fell back heavily into his seat.

From that seat he never rose alive.

(To be continued.)

THE MURDERER OF MR. BRADDELL.—It is stated that Hayes, the murderer of Mr. Braddehl, in Tipperary, who was long supposed to have been concealed in some part of the country, died two months after

the murder, in consequence of a wound which he inflicted on himself when making his escape from the house where the murder was committed. Two men having seized him by the arms, he drew a second pistol from his pocket and fired at one of his assailants, but the shot took effect on his own arm near the shoulder, shattering the muscles and arteries, and causing such loss of blood that he died in consequence. A parish priest, who had personal and official knowledge of his death, is said to have lately revealed the fact to a Roman Catholic magistrate.

THE PRIVATE EXPENSES OF HENRY VIII.

MR. BREWER has given us an interesting series of extracts from the private expenses of the king, which enable us to form an opinion respecting his individual tastes, amusements, and occupations. His love of music shows itself early in his reign; shortly after his coronation "a pair of organs" were bought by him for £15 6s. 8d.

We are surprised at the price paid for dress; some kinds of ornamental cloth, such as cloth-of-gold or damask, costing 60s. per yard, and crimson cloth-of-gold averaging as much as 47s. In one month he expended £1,200 upon "jewels and other ornaments."

Christmas and New-Year's Tide were always expensive times. Henry laid in a stock of plate and jewels in January, 1510, which cost him £484 10s., and the disguising shortly after demanded an outlay of £451 12s. 2d. "The Lord of Misrule," for his business at Christmas, "had 66s. 8d." In the April of the same year, the Friars Observants at Greenwich received for 500 masses at Easter 25 6s. 8d., and the Observants at Canterbury, for two masses daily, £13 6s. 8d. The St. Nicholas Bishop had a customary payment of 25 13s. 4d. Forty-two priests sang at Our Lady of Fern on All-Souls' Day, and received 8d. each; and offerings at Our Lady of Walsingham amounted to 18s. 4d.

The king's pleasures, even at this early period of his reign, were more liberally provided for than his devotions. Thus his offering at a Mass of Requiem for his father was limited to the modest sum of 6s. 8d.; while "two women" out of Flauders, that did pipe, dance, and play before the king, received 25 6s. 8d., and Piers of Toulous, "a minstrel shalnewer," had a gift of 21s.

The king's outlay increased at a rapid proportion as compared with his income, and his profuse expenditure upon himself becomes annually more and more conspicuous. These remarks receive an additional corroboration when we inspect another department of the royal outlay with which Mr. Brewer has made us acquainted.

Under the head of "Revels," we have extracts from the books, which record the sums paid by Henry for those costly pageants in which he so much delighted, and which old Hall, the chronicler of his reign, has so abundantly recorded. They must have been singular spectacles, and if reproduced would astonish the sightseers of the present generation. We will give a specimen.

In February, 1511, a joust was held by the king at Westminster, which lasted for three days. Part of the entertainment consisted in the representation of a forest, which was twenty-six feet long; sixteen feet broad, and nine feet high. It was garnished with artificial oaks, maples, hazels, birches, fern, broom, and furze, with beasts and birds embossed of sundry fashion, with foresters sitting and going on the top of the same, and a castle in the said forest, with a maiden sitting thereby with a garland, and a lion of great stature and bigness, with an antelope of like proportion.

The whole scenery came to an untimely end. "We will record its fate in the phraseology and spelling of the Clerk of the Revels for the true being, from whose book of accounts the following is an extract:— 'Thys forrest or pagant after the sene was had into Westmester Gret Hall, and by the King's gard and other gentylmen rupt, brokyn, and by force carryed away, and the poor men that wer set to kep, theyr heds brokyn two of them, and the remnant put ther from with foors.'

IMAGINARY EVILS.—In confirmation of the oft-repeated fact, that a man frequently suffers as much from imaginary evils as real ones, we mention the following fact:—A farmer started, one very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen, into the forest, a half-mile from home, for the purpose of chopping a load of wood. Having felled a tree, he drove the team alongside, and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit, he brought the whole weight of the axe across his foot, with a sidelong stroke. The immense crash so alarmed him as nearly to deprive him of all strength. He felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in

rolling himself on to the sled, and started the oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door, he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter, with much effort, lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from the leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see a desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning, he had wrapped his feet in red flannel, to protect them from the cold; the gash laid this open to his view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed.

LOVE & FLIRTATION.

"MAUDE!"

Maude Hilton started from a deep reverie, looked half-regretfully at the pretty bouquet she had torn to pieces in her abstraction, and then turned a bright, smiling face on the speaker.

"Do you know you have not spoken a word for nearly an hour, Maude?" continued the low, clear voice, "and now I want a great many from you."

"It was rather rude, Aunt Helen, but you have put me so thoroughly at ease with you, even in our short intercourse, that I won't ask your pardon, but only say that now my tongue is at your service."

"But I want more than that, Maude. Let me read your heart this morning. Do you know how I love you, Maude? Do you know that one of the greatest sorrows of my life was the separation from you when you were a wee-toddling baby, and that now this meeting after so many years is one of the fulfilled dreams of my life? We are almost strangers still, so let me tell you a little of myself before I ask more of your confidence."

"Your mother as you know, was my twin sister, and when, two years after her marriage, she died, it was my hope that your father would let me take her place to you. I can scarcely describe to you my pain when he decided to return to Ross Haven and take you with him. Your grandfather Leverett was too feeble for me to think of leaving him for so long a journey, and the parting was like that death blow."

"Your father's death in one short year broke off any intercourse between the families, for my father had never met Mr. Hilton, and writing was always a task to him. My dear father's death, it is true, left me free nearly five years ago, but other ties bound me to my home, and I scarcely hoped to see you again, when your grandfather's kind letter summoned me here to remain with you until after your wedding. Now, to-day, Maude, will you not let me take your dear mother's place, and tell me—"

"What?" Short, almost fierce, was the interruption. "What trouble lies between you and Rodney Coleman?"

"I wonder how girls act and feel who have a mother?" said Maude, moving her restless hands among some lace and flowers on the table before her. "I wonder if they learn to know their own hearts better than I do mine? You ask me for my confidence, Aunt Helen, when I cannot tell myself what this vague heartache is, lying so heavily hidden under the gay manner the world censures. I am a flirt, you know! All Ross Haven will tell you that! You cannot guess what an unnatural life mine has been, I have never been to school, and grandfather hardly trusted me out of his sight until I was engaged to Rodney, then, like a bird whose cage door is suddenly opened, I was allowed perfect liberty, only fettered by my engagement to a man who is about as tender and chivalrous as a block of ice!"

"But, Maude, you love him?"

"Do I? I don't know!"

"But you have promised to become his wife."

"Yes—it is a kind of business arrangement, in which hearts have no voice. He is an orphan, a sort of connection of the family somehow, and was adopted by grandfather when quite a child, trained to the same business, and finally made a partner in the firm; when he was invited here last spring, he understood that he was to propose to me, obeyed the implied command, and gave me about as much of his heart as he took of mine. Yet—yet—sometimes I fancy if he would once unbend from his cold dignity, and give me one look such as Horace Elliot lavishes upon me, I could learn to love him as—Oh! where am I wandering?"

"And Horace Elliot, Maude?"

"Horace Elliot loves me! While Rodney stands aloof in his grand, stately manner, treating my whims and fancies as beneath contempt, Horace is my slave in my wildest caprice."

"But, Maude, this is dreadful!"

"Is it? I am half afraid something more dreadful will follow, for I am half tempted to break my engagement and reward Horace Elliot's devotion."

"Better that than to marry with a divided heart."

"A divided heart! There lies the whole story, Aunt Helen. I love neither of these men, yet both trouble me. Horace has every charm of person and manner, and is devoted to me, yet Rodney is a man worth ten of him. I could almost worship him for all I know of his noble heart, his integrity, his intellect, but—but—he despises me!"

"Such a man could not marry where he did not love, Maude."

"Love! Every day some harsh censure, every meeting ending in bitterness. He is so perfect himself that there is no charity in his heart for a fault. Marching through life with his head erect, his handsome face set as if chiselled in marble, every action governed by rule, what does he know of the wayward impulses that lead to follies he condemns so harshly. If I could once see him moved! But all the advantage is on his side—if I venture on one escape more daring than usual, he is sure to catch me. He won't go into absurd positions for me. I tried to make him wade into a mud-puddle last week for my shoe, which fell off, accidentally of course, as I crossed the plank, but he gravely condescended with me on the inconvenience of walking home in one shoe, and my slipper is there still. His staidness irritates me like a blister. I never see him cross a room without a desire to trip him up, and his perfections are the bane of my existence. Yet, and his voice softened, "when I see him with grandfather, and mark his respectful affection, his grateful devotion, I would give the world for one look from his eyes as full of love as he bestows upon the dear old man. Auntie dear, I could give him love for love, but he endures me, that is all."

The luncheon-bell interrupted the conversation, and Aunt Helen found the confidence she had already won must suffice her.

As if ashamed of her own confessions, Maude shunned any further private talk, and day after day the loving heart that yearned to her so tenderly saw her throwing happiness further and further from her.

She was very handsome, this wayward heroine of mine, with the richest brunette charms, very accomplished, and, alas! very vain and wilful, living upon flattery, and craving homage.

As Aunt Helen watched the drama daily enacted before her eyes, she felt her heart grow sick over its complications.

That Rodney Coleman loved her niece, she could not doubt, but she saw that he was a proud man, full of noble impulses, governed by rigid rules of justice and right.

An orphan, alone in the world, he had learned to rule his path with an iron hand, and check every desire or fancy until it was sanctioned by the rules of religion and morality.

A man to win a high place among men, to make his name a shining mark; a man to worship, yet, alas! hardly one to love. His very virtues held him exalted and aloof, yet in the inmost sanctuary of the warm, throbbing heart he covered with such an iron mask, he had placed the image of his betrothed.

He saw her as she was, a girl almost spoiled by her unnatural life, full of good impulses, generous, affectionate, and talented, yet not in his love could he smile upon her faults, or withhold his censure from her vanities.

Above all he was keenly pained by her flirtations with every admirer, above all by her daring encouragement of Horace Elliot's devotion.

And Horace, too, came under the keen scrutiny of Aunt Helen's mild eyes, and was read truly, as a handsome, brilliant adventurer.

Maude was rich by inheritance from both parents, and heiress to her grandfather's immense wealth.

Horace Elliot was her slave.

Yet while she tested his devotion by a thousand feminine wiles, accepted his homage, sang his songs, walked, rode, danced, and flirted with him, ever and anon, she would shoot him glances of stinging contempt, and let her eyes wander imploringly to Rodney's impassive face.

Matters stood thus, when one hot June day was set aside for a picnic. All Ross Haven was to go, and Maude was queen of the festival.

It was to be a long horseback ride to Glen Cove, a favourite resort of picnic lovers, a day in the woods, and a moonlight ride home again.

Boats were to be provided for those who would row on the river, hampers full of provisions were sent forward in a wagon, and every preparation was made for a day of enjoyment.

Maude was restless and miserable!

Already preparations were on foot for her wedding, and sewing was going on vigorously at her dress-maker's to furnish such a trousseau as her wealth de-

manded. She fairly sickened over the details, as she thought of the cold censorious husband with whom she was to link her life.

One proof of love, one word or look would have chained her heart to Rodney's; one action even that betokened jealousy would have gladdened her, but he stood coldly aloof, giving her only a contemptuous smile at her most daring encouragements of Horace Elliot's devotion.

It was nearly noon, and the picnic party were strolling through the woods, in couples, trios, and groups.

Rodney had Maude's hand on his arm, while Aunt Helen sauntered near, attended by Horace.

They had neared a steep bank, sloping down to the water's edge, where the shrubbery grew thickly but where, from the edge of the water, the bank still made a dangerous slope downward. Rodney looked down, and made some remark upon the danger of a fall, drawing Maude as he spoke farther from the edge.

A wild scheme crossed her mind, she would test his love for her.

With a sudden yet stealthy motion she loosened her hat strings, and in a moment it was rolling down the bank stopping only on the water, arrested only by a long bough that reached out into the river.

"Oh, Rodney, my hat!"

He looked coldly down.

"The footing is too insecure there," he said, gravely, "to tempt a man to risk his life for a lady's hat. I am afraid Maude, you must go home bare-headed."

But even while he spoke Horace Elliot was going down the declivity with quick light steps.

A frown darkened on Rodney's face, then with a grave bow he took Maude's hand from his arm, offered himself as an escort to Aunt Helen, and walked forward, leaving Horace and Maude to finish their adventure.

Half laughing as she saw the light boots and grey pantaloons, so spotless before, sinking into the treacherous mud, half frightened at her position and Rodney's displeasure, Maude saw Horace clutch a low bush and lean far over the water for the hat, another second and the bush flew from the sod, the hand and arm were wildly thrown forward to grasp again, missed, and Horace sank into the water.

Prisoned by the clinging mud around his feet, he struggled vainly to rise, while the air rang with Maude's shrieks.

A few moments that seemed an eternity, and then Rodney passed her with rapid steps, and began the descent. Cautionally, one arm firmly wound round the tree bough where the hat still floated, he stooped and raised his rival's head on his disengaged arm.

All consciousness was gone, the feet seemed immovably fixed in the mud, and for a moment the risk Rodney ran seemed almost useless daring.

Then his voice rang out clear and firm, to the terrified group now collected on the bank above him:

"Don't come down here, any of you, this mud is too soft for any weight. Bring the boat round! Quick, for I cannot hold up much longer, my feet are almost as far in now as Mr. Elliot's."

Oh, the long agony of those minutes before the boat came round to the assistance of the two men; Rodney's face growing more and more pallid as the strain upon his arms became almost unendurable, Horace still utterly insensible, and both perceptibly, though very slowly, sinking into the yielding mud.

To Maude the minutes seemed years, and when at last the boat came to the rescue, and she saw Horace lifted in, and Rodney slowly ascending the bank again, her limbs failed her, and she sank down upon the grass in an agony of remorseful weeping.

No loving word or touch comforted her. Rodney was on his way to meet the boat, and Aunt Helen had started at the first word of Rodney's to send a carriage for the still unconscious Horace. One of the picnic party despatched on the fastest horse to the house, another for a surgeon, and a third for the nearest vehicle, Aunt Helen took time to think of Maude.

By this time all the others were collected round the still form taken from the boat, trying to restore animation.

It was an almost hopeless task for some time, but before Maude came with Aunt Helen's arm supporting her, to look upon her work, the dark eyes had unclosed and Horace was breathing, faintly but regularly.

Rodney was unwearied. Every suggestion of value came from his lips, and when at last the little spring wagon of a neighbouring farmer drove up, it was Rodney who lifted Horace from the grass, and pillowing his head upon his breast, took his place in the wagon and prepared to be his nurse on the homeward drive.

The others mounted, and in a few moments every

one was gone from the scene of the morning's pleasure, and the dangerous excitement. Maude dashed homeward at her horse's fullest speed.

Passing the waggon in her headlong career, she reined up one moment for Rodney's assurance that Horace was no worse; and promising, in a husky voice, to have all in readiness for them on their arrival, she dashed forward again.

It was nightfall before she spoke again to Rodney. The surgeon had paid his visit, the invalid was ordered to be kept in perfect quiet. Aunt Helen had installed herself nurse, and Maude was wandering miserably about the house, remorseful and terrified, dreading every sound from the sick room, and trying vainly to calm her thoughts to pray.

Turning in a rapid walk up and down the long parlours, she found herself face to face with Rodney. Pale as ashes, with every feature forced into stern, rigid composure, he stood before her.

"Maude," he said, in a low tone, "I am here to say farewell to you for ever!"

She gave a gasping cry, but could not speak.

"When you pray to-night," he continued, "thank God that you are not a murderess. That man will live, live to take my promised place by your side, live to win the love you never gave me, but held always ready for him. He has earned the right now to claim it, and from my heart, I trust he may make you happy."

Still speechless, she raised to him her pale, imploring face, the dark eyes praying him for pity in her hour of remorseful agony.

The look cut his heart like a sword. He caught her in his arms for one moment, while a passionate cry burst from his lips:

"God forgive you! God bless you! Maude, my Maude!"

And then the lovely head drooped low, and Maude forgot her pain in a long, long fainting fit. When she recovered he was gone.

Days of anxiety followed, for fever set in from Horace's long immersion in the water, and the slow, tedious drive in his wet clothing, and his life was in hourly danger.

Aunt Helen had kept Maude away from the sick room, for she knew she had heavy troubles to bear. Rodney had written to Mr. Hilton, and withdrawn from the firm, and the old man seemed to have turned all his love from Maude to the wanderer. Hourly reproaches were added to her anxiety about Horace, and Rodney's parting words were a new misery.

Was she then bound to Horace by this dreadful tie of risk and peril incurred for her sake. All his selfish follies, his scoffing at religion, his empty flatteries, came to her memory with sickening distinctness, and with them came the contrast in the heart she had thrown aside.

Three long, weary days passed, when one day Aunt Helen came to seek Maude in her own room.

"Maude," she said, gently, "Horace Elliot wants to see you alone. I will remain within call in case you need anything, for—for—"

"He is dying?"

"The doctor has advised him to wind up his worldly affairs, but says even now he may recover."

"Must I go?"

"I think you must. God help you, my child!"

And with this prayer and a warm, sympathizing kiss, Maude went to the sick room.

Pale and very feeble, propped up with pillows, and breathing with difficulty, Horace looked but little like the gay cavalier of a few days previous, yet in the dark eyes was a new light, and over the pallid lips hovered a faint smile. With slow steps Maude came to his side.

"I have sent for you," he said, in a faint voice, "to implore your forgiveness!"

"Oh, don't," she cried, in a voice of agony; "forgive me. I have murdered you!"

"No," he said, gently, "I shall not die. But I have been very near death for three days, and I shall rise from here a penitent, humbled man. Maude Hilton, I have had in my heart for you a lifetime of misery; by the act that places me here, I implore you to forgive me—I am a married man!"

She reeled back, sick with horror.

"Privately married two years ago to a loving girl, who is patiently waiting my return to her. My poverty made me wicked, and your wealth and beauty tempted me on, till I was ready to deceive you, gain possession of your wealth by a second marriage, and then—I hardly know what my future plans were. Can you forgive me?"

She was silent a moment; then the true woman-nature flashed out from the crusts of vanity, and the misery of her remorse.

"Will you let me send for your wife?"

He bowed assent.

"If she loves you, her place is here. Horace"

Elliot, forgiveness is scarcely a word between us two; may we both prove our penitence; and—your wife—is my sister when she comes. May God forgive us both!"

There was a long silence, and then in a quiet, business-like tone, Maude asked for Mrs. Elliot's address, and went to write the letter.

What her own prayers were that night God alone knew; but a grave, pale woman came from her chamber, where all Maude Hilton's girlish vanities and levities were buried for ever.

It was nearly a week before Fauny Elliot came to her husband's side, and in that week he had gone rapidly forwards on the road of recovery.

The gentle little wife was very loving and winsome, and Maude was a kind, thoughtful hostess; but the hour when the farewells were spoken, and they left Ross Haven, was one that lifted from her heart and haunts a burden that seemed almost crushing her.

Five long years sped away.

Old Mr. Hilton died, leaving Maude an heiress to Ross Haven, and an immense fortune invested in the town and vicinity, and Aunt Helen and Maude kept house in the old mansion, were Ladies Bountiful for the circuit of many miles, and had settled into the monotony of single life, looking for no change till death should summon them.

From a gay-hearted girl, full of caprices and whims, follies and faults, Maude had matured into a woman, full of Christian graces, womanly and tender, humble and lowly-minded. The girlish face, full of rare beauty and winsome coquetry, was lighted now by the soul-lit eyes, and an expression almost holy in its calm serenity.

She had passed through the furnace, and come forth purified and elevated.

Five years have sped away, and for the first time since he left Ross Haven on the eventful night I have recorded, Rodney Coleman stood in his native city.

He had gone to his old landlady, taken his old room, and was engaged in the sad task of unpacking what he had left behind him in his abrupt departure five years before. He had travelled far in these years, had gone through Europe, traversed the Holy Land, wandered far from civilization across burning plains, wide deserts, and tangled woods.

In cities and towns, far out on the wildest moors, he had carried ever with him the memory of the bright girl he had loved and lost, the haunt of her pallid face as it was last upturned to his.

As he turned now over a large trunk full of papers, books and odd matters, his hand fell upon a miniature-case. One moment, and Maude's face was before him, in all its wealth of merry beauty; the sunny eyes full of life, the pouting lips parted in a smile, the graceful carriage of the head full of laughing delight.

He stood spell-bound.

"How beautiful she was, my darling! What right had I to try to chain this bright spirit in the iron fetters of my hard life—to expect a nature reared like a bird, amid sunshine, and love, and flowers, to be cold, calm, and monotonous as mine, bound from childhood in the icy grasp of poverty, toil and dependence? My darling, who looked for gentleness and tender coaxing, and met only sternness and harsh censure. Oh, my own, I know now, too late, how your bright heart should have been wooed! Pshaw!" He muttered, half aloud, "these are pretty sentiments to be bestowing upon Horace Elliot's wife!"

And the miniature-case was closed with a snap; only instead of tossing it back, as he motioned to do, into the old trunk, Rodney Coleman slid it into the inside pocket of his vest.

It was of course his duty to go to Ross Haven at once, and call upon the man to whom he owed every kindness of his orphan life.

He had heard nothing in his five years of wandering of the pleasant home he had left so suddenly; but he pictured the old gentleman there alone, with perhaps occasional visits from Mr. and Mrs. Horace Elliot. So one sunny summer's day he started for the long ride between P— and Ross Haven.

It was late in the afternoon of a hot July day, when his horse, walking slowly, came to the bank where the whole current of his life had been swept from its anticipated course.

With a strange thrill he sprang from his horse, fastened it where it could crop the luxuriant grass, and forcing aside the thick foliage, stood on the spot from which five years before he had made his perilous descent. The bough to which he had clung for his hold upon life was swept away now, and he stood dreamily gazing into the water, living over again the terrible scene of that picnic day. A gasping cry near him made him turn his head.

Clinging for support to a tree, her eyes fixed upon him with an expression of bewilderment, almost

terror, stood Maude Hilton. For a moment, the desire to spring forwards and catch her in his arms was almost irresistible; but he conquered it, and raised his hat.

"Mrs. Elliot?" he said, politely.

Her eyes fell.

"No," she said, in a low voice—"Maude Hilton."

Then he was by her side.

"Maude! my Maude!"

And she did not resist as he drew her to him in a close embrace.

It was a long walk home; and they traversed it with slow steps, leaving the horse to his fate, while the story of the past five years was given with many tears, yet thankfulness through all.

Tried by suffering and long separation, the true, strong love answered the call from each heart, and in a wife's true devotion Maude buried the memory of the past flirtation.

S. A. P.

PEOPLE WHO DRIFT.

THE most common secret of the want of success in life is a general tendency to let things drift. It is not so much the missing one's opportunity or the committing one blunder, as the lavish waste of all the forces and opportunities which in various shapes come within the grasp. The tempo which permits such waste of a material that is never replaced may spring from indolence, or absence of ambition, or an intellectual incapacity of discerning what an opportunity or a force means.

Plenty of men fail for all these reasons. But a still larger number fail for lack of a quality which is neither industry merely, nor acuteness, nor desire to get on, but a kind of vigilant tenacity, like that of a hunter after his prey.

Such men break down in the race, or at least never get beyond a very humble goal, less because they have been tripped up by a some unsuspected trach, than because they were comparatively destitute of vigour and concentration. They are morally halt and maimed to begin with. They have not the stamina which supports men under heavy weights and carries them well over a prolonged course. They can look seriously at the obstacles which are immediately in front of them, and can overcome them without difficulty, but they never think of the obstacles that lie a little way ahead, or at all events rather make preparations for shirking them than for getting the better of them.

Most men suffer much fewer and less damaging injuries from the actual false steps they take than from that timorous or incapable temper which makes them shamble alighted through life, not knowing clearly whither they want to go, or how they are ever to get anywhere at all; contented or discontented with little, but in either case equally incompetent to make that little greater.

It is the slovenliness of men and women which for the most part makes their lives so unsatisfactory. They do not sit at the loom with keen eye and deft finger, but they work listlessly, and without a sedulous care to piece together as they best may the broken threads. We are apt to give up work too soon—to suppose that a single breakage has ruined the cloth. The men who get on in the world are not daunted by one or a thousand breakages.

THE English silver penny of Edward III. was ordered to weigh thirty-two wheat grains from the middle of the ear; twenty of these pennies were to weigh an ounce, and twelve ounces a pound; eight pounds were to be equivalent in weight to a gallon of wine, eight such gallons to a bushel of wheat, and eight bushels a quarter.

ONE of the principal centres of manufacture, and especially of engineering, in Belgium, says that a society has been formed at Gilly, in order to enable artists to visit Paris and examine and report for themselves on the inventions and improvements to be found in the Exhibition. The subscription is only seven-pence a fortnight, and each subscribing member will have his railway ticket gratis, besides board and lodging in Paris for three days. It is said that a great number have joined the society. Similar arrangements are on foot in France.

ANOTHER Atlantic cable buoy has been sighted. On the afternoon of the 19th of October, and when in lat. 42 deg. N., and lon. 40 deg. W., the Mexican passed a large and brightly-painted buoy, with a flagstaff attached, together with a long cable. The flag at the end of the staff had been blown away, but the buoy, notwithstanding a heavy sea, appeared stationary. There can be no doubt whatever that the buoy passed by the Mexican is one of those placed in the ocean by the Great Eastern after her unsuccessful attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, and to mark the point of its separation from the big ship.



[FELICIA'S RESCUE.]

A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Butler Burke at Eton," &c.

CHAPTER I.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half-impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How sweet, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek and on that brow—
So soft, so calm, so eloquent—
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Byron.

THE Christmas festivities at Hadlow Castle were in active course of preparation. Already had most of those who had been invited to enjoy the princely hospitality of Lord and Lady Linstock taken up their quarters in the fine old mansion; and those who were yet to come were such as merely contemplated paying a "flying visit," being regarded as social birds of passage, ever on the wing.

Hadlow Castle was one of the magnificent baronial residences which, for the most part, are in the possession of noble lords who can trace their descent from the date of the Norman conquest, when, in order to achieve security and live in peace, it was necessary to construct fortresses of immense strength, crowned with lofty turrets, from which flaunted feudal banners.

Around Hadlow there was a moat, which Lord Linstock would not have filled up, although his family physician, a man of eminence and renown, repeatedly told him that the water it contained engendered damp, and the poisonous gases exhaled from it at night were unhealthy in the extreme.

The moat was fed by a small stream, which in Scotland would be called a burn, but in the west of England, that balmy and fertile region, aptly called the modern Eden, it was poetically described as a rivulet.

In the valley which lay at the foot of Hadlow was a river known as the Eak, into which the rivulet discharged itself. There were hills behind Hadlow, lofty mountainous ridges, which loomed in the distance like the awful work of mighty giant hands. When the storms burst over the mountains and the rain descended in torrents, the stream was swollen by freshets, and rushed along with a roaring noise, fretting against the bank which circumscribed its volume.

Then the mud of the moat was stirred up, and the

lazy eels moved sluggishly through the water, jostling the Prussian carp, and steering clear of the voracious pike. There were boats of all descriptions in houses constructed under the walls of the castle, from the tiny skiff and the fragile outrigger to the burly, barge-like pleasure-boat and the flat-bottomed punt.

Of course there was a drawbridge at the castle. This was always down in the daytime, but Lord Linstock invariably caused it to be raised at night at the time of curfew. He was very old-fashioned in all his ideas, and in his youth rather regretted that his lot had not been cast in those romantic days when might was right, and there were no demagogues to urge the abolition of the law of primogeniture and entail, no strong-minded women to vex the souls of men and upset all the preconceived ideas of the lords of creation in respect of the rights of women, and no Proudhons to declare that property is a robbery.

The ramparts of the old castle were of great extent, and formed a most pleasant promenade. It was the noble owner's custom to walk there before breakfast in the morning, and watch the red deer scud over the plain, or note the antlered herd as its members leisurely cropped the grass or came to the banks of the stream to drink.

Obtruding through the battlements might be seen the muzzles of many cannon. At six o'clock every morning one of those was fired. It was a signal. Then the servants roused themselves, and the moat-keeper lowered the drawbridge amidst the clattering of planks and the clangour of swinging chains.

The greatest charm connected with the Hadlow Castle was its timber. Nowhere in England was such a park to be met with; in no county could the time-honoured oaks, with their gnarled and knotted trunks, be equalled, much less excelled. In the summer time these glorious trees, distributed by nature or by art in a fantastic manner, possessed a charm for the ardent lover of nature which was irresistible.

Hadlow Park might be truly described as a model of its kind. Extended and improved by the successive Lords of Linstock, and greatly beautified by the present owner himself, it comprised many hundreds of acres. Laid out with that skill for landscape for which such enclosures have become proverbial, noble perspectives, charming prospects, woods, glades, rocks and streams—rustic bridges, grottoes, and labyrinthine mazes, pagodas, and ruins, either natural or artificial, hills and dales, with broad green sweeps of pasturage between—delighted the eye at every turn of view. On a smaller extent of ground such a variety of prospect would have had a crowded and confused effect; but the proportions of Hadlow Park

were on so grand a scale, the eye readily saw that "ample verge and space enough" had been allowed, and that nothing had been sacrificed or was wanting. The lake was a veritable lake, abounding in fish; the woods had the appearance of forests, and were filled with game; and over the green wide-spreading spaces, the noble prospect extending almost to the distant horizon, the wild deer roamed in herds.

On a July evening Hadlow Park was paradise; the soft and yielding grass, the grateful shade of the magnificent and umbrageous trees, the pleasant murmurs of the brawling brook, whose banks were fringed with the tangled sloe and the sweet-smelling briar, the notes of the birds, the indescribable melody created by the tiny noises emanating from a myriad or minute insects, the graceful forms of the countless deer, the blue Italian sky, bright and azure, pure and spotless as an infant's soul, the soft breeze, that gentle zephyr, which, sweeping over the broad Atlantic, brings in its train the health-inspiring sea-colours which always follow in the wake of a westerly wind,—all tended to make it an Eden.

Lord Linstock loved the home of his fathers, which was, indeed, rich in historical associations. It was natural for him to feel a pride in thinking that he was one of a long line of peers, who had ever enjoyed the favour of their sovereign, and who, in many instances, had deserved well of the State. Lord Pelham Linstock commanded his Britannic Majesty's forces in the Netherlands, and added not a little to that bright laurel wreath which crowns the head of the British Bellona. Mark, thirteenth Baron Linstock, sat on the woolsack in the reign of Charles Stuart. Ralph, Lord Linstock, was commander-in-chief of the army which took possession of the island of Jamaica, in Cromwell's time. Theodore, Lord Linstock, was an archbishop in the reign of Elizabeth Tudor, that good Queen Bess, who loved her subjects—especially the Earl of Leicester. Another of the race had fought the Frenchman and the Spaniard on the seas, and had brought home the uncounted spoil of many a captured galleon, and many a trophy that added to the national glory;—and so on through an endless catalogue.

All the members of the house of Linstock were perpetuated by artistic hands, on long enduring canvas, and frowned in stately majesty from the walls of the east and west galleries of Hadlow Castle.

Lord Linstock's collection of paintings was superb. The pictures were hung without the least design or classification. A wondrous Holbein would depend side by side with a Gainsborough, while a Raphael would jostle a Cypriote, and a Claude Lorraine confront the delicate pencilling of a Titian, and stare disdain-

fully at the crude design of a Peter Paul Rubens. Lidy, as a portrait painter, was contrasted with Reynolds, much to the disgust, perhaps, of wealthy Sir Joshua, who might be supposed to demand better treatment. Dutch, Flemish, French, English, and Italian schools were all jumbled together in a singular way, which his lordship defended on the ground that he liked contrast, and was fond of comparative anatomy. And what was Lord Linstock himself?

Was he a statesman, a soldier, a lawyer, in the church, or a courtier? Not one of these callings had the slightest charm for him; he found the cares of office too weighty to be borne, the pomps and vanities of war had no charms for him, and the eternal quibblings and professional dissimulation of the bar was displeasing to a man who hated casuistry as he hated a Jesuit, which is saying a great deal. Not devotional enough for the church, and wanting the servility—a necessary qualification—of a courtier, he took refuge in commerce.

Strange and inexplicable as it may seem, Lord Linstock became a city man. He became chairman of the Herat, Turkistan, and Valley of the Euphrates Railway Company, an extraordinary undertaking, which was to convey people from London to Calcutta in less than three weeks.

He was also director of the Mint of Money and Universal Discount Company.

The last undertaking with which he was connected was called the Royal Bubble Bank, which appealed to the middle class, but obtained a large number of depositors from men in comparatively humble positions in life.

The Royal Bubble Bank paid four per cent. for deposits, withdrawable at a fortnight's notice, and promised to pay a dividend of twenty-five per cent. to the shareholders, which by the way, it never did, though that remark is a little irrelevant at the present stage of the story.

Lord Linstock was essentially a city man. He dined with Lord Mayors, and presided at dinners of every description, while he entertained aldermen in a way that was so truly gratifying to those worthy gentlemen that, if his lordship had chosen to stand for the city of London, he would have been returned by an overwhelming majority.

In the city they do not care much about poor lords, but a rich peer of the realm, with plenty of money at his back, is a Triton amongst the minnows, and worshipped as a sort of Philistine Dagon, an apostle of Mammon, and high priest of the money-market.

Amongst Lord Linstock's intimate friends was Mr. Sandford Saville, the manager of the Royal Bubble Bank. People said that he had been one of its most ardent promoters, and that a good deal of money passed into his hands when the concern was fully established, recognized by the committee of the Stock Exchange, and marked in the official list at one and a half premium.

Sandford Saville was a sharp, shrewd man, of business. He had come to London about five years before the establishment of the Royal Bubble Bank. No one knew much about him, but he had some money, and was in connection with several well-known Australian houses. In time he became a director of the Valley of the Euphrates Company, and knocked upon acquaintance with Lord Linstock at the board.

This acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and Mr. Saville prevailed upon his lordship to allow himself to go forth to the world as the chairman of the Royal Bubble Bank.

The bank was established in March, soon after the assembling of Parliament, and had endured for the best part of a year.

When Christmas came round, Lord Linstock invited the manager to Hadlow Castle; and, accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Saville, Miss Felicia Saville, their only daughter, and Mortimer Saville, the eldest son, went into the west of England, and enjoyed the hospitality of the commercial peer.

Felicia Saville was a charming girl. She narrowly escaped being perfectly beautiful. Her chief peculiarity was a *triste* expression, a sad, mournful air, which she was only able at times to shake off, and which, in her lonely and solitary moments was quite pitiful to behold. Those who knew her either said that this melancholy was constitutional, or that she was brooding over something which had happened to her in her early career, before she came to London.

She was very fair, and had those well-defined, almost angular features which so strongly characterize the beautiful Eugénie, Empress of the French. Her hair was long and silky; her complexion white as alabaster; her hands, her feet, her mouth small and delicate; her figure elegant; her manner extremely ladylike and refined.

Mrs. Saville, her mother, was proud and haughty, even to the verge of rudeness; but even she, at times, showed the same symptoms of melancholy which in her daughter were so palpable. She was reserved, and seemed to be wrapped up in a cast-iron coating

of self, which formed an impregnable castle of individualism.

Mortimer Saville was under Government. He enjoyed the barren honour of a clerkship in the bellicose department of the Beligerent Office, an institution in Pall Mall, where the business of our standing army is carried on.

His younger brother was what is called a black sheep. He was good for nothing—so his friends declared. They had given Michael up. No one took him by the hand. He did not even live in the paternal mansion in Berkeley Square. His father refused him a halfpenny when he once came to him with a request for twenty pounds to set up as the proprietor of a roadside beer-shop.

Michael was incorrigible. Every one said he was thoroughly worthless, and more than one person prognosticated that he would one day fill an elevated position; but whether they meant, by that figure of speech, that he would become Lord Chancellor, and sit upon the woolsack, or whether he would dangle from a gibbet, it is difficult to say, as it is impossible to interpret ambiguous phrases with any certainty.

One thing was undeniable, and that was that Michael Saville kept very bad company and that he had no respect for his father.

With none of his family was this young man on good terms. Sometimes he condescended to visit them, but after exchanging a few words with his sister, he would go into the kitchen and eat like a horse, which plainly denoted that his exchequer was exhausted, and that without he feloniously broke through and stole, he would have to fast—that is, if the house in Berkeley Square was closed against him.

In many families may be found good-for-nothings, and yet this is a misnomer. They may be good hands at drinking, at billiard playing, at pool, at smoking, at riding, shooting, and so on. Michael had a turn for a vagrant life. His father had sent him to a dozen schools, from each of which he had run away after being there a week. He had been preached to times out of mind, but it did him no good. The most solemn discourses had no more effect on him than water when falling upon a duck's back. He was idle, dissolute, at times profane, of no settled opinions—in fact, a thorn in the side of everybody who took him up.

He would say to his father: "It's no use talking to me. I know I'm a bad fellow. You will never make anything of me. If you have a sovereign about you, lend it me."

He could not work; it was not in him. He was a perfect Bohemian, and he was always in want of money, which, when by some *hoc-fus-pocus* or other he had acquired, he would spend in the most recklessly-extravagant manner.

No wonder his father shut his doors against him, and acquiesced in the declaration that he was "a bad fellow."

When any one was sufficiently skilful to dispel the gloom which habitually sat upon Felicia's countenance, his trouble was amply rewarded, for he found her the most bewitchingly entertaining of companions. She was not only clever and pointed in her remarks, but witty and epigrammatic in her replies.

She was most certainly a woman for a man to love, and her reserve, in the opinion of some, heightened the attraction of her natural charms. Men are apt to distrust women who are civil to every one. Perpetual loquacity and a disposition to be at home with everybody is very charming in its way, especially at a country house; but the girls who are so generally agreeable are not the ones who obtain husbands soonest. The quiet, the retired, the occasionally sparkling, those with a hidden store of knowledge, with a mine of intelligence lying beneath the surface, which dazzles and astounds, while it delights and fascinates the man who has been at the pains to work it and obtain these great results; these—the Jane Eyre sort of girls—are those who, ethereal men and bind them in chains adamantine.

Felicia was a girl who, in certain tea-and-toast circles, would have been described by the distinguishing letters "T. P." for she was truly pious. She was really and conscientiously good from conviction. Her faith was of that description which can move mountains, but which cannot be moved from its own base.

Her mother was a cold formalist. She did not in any way sympathize with her daughter, who was left very much to herself in the formation of her mind. She liked great people, and was thoroughly delighted with her stay at Hadlow Castle. She loved it for its grandeur, its antiquity, its fame in history, its magnificent furniture, its lovely scenery, its splendid grounds, its thousand-and-one articles of priceless historical worth, its quaint design, its innumerable rooms, its strangely-fashioned corridors and lofty chambers, its fantastic turrets, its battlements, its rampart, its keep surmounted with a huge flag-staff, from which fluttered the banner of the Linstocks, its

park, its deer, its moat, with the grand old-fashioned drawbridge.

What would she not have given to possess such a paradise of a place? Worlds, had they been hers to give.

Mrs. Sandford Saville was always entreating her husband to make money enough to buy an estate like Hadlow Castle. She did not care how he did it. She merely pointed out the end, without taking the trouble to indicate the means. She was his Lady Macbeth.

Mr. Saville was not at heart a bad man, but his wife's influence over him was wonderful. She had been his first love. He had married her in the spring-time of his youth, when the fervid imagination of an enthusiastic young man raised the object of his adoration to the rank of an idol, and it is no exaggeration to say that he idolized his wife. He always had loved her, even to worship, and now, in the acuteness of middle age, she was still the darling of his early love.

Her faults he freely forgave her, the ill-temper of which he was frequently the victim he passed over with a smile, for a tear shed by her still-sparkling eyes made him miserable until the lachrymose demonstration was allayed.

Every wish that it was in his power to gratify he did not fail to humour; and the consequence of this excessive kindness and foolish adoration was that Mr. Sandford Saville, in spite of his handsome income as manager of the Royal Bubble Bank—in spite of the money he made in commerce—in spite of his time, bargains—his dealings in shares and other things—was always in debt, never out of difficulties.

His wife's extravagance knew no bounds. Her milliners' bills were preposterously large, and if she could not eclipse all rivals by the beauty, brilliancy, and "water" of her diamonds, she was miserable, and, as a natural consequence, so was her husband, until the defect was remedied.

One evening, in the second week in January, Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Saville were walking through the shrubberies in the rear of the castle, preparatory to going home to dress for dinner, when Mr. Saville exclaimed:

"We must think, Honora, of going back to the square. We have stayed here long enough."

"Oh! don't talk to me about the square. I hate it after this," replied Mrs. Saville.

"I own it seems a poor place after Hadlow, but we ought to be thankful. We have not always been so well off, and—"

"That is just like you, Sandford!" exclaimed his wife, whose colour went and came as if she was powerfully agitated. "Why should you rake up the past, and fill one's mind with hyegones, except for the purpose of irritating me? You do it on purpose! I am never safe from your reproaches! You make my life a burden to me!"

"Don't say that," cried Mr. Saville. "I cannot allow you to say that, because you know, my dear, that I would not give you pain for anything in this world. I am sure that the past is quite as unpleasant to me as it is to you, and for my part I never care about recalling it."

"Get me a place like this, Sandford," exclaimed Mrs. Saville, who seemed to forget her grievance, and be mollified by her husband's submission. "Get me a place like this, and I will go to the end of the world for you."

"But, my dear, it is impossible. You seem to forget that my resources are limited. It is a question of money."

"How much money?" she asked, abstractedly.

"I daresay a quarter of a million," he replied.

"How many pounds is that?" "I cannot take the trouble to reckon," cried Mrs. Saville, impatiently.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand."

"No more? That does not seem much. Get it—make it—get it somehow, Sandford, will you? For my sake, exert yourself! I shall never be happy until I have a castle, suit a moat, and oaks, and deer, and all that. You always have money. If you want a few thousands you can always get it on a bill."

"I am perfectly aware of that, my dear," said Mr. Sandford Saville. "If I wanted twenty thousand at this moment I could get it. My credit is as sound as a tench. My name is good at Burney's and the Bank of England for more than twenty thousand; but were I to flood the market with my paper I should have to pay for it. Money is dear. The Bank rate is eight per cent. at this moment, with a prospect of a rise, and I should have to make desperate efforts to take up my bills when they became due. Paper-wings are all very well; but ten to one the man who uses them will come to grief before he has made a very long journey."

"I wonder, Sandford, that you think it worth your while to trouble me with all those technicalities. I do not understand you, and you only waste time in talking in that 'shoppy' manner. Whatever I say carries

its meaning with it; and I am surprised that you cannot.

"What, my dear?" Mr. Saville ventured to say. "That you cannot get the money you want from your own bank," she said, slowly, and with solemn emphasis.

"Do you mean the Royal?" he asked, in a quick, husky tone.

"Of course I do," replied Mrs. Saville. "Do not all the accounts pass through your hands? Is not everything in your power? Who was that Colonel Somebody that—"

"You must not talk to me in this way, Honora!" exclaimed the bank manager, with a shake of the head and a clouded brow. "It is my duty to check you. I—I cannot listen to the enunciation of such doctrines. I can't, indeed. What has come to you? Your visit to Hadlow must have turned your head. I wish most sincerely that we had never come."

"That is the way with you," said Mrs. Saville, in a contemptuous voice. "Faint-hearted, always faint-hearted! Why are you not, sanguine? Why can't you trust some things to chance? You have a brilliant and money-making career before you. A thousand events may take place, and one must not rest until I have a castle like Hadlow," said Mrs. Saville, adding, "Besides, Sandford, you forget one thing. We have a daughter to marry!"

"Ah! very true; so we have. But it is getting late, my dear; let us go in and dress. His lordship said something about an early dinner."

CHAPTER II.

In steady line and four abreast
They come.

The only son of Lord and Lady Linstock was named Valentine, but all his friends, by a strange perversion of nomenclature, preferred calling him the Honourable Orson, owing perhaps, to their retentive memories reminding them of the fairy tale of Valentine and Orson.

The Honourable Valentine Bridgeman, son of Lord Linstock, and heir to his vast estates, was a young man of five-and-twenty, handsome, engaging in his manner, polished in his address, but extravagant to a degree, bearing a mountain of debt upon his shoulders, and going about in fear of his creditors.

He was the best rough-rider in the county. No one could equal him in going across country, and at all steepchases the knowing ones invariably staked their money upon the success of the Honourable Valentine. His horses were worth fabulous sums; but though he had a fine collection of plates and cups, which he had won, he might have bought them twenty or thirty times over for the money which he had lost.

When Mrs. Saville told her husband that they had a daughter to marry, she intended to convey to her slightly obtuse spouse that she had her eye upon somebody; and that somebody was no other than the Honourable Valentine Bridgeman.

She knew him by report to be a bad man, and most decidedly not a sort of person whom a judicious mother would choose for her daughter's husband.

At the age of eighteen or twenty a man may be sowing his wild oats, and there is a chance of reformation; but at the advanced age of five-and-twenty a man settles down, and accepts his characteristics in a fatalistic manner.

He seems to think that he has been endowed by nature with certain qualities. He may be weak, wicked, extravagant, idle, unambitious, a gambler, as well as a spendthrift, the possessor of more vices than virtues, but though fully conscious of his faults, he ceases to fight against them.

Valentine was at all times fonder of the stable than of the drawing-room, and had he lived in the days of Golden Ball Hughes, when it was the fashion to drive coaches, he would probably have devoted his existence to that inglorious pastime.

This was the man to whom the worldly and cupidinous Mrs. Saville proposed to unite her daughter! Poor Felicia, sensitive, exquisitely nervous, physically and mentally delicate to a degree, susceptible of the least impression, fond, devoted, religious! What a life was before her if wedded to such a man!

Fortunately she was as yet unconscious of her mother's ambitious design, or she would have trembled for her future. Her heart was disengaged, but she had declared most solemnly to herself that she would never marry a man whose only qualifications were a handsome face, a polished and agreeable manner, and a fund of conversational nothings mixed with interesting small-talk.

If her heart could not follow her hand, she was firm in her determination that her hand should never go. Only to think of the bare idea of standing within the altar rails and vowing to love and obey—in all the simply solemn language of the rubric—a man for whom she had no sort of affection, was execrating

to her. There was something awful to her in the contemplation of it.

Mrs. Saville remarked with pleasure that the Honourable Valentine Bridgeman paid her daughter great attention. Mothers are good judges in such cases, and the one in question mentally came to the conclusion that it would end in a match.

Mr. Bridgeman took Felicia from the drawing-room to the dining-room, and talked to her in the most engaging manner. During dinner a band from a neighbouring town attended to play selections from various operas, which they did in a creditable manner, but this performance slightly interfered with conversation. Whenever there was a break in the music the Hon. Valentine Bridgeman talked to Felicia.

"I am so grieved to hear that you think of leaving the castle, Miss Saville," he exclaimed.

"Papa has business to attend to, you know," she replied.

"Ah! to be sure; your father is a city man, a rich city man. City men always are rich as Jews—worth hundreds of thousands. No place like the city. I sometimes wish my father had brought me up to trade."

"What trade?—that of dealer in horseflesh?" asked Felicia, who could not resist the temptation of making the remark.

"You are hard upon me," exclaimed Valentine, looking straight at her. "It is scarcely fair to attack a man like that. I certainly am fond of horses; they are darling creatures, and if I were marry to-morrow, I should divide my love between my horses and my wife."

"You mention your wife after your horses; that is an insult to the entire sex, and I shall have nothing more to say to you—not a word. Fancy, speaking of ladies and horses in the same breath, as if there were any comparison between them. It's monstrous!"

Lady Linstock rose from the table, and gave a sort of masonic look to the ladies, which caused them to rise also, and they swept from the room.

When the ladies were gone, Mortimer Saville left his seat and took the chair his sister had lately occupied.

"I say, Saville," exclaimed Valentine Bridgeman, "is it really true that you go away to-morrow or the next day?"

"My leave's up," replied Mortimer Saville. "I shall be hauled over the coals at the Belligerent Office if I don't show up before the twentieth, and, as it is, I have taken all the leave I am entitled to. I shall have to grind all the rest of the year."

"That's a bore! It is, by Jove! Why don't you go into the city?"

"Because I don't like it. The fact is, Bridgeman, I might go into the city and do well. My father has influence enough to get me five hundred a-year. At present I vegetate on a hundred and twenty, and draw on him for what I want besides; but I would rather be an ensign in a marching regiment, or a midshipman with nothing a-year, than a city man. I know it is foolish, but I cannot overcome my prejudices."

"I have none of that pride about me," replied Valentine. "My only fault is a fondness for horses and a hatred of confinement. I could no more submit to confinement than I could fly. I should go mad if I were boxed up in Pall Mall the best part of a year like you."

As he spoke, he took out his watch, looked at the time, and exclaimed:

"The Bardolph Bridge Volunteers come here to-night. I am captain of No. 2 company. Their headquarters are at Bardolph Bridge. Some of the fellows hit upon a brilliant idea yesterday. We have kept it a secret from everybody. The frost has lasted so long that the ice bears splendidly, as, of course, you know. Well, Bardolph Bridge is two miles from here. We are three hundred strong, and we make four companies. The fellows go to the stream near the bridge, put on their skates, and go along the ice till they come to the castle. They pile arms under the walls, and have torches given them, which they light and go round the most in lots three times, then they fire a volley, and go with the band playing to the Oak, spin along to Wiston Beach, and come back to Hadlow to supper, which will be prepared for them in the banquetting-room. What do you think of it?"

"Capital idea," replied Mortimer. "The torches will have a very fine effect, and, as the moon is shining so brightly, the volunteers will look uncommonly well. Can all your fellows skate?"

"Oh yes. We learn to skate down here as soon as we can walk almost. There's nothing like a frost in our country to make us as jolly as sandboys."

Valentine went away, accompanied by Mortimer Saville, and sought his apartments, where, with the aid of his servant, he donned his uniform, a grey, turned up with blue. It was pretty, if not striking.

The frost had lasted for a week with great severity,

so that the ice was fully capable of bearing a large body of men. A thaw had commenced on the third day, but the wind chopped round to the east again, and icicles hung from every bough. Spikes of frost work, more delicate than the finest crystals, were to be seen on every blade of grass, and every one bowed before the terrible monarch King Frost, who had asserted his sway in so marked and unmistakable a manner.

The prospect of a torchlight journey to Wiston Beach, and a supper afterwards at the castle, was so alluring as to bring out the entire force of the regiment. They were gaiters, but not their cloaks, as the exercise they were about to take would have been impeded by superabundant clothing.

It was rumoured that there would be a ball after the supper, but that was not generally credited, as only some dozen of Valentine Bridgeman's particular friends were invited.

All at once the inspiring air for which the Bardolph Bridge Volunteers were famous, burst out upon the night, aided by the united efforts of two capital bands.

The windows of the castle rattled again as the music floated against them on the frosty atmosphere, and a servant entered the room and opened the shutters, so that the assembled company might see what was going on.

The volunteers had piled arms, and were standing in little knots, smoking and chatting merrily amongst themselves. They were a fine, hale, hearty body of men, inspired by their two miles' run, and evidently enjoying their novel "march out" considerably.

"Oh, this is charming, Lady Linstock!" cried Felicia, whose reserved and passive manner fled as at the touch of a magician's wand. "How delightful! So kind of you, to think of such a surprise! How can we thank you?"

Every one was equally enchanted. "It is all Valentine's doing. It is Valentine's surprise, is it not, Mr. Saville?" exclaimed her ladyship.

"The ladies will have it, in spite of my assertions, that I am the originator of the rendezvous; but you will come to my rescue, will you not?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Mortimer. "It is Bridgeman's idea entirely, and he has sent word by me to ask if you would like to dress and come to the moat. You will see the men march past, and I really do think that it will be a sight well worth seeing. The moon is magnificent, and the ice as firm as a rock."

Lady Linstock conversed in a low tone with several ladies who were standing round her, and at length the important question was settled.

"Oh! yes," she replied. "We should like it above all things. We will run away and put our bonnets on. We must wrap up in plenty of grobe and sable this cold weather."

When the ladies made their re-appearance, they formed quite a brilliant bevy, and the whole party descended the stairs leading to the court-yard of the castle, through which they passed, and going down a flight of steps, found a number of chairs placed for them at the base of the south tower.

The volunteers were extended over a large space of ground. The colonel had thought it advisable not to crowd too many on one particular spot, so he had distributed them at certain distances.

The foremost batch were within a few yards of the ladies, and close to the bands, which were opposite the south tower.

The Hon. Valentine Bridgeman was in command of the fourth company, which was No. 1 on parade, and consequently marched first. The colonel, an old Indian and Crimean veteran, was talking to him.

The colonel, accompanied by Valentine, advanced to Lady Linstock, and shook hands with her in the most cordial manner.

"You have quite stormed our castle, Colonel Forest!" she exclaimed. "You must take care our artillery does not open fire, and send you all to the bottom of the moat."

"Oh! I have no particular fear of that. Your ladyship, have I your permission to give the word for the broken columns to reform? I do not wish to keep you in the cold longer than is absolutely necessary."

"When you please, colonel; we are all 'your most obedient' to-night."

The colonel saluted and wheeled round on his skates with admirable precision.

The volunteers had all been supplied with uniforms by the servant of the castle; the word of command was given—they shouldered their rifles, formed fours, lighted their torches, and advanced at the double.

The effect was very fine.

The men skated with great rapidity, and passed three times before the party from the castle. As they held the torches they could not "present arms," but they gave three cheers for Lord and Lady Linstock—three thundering cheers uttered by stentorian

lunge; the noise drowned that of the bands, and the noble lord and his lady were much gratified.

Felicia, with two young ladies of her acquaintance, without saying a single word to any one, ran across the moat when the men came to the "halt," intending to stand on the bank or upon the drawbridge.

Felicia was the leader in this act of secession, and she did not know that close to the edge of the moat the ice had been broken in order that the deer might be enabled to drink.

Hoarse cries of warning saluted her ears from the servants who were watching the scene from various "coigns of vantage," but she mistook their import. She imagined that the volunteers were again advancing on their way to the Esk, and she expedited her speed to get out of the way.

The consequence was that she stepped into an open space, and immediately sank in fifteen feet of water.

Cries of horror rent the air, for the accident was witnessed by all within fifty yards of the spot, but all seemed paralysed with astonishment.

A young man in No 4 company, under the Honourable Valentine's command, darted forward, leaving the ranks without a word to any of his officers. The flambeau in his hand flared and sputtered as it was carried quickly through the air.

With great cleverness he arrested his precipitate progress at the very edge of the treacherous hole.

The young ladies who had accompanied Felicia were standing in the middle of the moat, reading the air with their screams.

The volunteer sank upon his knees, and as Felicia rose to the surface of the water, gasping and panting as if for dear life, he gently caught her by the shoulder, dragged her with some difficulty from her dangerous position, and laid her on the ice.

This act of gallantry was witnessed by more than a hundred of the company.

A tremendous burst of cheering rang pleasantly in the volunteer's ears as, aided by some gentlemen, he bore Felicia to the bank, and saw her carefully attended to.

Then, with a military salute to the party, amongst whom he alone knew Lord and Lady Linstock by sight, and to whom he was a perfect stranger, he wheeled round, saluted the Hon. Valentine Bridgeman, and took his place as a rear rank man in his company.

"Valentine," exclaimed Lady Linstock, "thank that young man, will you? He is very brave, and has saved poor dear Miss Saville's life. Ask him to the ball this evening. Felicia will be glad of having an opportunity of expressing her gratitude in person."

"I intended to do so," replied the Hon. Mr. Bridgeman. "I fully intended doing so."

"Well done, Fenwick. 'Pon my word, it was splendid. Lady Linstock has asked me to thank you for your bravery. There is to be a hop at the castle to-night. A carpet dance. Everything very quiet and private. I have asked a few men of 'ours.' Will you kindly join us? I can set you up in the way of pumps, or anything else you may want."

"Is the uniform permissible?"

"Of course. Oh, yes, that will do," replied Bridgeman, who raised his voice, and said: "Now, you fellows, put those pipes out. We must be moving in the direction of Wiston Reach. 'Ten-tion! By your right—Mar-rah!'"

The men were ready in an instant, and had less difficulty in starting than may be imagined.

The monotonous one—two, one—two of the sergeants, who generally mark time for the men in the beginning of a march, was not heard. The band was already in motion, and preceded the column. The men slung their arms, and consequently were able to carry their torches without inconvenience.

The smoke arising from the torches ascended and formed a dense cloud over the long line; but as the men swept past, to the number of three hundred, skating wonderfully well, and keeping abreast and in line with admirable precision, it was an imposing spectacle, and one which intensely gratified all who beheld it.

The party from the castle lingered until the last man was becoming dim, shadowy, and phantom-like in the darkness, and then retired to the drawing-room.

Felicia was not at all hurt. The ducking she got was calculated to give her a severe cold, and she was advised to go to bed. This, however, she strenuously refused to do.

Changing her wet clothes, she descended to the drawing-room, and received the congratulations of her friends.

Her principal reason for coming down again, instead of retiring to rest, was an uncontrollable desire to see the handsome volunteer who had saved her life, if not at the risk of his own, at all events, at some danger to himself.

She thought that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen; and this hastily-formed opinion was confirmed when he entered the ball-room in the society of the Honourable Mr. Bridgeman, who took him to meet Felicia, saying:

"Permit me, Miss Saville, to introduce full Private Maurice Fenwick to you."

"I feel deeply grateful to Mr. Fenwick for his great gallantry. I can never repay the eternal obligation under which he has placed me," replied Felicia, in a deep, thrilling tone.

Her face was flushed, and she betrayed all the agitation of a school-girl.

"Pray don't mention it," said Maurice Fenwick; "I am only too happy to think that a fortunate chance enabled me to be of service to you."

The orchestra now commenced a charming waltz.

"May I have the honour?" said Fenwick, addressing Felicia, who made a pretence of looking at her card.

She had purposely left the first dance open.

She bowed an assent, and the next minute Maurice Fenwick was whirling her lightly round the room.

Mrs. Sandford Saville was standing by the side of Lady Linstock as Felicia and her partner swept past.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "who is that young man with whom Felicia is dancing?"

"I really don't know; but here is Valentine; he will tell us."

"Some friend of his, I presume," returned Lady Linstock.

"Who is my daughter's partner, Mr. Bridgeman? can you kindly tell me?" said Mrs. Saville.

"Fenwick—Maurice Fenwick," replied the Hon. Mr. Bridgeman.

"Ah! yes; but what is he?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon. As well as I can remember, he is—yes, he is the son of the village apothecary."

Mrs. Saville looked in an infuriated manner at everybody, and sank into a chair. The idea of her daughter dancing with the son of a village apothecary, when there were three guardsmen, two baronets, and a host of well-bred, well-educated men in the room!

Oh! it was too monstrous, too preposterous, for any mother's feelings.

(To be continued.)

RISKS OF GREAT EATERS.

GREAT eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry—feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten, they endure torments so distressing in their nature as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines moderately to eat when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders.

Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health, when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease, showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity increases, until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history. Particular inquiry will almost invariably elicit the fact that fat persons, however rubicund and jolly, are never well, and yet they are envied.

While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never for a single day without some "symptom," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually have no "spare flesh," are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age.

Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly, after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his hundred and fortieth year. Kotigern, who never tasted spirits nor wine, and worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eighty-five years. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was one hundred and sixty-nine years old when he died.

Old Parr lived to a hundred and fifty-three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread. The favourite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to one hundred and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutebury, who died aged one hundred and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son, Michael, by similar means, lived to be a hundred and three years old.

Father Cull, a Methodist clergyman, died, last year, at the age of a hundred and five, the main diet of

his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal.

From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump at the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn is from the only fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labour tend to a great age.

As to the healthfulness and life-protracting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labour, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days.

We must not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did, and omit all others; but by doing all he did, that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT AT SIAM.

ELEPHANTS, especially white elephants, are all important personages in Siam. In the multitudinous incarnations of Buddha, it is believed that the white elephant is one of his necessary domiciles, and the possession of a white elephant is the possession of the presence and patronage of the Deity.

I was escorted by one of the great Ministers of State to the domicile of the white elephant in Bangkok, whose death not many years ago filled the court and nation with mourning. He had been discovered in the forests of the interior; a large reward was paid to the fortunate discoverer, and the first king left his capital to meet with becoming ostentation welcome and reverence the newly-acquired treasure. In Siamese history, there are many chapters giving an account of invasions and repulses in war waged solely for the acquisition of some white elephant in the possession of a neighbouring sovereign.

There are instances where two existed in the same capital, and when negotiations failed for the acquisition of one by friendly surrender, the territory of the doubly-blessed monarch was violated, and the superfluous elephant demanded *vi et armis*.

The Court of Siam had been for some time unhonoured by the presence and the patronage of a white elephant. Elephants there were, not wholly dark brown or pale black, with pendant ears of a lighter colour, and spots on the skin, which showed some affinity to a purer and diviner race. These were adorned with rich jewels; attended by special servants, accompanied by music when they left their stalls; but they became as nothing when the elephant of higher aristocracy, or rather of celestial genealogy, appeared.

The king, on the announcement of his capture, wrote to me in terms of high satisfaction at his good fortune. When he escorted his prize to his capital, I was conducted to the palace of the honoured dignitary.

To say the truth, his colour was not white; but coppery, like that of a Red Indian. His stable was painted like a Parisian drawing-room; there was an elevated platform, on whose adjacent walls handsome warlike ornaments were hung; and nobles of high rank were in attendance, who took care that he should be supplied with delicious food, principally the young sugar-cane.

When the white elephant went to battle, escorted in splendid decorations, he was preceded by musicians, escorted by courtiers, and was received by the people with protestation and reverence.

On my departure from Bangkok, after the signature of the treaties, when the royal letters were delivered engraved on golden slabs for the great Queen of England, and placed in a gold box, locked with a gold key, though many handsome presents accompanied the royal missives, one offering was placed in my hands with the assurance that it was by far the most precious of the gifts to be conveyed, and the invaluable offering was a bunch of hairs from the white elephant's tail, tied together with a golden thread.—*Sir John Bowring.*

ORIGIN OF THE MALT AND BEER TAXES.—The following memoranda may not be uninteresting:—Ale-houses were established in this country as early as 721, and are mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of Wessex. Public-houses were first licensed in 1621, authority being granted for the purpose to Sir Giles Montpeussan and Sir Francis Michel for their own emolument. In 1553 the number of taverns in London was limited to forty. The malt tax was established in 1697, increased in 1760, and newly modelled in 1766. An excise duty on beer and ale was first legally imposed in 1660.

GOOD NEWS FOR HOCK DRINKERS.—The vintage on the Rhine is so plentiful that all the casks have been absorbed, and the vintage has to be delayed till a fresh supply, equal to the great demand, is forthcoming. The quality is splendid.

THE MAGIC SLIPPERS.

If any one had wanted to find Eva Arnold, they would have had to look behind a shady and fragrant hedge of wild roses and grape vines.

There sat the witch, as her brother Allen called her, with a book in her hand, and wonderful to relate, a grave look upon her face. But it was evident that the book had very little to do with the expression of her face, for she seemed scarcely conscious that she held it.

"I do wonder if that tradition about our family is true. I will ask grandmother about it when I see her."

Eva's musing was interrupted by the appearance of a head, through a gap in the hedge. The head rather resembled a brigand's with its luxuriant masses of coal black hair, but the face, dark though it was, was too pleasant looking. Allen Arnold's body followed his head to the other side of the hedge, where he seated himself by the side of his sister.

"What are you doing now, you little mischief?"

"If you refer to me," said Eva, demurely, "I'm moralizing."

"Moralizing! I much doubt if you know the meaning of the word."

"If I haven't been to college, I know something," retorted Eva. "But only think, Allen, Gerty Wayland will be here to-morrow to spend the rest of the vacation with me. How glad I shall be, and you will too, for I know you can't help falling in love with her."

"My dear little sister," said Allen, lazily, as he tore in pieces a wild rose, "what nonsensical ideas will get into your head. As if I could fall in love with a red-headed divinity. A perfectly absurd idea, miss."

"You mustn't call her red-headed, Allen, for she is not that. Her hair is a light, golden colour, and all the girls admire it very much."

"Yes, I understand. But you must get some one else to play the hero besides me."

"Good-by, you great bunch of self-conceit and vanity," said Eva, as she mischievously bounded over the low hedge, and ran towards the house, leaving Allen stretched upon the grass.

"I do wonder if that tradition is true," said little Eva, again, just as she was about to sink to sleep. "If it is true and the shoes are yet in existence, I will borrow or steal them, and that as soon as possible."

A great cloud of dust, and a great rattle of wheels heralded the approach of the coach. And in that coach was Eva's long-looked-for schoolmate, Gertrude Wayland. At the gate of Farmer Arnold's substantial mansion stood Eva, waiting eagerly to catch the first glimpse of her friend. Her brother Allen, hidden in a secure nook, was also looking out with no little curiosity to see the red-haired divinity so much vaunted by his sister.

He would have been rather ashamed to have been detected by Eva, especially when all the ill-natured things he had said about her friend rose up before him.

A tall, slight, delicate figure, with a certain air of quietness and dignity about it, descended from the coach. Allen stood just long enough to witness the warm greeting between the divinity and his sister, and then he hurried away lest some one should observe and betray him.

"After all," said he to himself, as he walked towards the brook with his fishing apparatus under his arm, "I did not dislike the looks of her as much as I thought I should, but that is no reason that I should fall in love with her." And Allen, who had no small share of vanity, laughed aloud.

He did not return till evening, and then being weary with his day's work, he crept into the parlour in the summer twilight, and seated himself comfortably in a great rocking-chair, for Allen by no means despised the comfortable things of this world.

He had come in quite softly, and as there was no movement in the room, he fancied that he was alone. He was in the midst of a reverie, when he suddenly heard a low voice in the further corner of the apartment; he fancied it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and though the song was a familiar one, and the voice of the singer was very low, as if she were only singing for her own amusement yet to Allen's really fine musical ear, it sounded better, infinitely better, than the most fashionable music he had ever heard.

Just as the song was finished, the singer rose from her dark corner and passed out of the door, almost brushing Allen in her passage.

"Heigho," said Allen to himself, "that's the divinity, I suppose. But what a splendid voice. It almost compensates for the red hair. I'll ask her to

sing these summer evenings. No, I won't either, for I dare say she's like most other singers, must be teased and teased until one is tired to death. I'll not trouble myself about her."

"Now, Allen, I've caught you at last," cried Eva, triumphantly, as she discovered her brother reading under the favourite hedge. "Now stand up and let me introduce you to my friend Gerty, the best of schoolmates."

Allen arose and greeted the divinity in the graceful and self-possessed manner natural to him.

For the first time he had a full view of her face by the morning light.

It was not a beautiful face, not even a pleasing face at first sight, and Allen was a keen admirer of beauty; but it was a peculiar face, such a one as makes an impression not easily forgotten.

Eva's face was flushed with her morning walk, but Gertrude's was remarkably pale; there was, too, a soberness and dignity about her, which was entirely a stranger to Eva's character.

Allen, as he entered with much politeness, though with little zeal into a conversation, in which Eva took the principal share, secretly wondered how two such dissimilar characters could have formed such a close friendship.

But he concluded that there was no accounting for women's whims.

"You must drive us over to grandmother's to-day, Allen," said Eva. "I positively must go there to-day."

"And why to-day?"

"For certain reasons of my own, which I shall not tell you. You would only laugh at me if I did."

"Well, then, if that is the case, I will drive you over, and as women never can keep a secret, in the course of time yours will come out, and then I shall have my laugh."

"Agreed," said Eva, "only drive us over."

It was a pleasant drive of five or six miles, yet Allen, who usually took the principal part in a conversation, was remarkably quiet, listening to the chat of the two girls, without attempting to interrupt it.

Her hair was not red after all, it was really a pale, golden colour, and floated around the white face, as he had seen it in some pictures.

After all, she was unlike any one else he had ever known, and she had the sweetest voice he had ever heard. But the idea of falling in love with her was really too absurd to contemplate.

"Grandmother," said Eva, after a long silence, which she employed in contemplating the movement of a pretty little foot, which tapped nervously upon the floor, "Grandmother, I wish you would tell us the legend of the magic slippers, which I heard once when I was a very little girl. It's a tradition about our family, isn't it?"

"Why, child, it's only a silly story about a pair of slippers. No one believes it now-a-days."

"But the story, grandmother, if you please."

"Well," said the old lady, as she adjusted her spectacles, "they say that an ancestor of ours was once climbing a steep and rugged hill and found near the top a poor man, covered with wounds and nearly dead with cold. Our ancestor carried him home in his arms and tended him carefully until he was recovered. When the stranger grew strong and well, they discovered that he was a very handsome man, with eyes remarkable for their brilliancy. When he was going away, he gave to the wife of our ancestor a pair of slippers. There was nothing remarkable about the slippers themselves, but as the story runs, they were endowed with a rare gift by the stranger. Any woman in his benefactor's family, whose feet these slippers would fit, provided also that she was a true-hearted woman whilst she wore the magic slippers, would have all the wishes made at that time, realized. But there are but few of our family whose feet the shoes would fit; from those who have worn them, however, there have come wonderful stories of their great virtue. But as for me, Eva, I have an idea that the story is all nonsense. The slippers would never fit my feet, and I never had any faith in them, so that no wishes of mine were ever realized in that way."

"But you have really got the slippers, grandmother?" said Eva, eagerly.

"I did have them, when I was young; perhaps they are somewhere in the attic now. But bless my heart, child, you're not going to hunt after them?"

"Yes, grandmother, I really think they would fit me, and I should like to try them."

"But one must have faith in them, in order to have their wishes realized."

"And I believe I am just superstitious enough to believe in them," said Eva.

Such a looking and such a devastation never was heard of before.

Grandmother would have been struck dumb if she could have seen her attic during the progress of the hunt.

Eva well deserved her name of "little mischief," for there was not a box of any kind, not a solitary piece of furniture, but the well-packed contents of which were straightway investigated and then thrown back in the most admirable confusion.

Gerty set herself to putting to rights what Eva left in disorder, and it was no easy job.

Suddenly Eva uttered a cry of delight. From the recesses of an antique bureau she drew a mysterious parcel, and within the paper was the tiniest pair of curiously wrought slippers.

"I've found them," cried Eva, triumphantly; "now I wonder if they'll fit? But I must show them to grandmother first."

And away ran the madcap, covered with dust and a nest of bewildered spiders, which two things were the bane and the horror of grandmother's life.

The dust and spiders were brushed off, and then grandmother condescended to look at the slippers, which she identified as the magic pair.

"I declare," said grandmother, "if they don't fit you exactly; one would think they were made for you."

And sure enough they fitted exactly. Eva took them off very soon, and folded them up in their wrapper, remembering that her grandmother had said that she who wore them must be a true-hearted woman.

She wanted time to think whether she were true-hearted or not.

It so happened that Eva had no more opportunities for trying on the slippers whilst the visit lasted. So she carried them home with her.

Allen did not make his appearance to drive them home, but in his stead sent one of the farm men.

"Oh, Gerty!" cried Eva, as the farm-house came in sight, "I am so glad we are at home; now I shall try my magic shoes."

But Eva's usually quiet home was in a great state of excitement.

Something unusual had seemed to have happened which affected all the household, though in different ways.

Farmer Arnold, who had come in from his day's labour, instead of resting quietly in his arm chair, as was usual for him of an evening, walked restlessly to and fro with a troubled brow.

Eva's mother went softly to and fro with an expression of face which Eva could not analyze.

"What has happened?" asked Eva, anxiously, of Allen, when she found him alone that evening.

"Why the trouble is, that we are in danger of losing our old homestead. Some one has set up a claim to it, the falsity of which cannot be proved, because an all-important paper has been lost. We have searched the house through, but our search has been useless. One hope still remains, that the paper may be at grandmother's; it might have been carried there amongst other papers. To-morrow I will drive over, as I am very anxious about the affair. The loss of this farm, after so many years of hard labour bestowed upon it, will almost kill father."

"It cannot be possible, Allen, that we shall have to leave this home of ours, where we were both born, and played together as children."

"It is not only possible, but very likely, my little sister. But I'll not give up till I've searched grandmother's house through and through," said Allen, bravely.

The next day was an anxious one to Eva, and in sympathy with her, Gerty was anxious also.

She talked of going home, but Eva would not allow it.

The little lady had no idea of having her schemes spoiled by such a movement.

The long afternoon wore away slowly, as the girls watched the return of Allen from his search.

Afternoon changed into evening, and the evening wore into the night.

The family concluded that Allen was not coming that night, and accordingly they separated with no hope of seeing him till morning.

But Eva felt confident that Allen would return that very night, so she sat up waiting for him, walking to and fro restlessly, and listening for the sound of wheels.

She fancied Gerty was asleep upon a sofa where she had persuaded her to lie down a few moments before. No one in the house was stirring.

"Now I shall try my magic shoes," said Eva, aloud, to herself. "I do hope and pray that I am true-hearted."

One slipper was a little rebellious, and would not go on easily. Eva managed at last to get her foot into it.

Then, as Gerty seemed sound asleep, and could not hear, she ventured to speak her wishes aloud.

"First and foremost," said Eva, "since it has been

the greatest hope of my heart for a long time, I do wish that my brother Allen would fall in love with and marry Gertrude Wayland. Secondly, I wish that the paper which proves our right to this house of my childhood may be speedily found, and that my father may be as happy in the possession of that which his cheerful labour has endeared to him, as it is possible to be."

There was indeed the sound of wheels outside, and Eva ran down to meet Allen, without ever thinking of her slippers or wishes.

She met him at the door, and at the first glance his anxious face told her that his search had been useless.

"No hope left, Eva," were his first words. "Sooner or later we are likely to lose our home. Grandmother has searched her house from cellar to attic, and there is no sign of the paper."

Wearied and depressed, Allen cast his eyes downward, and they rested upon Eva's embroidered slippers.

"What a fanciful pair of slippers, Eva," said Allen, suddenly roused from his weariness. "Did you embroider those, little sister?"

"No," said Eva, a little embarrassed, "they are not mine."

Wondering a little at Eva's evident confusion, Allen was about to relapse into his former anxious mood, when his sister took off one of the slippers, with the remark that it was much tighter than the other. She wondered why it didn't fit.

Allen took up the slipper mechanically, and commenced examining it.

There seemed to be something in the toe, which occupied considerable space.

Listlessly Allen pulled out that with which the toe was stuffed, and was not a little surprised when he discovered a neatly folded paper.

He opened the paper much in the same way as he had taken it from the slipper, and then suddenly Eva was struck with unmingled wonder to see her lately sad brother jumping around the room in a way that savoured much of insanity.

"I've found the precious paper, Eva," said Allen, at length, overturning a table and all its contents in his great joy.

Suddenly the affair became clear to Eva.

Some mischievous person at grandmother's must have stuffed the paper into the slipper, without ever dreaming that he was doing mischief.

One by one the family came trooping downstairs, aroused by the great noise of the overturned table.

But none felt that they had paid too dear for their trouble, when they heard the good news.

"I wonder if Gertrude will sing to us, if I should ask her?" said Allen to Eva, as he encountered her in a passage where Eva could not escape him.

"Why, ask her, and find out for yourself," said Eva, as she dexterously eluded his grasp and darted past him.

So Allen, with a lack of confidence which was rather surprising, considering that he was a very confident fellow in general, requested the red-haired divinity to sing.

The divinity of course complied, without the least degree of hesitation or affectation.

And the tones of her voice were so very sweet, that Allen in his heart declared—but it is no matter what Allen declared in his heart, or any other way. But it is morally certain that as Eva came into the parlour a little while after, there was no singing to be heard, but only one voice speaking very low.

Eva declares that she made her escape as soon as possible, but the fact rests upon no proofs, so that it may be disbelieved.

Quite innocently, of course, Eva reminded Allen one day, that he must beware and not fall in love with the red-headed divinity.

"Of course, it's perfectly absurd warning you, for I have long ago given up all idea of making you the hero of our novel."

Allen cast what he thought to be a very severe look upon the young tormentor, and was shocked to see the burst of laughter with which it was received.

"Gerty, I'm a firm believer in traditions, and especially that of the magic slippers," said Eva, one day.

"Because both your wishes were realized," said Gerty, "especially the first, which seemed very improbable."

"You're a traitor," cried Eva.

"Not at all," was Gerty's reply. "I couldn't help hearing your wishes that night, for I was not asleep as you supposed."

In the process of time Allen and Gerty were married, and little Eva, trusting and true-hearted, went on her way with a firm belief in the Magic Slippers.

E. B.

EVA ASHLEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SQUIRE ASHLEY'S WILL.

In the afternoon, Mr. Lake, the lawyer, came over from the neighbouring town, bringing with him his clerk as witness to the will which he had drawn up several years before.

Though Bessie had been weeping as if her heart would break, she bathed her eyes, and forced herself to become calm enough to join the party in the library.

She listened with painful interest to the precautions the testator had taken to secure her fate from the grasp of her supposed father, and she felt deeply grateful for his care for her future.

She sighed faintly as she saw that only as the wife of Frank Wentworth could she avail herself of the magnificent provision made for her; if she refused his hand, she was to have but three hundred pounds a year allowed her during life, and her home was no longer to be at Ashurst.

To Leon Larne, his beloved nephew, was bequeathed the sum of ten thousand pounds, secured in such a manner that it must ultimately descend to his son.

To Mrs. Ashley was devised property amounting to fifty thousand pounds, independent of the third of his estate which the law would allow her as his widow.

When the reading was over, the two ladies retired, and Frank gave a power of attorney to Mr. Lake to act for him in his absence.

After a long discussion of the affairs of the estate, it was settled between them that things were to be carried on exactly as they had been during the life of the late owner of the place.

Ashley was a kind and considerate master to his servants, and Frank desired to walk in his footsteps, so far as they were concerned, as exactly as possible.

The sun was declining rapidly when Mr. Lake took his leave, and Frank, tired of his long sitting, went out to breathe the fresh air.

On his return, as he approached the door, the betrothed pair met, and the unnatural pallor of Bessie, increased by the effect of her mourning dress, struck him painfully.

In a tone of concern he asked:

"Are you ill, Bessie, or is it your mind that affects you thus? You look as if you had passed through a spell of illness."

"Oh, Frank, don't ask me," she hurriedly replied, "for I hardly know whether I am suffering from physical or mental illness. I know that everything is changed with me—that I am in a strange and unnatural position. But you are most noble to be willing to overlook the stain my father's guilt has left upon me—to bring yourself into collision with him who may cause you so much trouble and humiliation."

"My dear Bessie," he gently replied, "your father and myself must have clashed at any rate. But I shall go to him armed with power over your fate, carrying with me a copy of the will of our grandfather, against which there will be no appeal when once we are married. As to the stain concerning which you appear to be so sensitive, you seem to forget that Mr. Ashley is almost as nearly related to me as to yourself."

"No, no—I am his child," and she shivered at the thought.

"Well, darling, you are not the less lovely and lovable on that account. You look ill and weary, Bessie. Let me take you to your room, and leave you to repose. Try and get back a little of your natural rosiest, love, before we stand up before the parson together, or he may think you are really a victim bride."

"Oh no, Frank; I could never consider myself that, when so noble a man as you are ready to take me to your true heart," was the impulsive reply. "I do feel weak and faint, and if you will go with me to the door of my room I shall be glad to have your arm to lean upon."

When they gained the foot of the staircase, she submitted to have him almost carry her to her chamber, for she felt so nerveless and weary that it seemed to her as if all her natural resolution had died out of body and spirit. As they parted she whispered:

"Farewell, Frank. When you come back from your journey you shall have nothing to complain of—I will do my best to make a good wife to you."

"I believe it, darling, and I trust you implicitly," Bessie closed the door on him, bolted it, and refused to see any one for the remainder of the day.

Even Mrs. Ashley's request for admittance was denied, for the poor girl felt that in solitude alone could she gain the mastery of her rebellious heart.

She declined taking any supper, but on the next morning she permitted Winny to come in with her breakfast.

But she scarcely tasted it, and when the woman was gone, she threw herself upon her knees beside her bed, and prayed as she had never prayed before.

She fervently asked for strength and guidance in the painful path she was called on to tread; but the clue of the anguish she evidently struggled with was found in the passionate cry which broke from her lips as she arose from her position uncomfortable.

"Oh God! If it is thy will that I impose these bonds upon myself, why dost thou permit my whole being to recoil from them thus? Poor Frank! I am cheating you, and for gold, bartering every sacred feeling of the human heart."

She permitted Winny to bring her a cup of tea, which she swallowed with evident effort; but she sent Mrs. Ashley word that she was quite well, and she would meet her and Mr. Wentworth in the drawing-room when informed that the minister had arrived.

Mrs. Ashley was glad to be relieved from the necessity of soothing her through those hours of dread and suffering, for she feared that her factitious courage might give way before the anguish of her child, and the purpose so vital to her be relinquished almost in the moment of accomplishment.

At ten o'clock the Reverend Mr. Marsden made his appearance at Ashurst.

He was the pastor of an Episcopal chapel which the family attended, and had been a frequent visitor at the house.

Frank went out to receive him, and Mrs. Ashley, with a sudden feeling of doubt and dismay, saw him dismount and walk toward the door.

What if she were committing an unpardonable sin in thus forcing her daughter into a union from which she evidently shrank? She had wealth of her own, then why should she not remove this darling of her heart from all chance of contact with the man whose advent she so much dreaded?

But that course must involve the confession of her own crime, and she could not sacrifice the respect, not only of the outside world, but that of the being she so fondly loved. If Bessie so keenly felt the moral turpitude of the man she believed to be her father, what would her anguish be if the beloved Minny, who had been everything to her, should reveal herself as her mother, and almost the equal of Leon Ashley himself in wrong doing?

No—in that course unmitigated wretchedness lay; and with leaden steps she ascended the stairs leading to her daughter's room, to warn her that the hour for the sacrifice had arrived.

The door of Bessie's room was now partly unclosed; she was seated beside an open window, in her deep mourning dress, and there was an expression of feverish restlessness in her manner which seemed to indicate impatience for the ordeal to be over.

As Mrs. Ashley entered she arose and said:

"Mr. Marsden has come at last. I am glad of it, for if this suspense had lasted much longer, I should have gone mad, I believe. Come—let us do what must be done as quickly as may be; when it is over, I shall feel more composed, for then my fate will be irrevocable."

"My poor darling, all this excitement has been too much for you, for you have fever now," said Mrs. Ashley, apprehensively. "But why have you not changed your dress? You must not be married in black; it is unlucky for a bride to do so. I ordered Winny to dress you in the new muslin that came home last week."

"I would not permit Winny to do such a thing. What difference can the colour of my dress make, Minny, when my heart and conscience are wrapped in clouds blacker than these sable weeds? With my eyes open to the consequences, I am going to commit the wickedness of promising to love a man for whom I shall never have that feeling as lovers understand it. But let us go; I am ready, and my mind is made up."

Though shocked and appalled by her appearance and language, Mrs. Ashley had not a word to reply, and she suffered herself to be almost dragged from the room by the impetuous movements of the excited speaker.

All Bessie's strength and determination seemed to have returned to her, and she moved so rapidly in her descent to the lower hall that her agitated mother could scarcely keep up with her.

They gained the entrance to the drawing-room, and Wentworth advanced to meet them. With a glance of inquiry at the wild face of Bessie, he held out his hand to clasp hers and lead her, before the clergyman, but with a ringing cry she suddenly evaded him and darted toward the front door, as if making a last frantic effort to escape the fate she so deeply dreaded.

In her blind haste Bessie lost her footing, and fell

forward, striking her head upon the stone steps. She was taken up senseless and bleeding from a wound upon her temple, and she lay so long unconscious that those around her began to fear that she would never recover.

She finally unclosed her eyes; they fell on the anxious face of Wentworth, and she faintly said:

"Don't look so frightened, Frank; I was only foolish. I like you, indeed I do, but it's of no use to insist on having a wedding now—I can't consent; something tells me that I must not."

Frank seriously replied:

"Far be it from me to urge it on you any further, Bessie. I am convinced now that I could not do a more cruel thing than to bind you irrevocably to myself. You are half delirious now, but you can understand me when I say that I will never again urge you to fulfil the promise you have made."

"Good Frank—noble Frank," she muttered, but everything faded and became dim before her, and she again lay pale and nearly lifeless before them.

When convinced that Bessie was in no condition to play her part in the ceremony she so anxiously desired to see completed, Mrs. Ashley submitted to have her conveyed to her room and placed in bed. She would have detained young Wentworth till her daughter was sufficiently recovered to act more rationally, as she expressed herself, but he peremptorily refused to allow another word to be said to her on the subject, and after writing a note of farewell to the sick girl, Frank took his departure that night from Ashurst.

Two days later he embarked from Dover for the Continent.

Baffled in her wishes in her parting interview with Frank, Mrs. Ashley so far forgot her caution as to entreat him to induce Leon Ashley to believe that he and Bessie were already united, and any attempt on his part to gain power over her would be useless. Wentworth listened to her with surprise and incredulity.

He was far too honourable and straightforward to attempt to play a double part, and he believed that his respected Minny must be a little deranged to propose such a thing to him.

So Mrs. Ashley saw him depart with many wretched forebodings as to the troubles which would grow out of Bessie's wilfulness.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A HAPPY PAIR.

THE letter of Augusta to Squire Ashley scarcely exaggerated the condition to which Leon Ashley's habits of extravagance and dissipation had reduced himself and his family.

He was now but the miserable wreck of the handsome Lethario who had once been irresistible to the fairer part of creation, and as he sat in the shabby room of his obscure lodging, bloated by excess, pallid from disease, and irritable by nature, but few traces could be found of the debonaire deceiver who had broken at least two hearts, and bound to himself a third which still clung to him in spite of the poverty and humiliation to which his profligate courses had brought her.

The faithful nursing of his wife and daughter had restored him to life, though there was little hope that he would ever regain health, and day by day he tormented those two untiring women by frightful outbreaks of temper, which they often feared would prove fatal.

For a few years after his union with Augusta, Ashley had surrounded his new idol with every luxury, but gradually his passion for gambling increased, and that which he felt for his wife decreased in the same ratio.

Her indulgences were curtailed, not without a severe struggle on her side, which only alienated her selfish husband still more.

Ashley almost ceased to cherish any regard for her, while she still felt for him a passion which seemed only to grow with fiercer power at each new proof of his indifference.

The excuse he gave to her for narrowing her expenses, was the necessity of keeping the child he had taken, in such state as became the heiress of so large a fortune, but his wife knew that the income derived from the Arden estate was quite sufficient to support them all in luxury if it were used for that purpose.

Ashley seemed to become really fond of the little girl, and he regularly visited her as long as she remained in the pensionnat. When she attained her fifteenth year he removed her to Paris, and placed her in a convent in which a school was kept for the children of the higher orders of society.

Every attempt to buy off Jane had signally failed; she would not consent to leave her charge on any terms, so she was perforce retained, nominally as

Evelyn's maid, but really as the attendant of Mrs. Ashley, and the bearer of much of her husband's ill humour. But the woman bore all patiently, in the belief that when Evelyn attained her majority, and came into possession of her fortune, she would be amply compensated for all she now endured.

The irritated wife soon found that the expense incurred for the child was a mere excuse, for she too was made to feel the pressure produced by Ashley's heavy losses at the gaming-table. The reckless fury of the unsuccessful gambler seized him, and no sooner did supplies reach him from England than they were recklessly thrown upon the *carte* table, risked, and usually lost.

With difficulty, and at the expense of much contention, Augusta rescued enough to maintain her small household in meagre style. Society she had long since given up; faded in beauty, and badly dressed, she, who had once been a queen in her little realm of fashion, would no longer appear among those who had once known her as *la belle Anglaise*; who had complimented her on the evident devotion of the man who could now with the coolest indifference see her in want of the common comforts of life.

When Evelyn was four years old, a son was born, and for a brief season Ashley seemed delighted with the child and his mother. He wrote to his father, announcing Maitland's birth, and requesting him to change his will and make the boy coheir with his half sister to the estates to which he himself intended to put in no claim.

While awaiting a reply, with perfect confidence that his wish would be granted, Ashley lavished presents on both mother and child, and poor Augusta believed that in her maternal character she had regained the waning affection of her heartless husband.

But the new hopes that dawned on her were blighted ere they bore fruit, by no reply of Squire Ashley refusing peremptorily to alter the disposition he had already made of his property in favour of the two grandchildren who had been received beneath his roof.

He stated that a sufficient sum to educate the boy and start him in life would be set aside and bequeathed to his father, to be used for that purpose, but he explicitly said that the son of the woman who had usurped the place of poor Grace while she yet lived and suffered, should never share his estate equally with his other heirs.

In the fury of his own disappointment, Ashley forgot the contemptuous manner in which his father had spoken of his wife, and he rudely threw the letter to her as he said:

"There—read the precious *marceau* for yourself, and see that your petted darling will be a beggar. I hoped the old man would be so much pleased at the birth of a boy that he would come down handsomely, but he is as hard as granite. I wonder how much of this disappointment I owe to my precious step-mother. If she had any hand in it, I will yet find means to make her repent of it before I die. My father cannot live for ever, and when he is gone, she will see—what she will see! I have never yet been able to learn anything of her antecedents, for the old man is so close; but I will find means to know all about them when the right time comes."

Augusta had taken up the letter, and was too painfully absorbed in its contents to listen to him.

With intense disappointment and much resentment, she read what was written with reference to herself and her son. She crushed the sheet, and angrily said:

"Your father has very little respect for your feelings, or he would never speak to you in such terms of a wife who has proved her devotion to you as I have. He must be in his dotage, and if he cuts off your son with a bare pittance from his large fortune, you will scarcely find it difficult hereafter to prove that he was incapable of making a will."

"I believe the old man is as sound in his mind as either you or I, but that will not prevent me from acting as you suggest whenever he is safe under the sod," replied her husband, with brutal sang-froid. "I did hope that he would increase my allowance, and I meant to give the addition to you and the boy. You could have made yourself more comfortable than you often are, but the old man is miserly. He may live to the age of Methuselah, so there's no knowing how long this half-way life may have to continue."

Augusta retorted, with a clouded brow:

"If you would make a better use of the means you already have, we need not live in this wretched manner. Of late you have been more liberal to me, and why should you now cease to be so?"

Ashley's face darkened, and he wrathfully said:

"The Arden income is my own lawful spoil, gained by my own cleverness. If I am to keep the brat and rear her as a lady, I must derive some benefit from her. It is useless to save from the income, for if the

exchange of children is ever discovered, the money would be wrested from me."

At this suggestion Augusta grew pale.

"Discovery can never ruin us, unless Jane proves false. Do you apprehend treachery from her?"

"No, indeed—I merely spoke of possibilities. Jane is far too fond of the child to betray anything that could injure her. Evelyn is really a winning little creature, and I was fond of her before the boy came to rival her. But now I cannot help resenting the thought that this unknown child is to inherit wealth to which she was never born, while our son will have nothing worth speaking of. It is a bitter thought—a bitter thought."

Augusta sighed, and regarded him searchingly before she ventured to reply.

Then she uttered the thought that was in her mind, in a low and guarded tone:

"We must use every effort to make Evelyn fond of the boy. She may never marry, you know, and when she is of age, she may be induced to share the estate with him while she lives, and bequeath it to him at her death. Management can accomplish a great deal."

Ashley burst into a bitter and sarcastic laugh:

"So, you have really become a plotter since you had this mannikin to provide for. You are sharper than I, of late, have thought you, Augusta. For the present, things must take their course; but when my young heiress is grown into womanhood, you may be sure that I shall find means to give the larger portion of poor Grace's fortune to my son. He has a better right to it than this child that we so strangely found just when we needed her."

The face of his wife brightened, and she replied:

"The child will owe us a great debt of gratitude, at any rate, for removing her from those low people and placing her in a good position. She will receive an education which will hereafter enable her to be independent should anything happen."

"Why, what should happen to reduce her to that?" he peevishly asked. "I intend to keep my own secret, and I hope you are not likely to betray it."

"I! no, indeed. I would suffer torture sooner than do such a thing."

"Well, then don't speak of such a contingency, unless you wish me to lose my temper with you."

Thus warned, Mrs. Ashley was silent, and the conversation ended for that time, though both acted on the hint conveyed by Augusta.

There was little need of any extraneous influence to induce Evelyn to attach herself to the boy.

She showed such extreme fondness for him, that both mother and father finally parted from Maitland, and he was left at the parsonage in which Evelyn's first years were spent, under the care of Jane, and the tuition of the reverend Mr. Wallis.

When she was removed to Paris, the lad was at a troublesome age, and he was at a public school, in which he acquired more slang than Latin or mathematics; from there he was removed at the time of his father's illness, and he was now at a school in the suburbs of Vienna, studying the German language.

It was well for Evelyn that her life was spent far from the shabby-genteel home of her reputed father, in which profusion or niggardliness alternately reigned as money was plenty or scarce.

When she attained her eighteenth year she was suddenly removed from the seclusion of her convent, and told that a severe reverse in her father's fortunes compelled him to stop the heavy expense incurred by her education.

She did not demur at this, for she had made good use of the opportunities afforded her, and she possessed not only a sound English education, for which she had to thank Mr. Wallis, but she had acquired many brilliant accomplishments, the fruits of her three years' stay in Paris.

The young girl found Ashley and his wife in poor lodgings, which contrasted painfully with the simple elegance to which she had been accustomed in her aristocratic school; for Ashley had placed her in the best one, lest those who knew from what source the greater portion of his resources were drawn, should accuse him of meanness.

That Evelyn was the true daughter of Grace Arden had never been questioned, for after several years of absence, when the dark-eyed little gipsy was presented to his friends as such, while on a brief visit to Paris, no one doubted that she was really the child of his deranged wife.

A run of ill-luck exhausted the finances of Ashley; his health broke down under his various excesses, and he precipitately left France to avoid the payment of gaming debts he found himself utterly unable to cancel.

He was seized with severe illness soon after reaching Vienna, and from his bedside Augusta wrote two letters which reached Squire Ashley the night before his decease.

The orphan child had developed into a lovely little



[A HAPPY PAIR.]

fairy, with dark, soft eyes, and ebony tresses, which swept to the floor when unloosed from their bands, and allowed to float around her person.

Her dark, clear complexion was brightened by the roses on her cheeks, and the vivid coral of her lips.

Her slight figure was perfectly proportioned, and Titania herself was never more graceful or charming than this nameless wanderer on the face of the earth.

Happily ignorant of her true position, she grew up with the sweetness of her nature unembittered by the knowledge of the ambiguous station she held in the family of the man she truly believed to be her father. In spite of the indifference he usually manifested towards her, Evelyn loved him with tenderness, and waited on him with such loving care during his illness, that a faint semblance of his early fondness for her was aroused in his selfish heart.

But the coldness of Augusta was invincible, and she only tolerated the innocent interloper near her because she manifested such unaffected fondness for Maitland.

The boy grew into a handsome, sprightly lad, and his *belle sœur*, as he often called Evelyn, loved him with a degree of tenderness scarcely surpassed by that felt for him by his fond mother herself.

Mrs. Ashley smiled when she saw them together, and thought that the sacrifice which Evelyn would hereafter be called on to make would not be so difficult on her part if her affection for her brother kept pace with her development.

The decision that she should never marry, which had been made in Evelyn's infancy, only gained strength as years passed on, and a hint was given to the sisters under whose charge she was placed, that if she could be induced to take the veil after she attained her majority, a large slice from her inheritance would be added to the wealth of the institution.

If any efforts were made to act on this intimation, they were completely neutralized by the influence of Jane, who was received in the convent as a lay sister while Evelyn remained within its walls.

She had conceived a fanatical attachment for the child she had assisted to place in the brilliant position she believed Evelyn must attain, and she was determined that her *protégée* should never be buried in the obscurity of a convent, while the fortune Ashley had adopted her to secure was given to his son.

Jane fathomed the wishes of the parents and coolly thwarted them, certain that they would never dare to find fault with anything she chose to do.

In place of a quiet and secluded life becoming agreeable in Evelyn's eyes, her thoughts were

sedulously filled with the worldly prestige to which she was destined, thus effectually preventing the peace of a religious life from assuming any charms in her inexperienced eyes.

When convinced that Evelyn would never be induced to assume the vows, Ashley at once removed her from her expensive convent, and made her a partaker of the mean and shiftless life he had so long lived.

As her shadow, Jane followed her, and at this crisis she was welcome, as his straitened means allowed him to keep but one other servant, and the Englishwoman took upon herself the duties of house-keeper and waiting-maid, much to the relief of the faded and fretful Augusta.

Ashley, partially restored to health, sat in a large chair, with his swollen feet supported on cushions; near him was placed a table on which stood a decanter with a small quantity of wine in it, and a half-empty glass.

His wife and daughter were both in the room with him; the former in a soiled morning dress, with her hair still in curl-papers—Evelyn in the dark grey robe she had worn in the convent, made of very fine material, and finished at the throat and wrist with a narrow edging of white linen.

Her massive hair was coiled at the back of her head, and fastened with a plain comb, and she looked the very type of neatness and good taste.

She was busily employed in embroidering a satin vest for Maitland, and her white fingers moved deftly among the flowers her skill created.

The inflamed eyes of Ashley wandered from his wife, sitting in a careless attitude, with a soiled novel in her hand in which she seemed deeply interested, toward the alert and pleasing figure of the girl, and he sneeringly said:

"I think, madam, that you would do well to follow the example of your daughter, and try and make yourself more presentable. Those papillottes are odious to me, as you well know, and the old dress you have on has scarcely become less so in my sight. Will you put down that trash of Eugene Sue's and listen to me when I speak?"

Thus rudely attacked, Mrs. Ashley lowered her book, glanced deprecatingly toward her husband, and almost humbly said:

"The dress is the best I have for morning wear, Leon. If you will spare me money to get a better, I shall be very glad; as to my hair, you never like to see it dressed in bands, and I must, of course, keep it in papers till it will curl. Don't be unreasonable, love, for I do the best I can."

Her submissiveness seemed only to make him more bitter; he tauntingly went on:

"When I married you, Mrs. Ashley, I thought I was getting a wife to be proud of, but there is nothing left to boast of in you now. You are hardly thirty, Ges, and you look as haggard as a witch. I have just been comparing your faded features with the freshness of Ery, and I must say that you gain nothing by the comparison."

At his last words the angry colour flashed into Augusta's face, and Evelyn raised her head with an expression of indignant surprise upon her features. She spoke with spirit:

"For shame, father! How can you speak thus when mamma has lost her bloom in nursing you through your long illness? If you had seen her by your bedside at all hours, as I did, you would find it impossible to speak to her as you did just now."

Ashley glared on her as he harshly said:

"Hey day! who asked you to speak up, miss? You nursed me as much as my wife did, and I do not see that you have suffered from it. She has grown as ugly as Macbeth's witches, and I shall tell her so when it suits me. What is the use of having a wife, if I can't speak my mind to her without disguise?"

Evelyn was afraid to utter the reply that arose to her lips, so she firmly closed them, and Augusta weakly moaned:

"Once you called me beautiful and adored. Nothing was too fine or too costly to lavish upon me; but since your heart has turned to other idols, you have no tenderness for me—no forbearance toward me."

He jeeringly replied:

"Men have different idols at different stages of existence, madam. You were one of mine in the verdant period of youth, and you had no cause to complain of me so long as the delusion lasted. I gave you more than I could afford; my devotion made you the envy of every woman of your acquaintance, but I was prodigal of that as I was of my money, and soon exhausted it in the same way. What would you have, madam? Gold from an exhausted mine?—fruit from a blighted tree?—wine from withered grapes? Is it more reasonable to expect a lover's ardour from a broken down wreck such as I am? It vexes me to see a woman cry; besides, it makes you even uglier than you were before."

After this insulting trade, Ashley coolly lifted his glass, viewed the effect of the light through the ruby liquid, and then sipped it slowly, as if enjoying its flavour with the gusto of a connoisseur.

(To be continued.)



[THE DUKE OF YORK AT THE BATTLE OF ST. ALBAN'S.]

THE FORESTER.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF ST. ALBAN'S.

Life's enigma yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Shakespeare.

To those of our readers who are familiar with the battle scenes of to-day—the terrific explosion of shells and the storm of shot poured in from adjacent gun-boats, or iron-clads—the conflict of St. Alban's must have presented a quaint and singular appearance.

It is said some of the Yorkist troops could boast of muskets at that remote period, and these made great havoc in the ranks of the foe.

As the Lancastrians occupied the town of St. Alban's, they had the advantage of position, and were so confident of victory that the men-at-arms were commanded to put to death all the White Rose prisoners who should be taken.

For a time they succeeded in holding the barriers, which Lord Clifford had been sent to guard, but Warwick was not to be daunted by the steady resistance of the foe.

Guiding his soldiers stealthily around the hill, on which St. Alban's stood, the brave warrior demolished a lofty wall, swept across the garden like an avalanche of fire, and while the clarion sounded loud and shrill, exclaimed:

"A Warwick! a Warwick!" and ordered his men to charge upon the enemy.

His presence, while it cheered and encouraged the Yorkists, sent a thrill of alarm through the Lancastrian ranks, and the White Rose chieftain, led on by the earl's war-cry, rushed into the town.

The conflict now became terrific; face to face, hand to hand, they fought among the dwellings, in the lanes, the streets, and even the market-place.

In the thickest of the fight rode Lionel Richmond, mounted on a powerful white war-horse, arrayed in a coat of mail, and armed with the various weapons in use at that day.

Two or three times he had met Lord Percy and Jasper De Vere, and though they wore their vizors down, he recognized their figures, their voices, and the baleful light of those eyes, which had often watched him with jealous rage.

He understood why they followed him thus, and his heart beat quick as he sprang aside to avoid their battle-axes, parried their sword thrusts, and flung their javelins to the ground.

At length, a mailed form, a fearless rider, and the most expert marksman in their ranks, succeeded in unhorsing Richmond for the first time, and shouting: "Aha! Lady Valeria shall wait in vain for her lover to-night!" disappeared.

The two cavaliers broke into a triumphant laugh, and plunged into the conflict with fresh courage; but Warwick cheered on archers and spearmen to the assault, and the Duke of York reinforced every party that needed help, and pressed forward fresh warriors to relieve the weary and wounded.

Somerset fought at the onset with a bravery worthy of his continental reputation, but he finally lost his presence of mind, and fell to rise no more.

"Victory! victory!" shouted the Yorkists; "victory has turned on the side of the White Rose chief!"

The panic-stricken Lancastrians now fled from the field, leaving the dead and wounded to the mercy of Richard Plantagenet and his followers.

History tells us that ere this hour the king had been wounded by an arrow, and left in a thatched cottage hard by. When the battle was ended, the Duke of York joined him, and treated his vanquished kinsman with all due respect.

At his request, York ordered a cessation of hostilities, led the king to the Abbey, and they prayed together before the shrine of England's first martyr.

While they knelt, they heard a light footfall in the aisle, and glancing back, the wounded king said:

"Look you, good cousin, that is Lady Valeria Lyndhurst!"

The duke started as he beheld a female figure standing at a short distance, like a statue of despair.

"Lady Valeria," he murmured, and at the sound of his voice a long shudder crept over her frame, and the white mute lips were unsealed.

"Have you brought him here?" she gasped, gazing drearily around her.

"Who, child?"

"Lionel Richmond. They told me he fell to-day on the ill-fated field of St. Alban's, but I cannot find him, and I have searched street after street, the market-place, and the hills beyond. Have you brought him to the Abbey to have mass said for his soul?"

"Nay, poor lady. Lionel has been removed, and is under the care of a skilful leech; he is not mortally wounded."

"Thank heaven!"

And the girl sank down, and raising her eyes, remained for a time in silent prayer; then she turned toward the duke and continued:

"All day I have been watching from the great tower of Beaufort Castle, and finally I saw a mail-

clad figure flying up the broad avenue, and across the drawbridge. It was Lord Percy. And pausing for an instant before the open door, he shrieked, 'Tell the Lady Valeria that her discarded lovers are avenged! Lionel Richmond has fallen!'"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the duke, and she went on:

"When the tidings were brought me, I did not sink down, and act as you might expect, but tried to follow your parting advice, and be brave and heroic, as befits the betrothed wife of a White Rose chief. I flew to the scene of the battle, and sought for him till my heart grew faint with dread, and seeing a dim light in the Abbey, I stole in like one moving in a painful dream. And now where is Lionel?"

The duke turned to the king, requested him to wait till he should come back, and led Valeria to the dwelling which served as a hospital.

Her eager eyes soon singled out the cot on which Richmond was lying, and while Richard Plantagenet retraced his steps to the Abbey, she moved toward her lover.

There lay the gallant cavalier who had fought so bravely, with the torch-light shining full upon him—a solemn picture to be transferred to memory's keeping!

His helmet had been unbound, revealing his noble brow, the thick, damp hair, the closed eyes, the silent lips; his steel corselet had been unslung, the wounds bandaged, and two or three nuns stood near, ministering to his wants.

"Let me take your place," murmured Valeria, "for assuredly I have a right to watch over Lionel Richmond."

The sisters of charity withdrew to others who were suffering, and the girl stationed herself at her lover's side.

A half-hour had not passed when a slight, girlish form crossed the threshold, and gazed eagerly around the room as if in search of some friend.

Suddenly she stopped, as if rivetted to the spot, for her glance had fallen on Richmond, and the lady watching over him with so much solicitude.

She had hastily flung on a scarlet cloak, embroidered with gold, and tied with a heavy gold cord and tassels, and this rich drapery had fallen back in her hurried walk, disclosing a black velvet bodice and a skirt of wine-coloured silk.

Her head was uncovered, and her unbraided hair fell about her dark, wistful eyes.

It was Bonibell Seymour, and she was afterwards heard to declare that she seemed to live years while she stood thus, gazing at the scene I have attempted to describe.

She had never before met Valeria Lyndhurst, for during the duke's protectorate she had involuntarily shrunk from Lionel, but she felt certain she was in the presence of her rival.

Finally she summoned strength to move forward, and carry out the plans she had formed.

"Who are you, lady?" she asked. "Believe me, no idle curiosity prompts my question."

"Valeria Lyndhurst," was the gentle answer.

"So I thought—and I am Bonibell Seymour. Something in your face tells me I can trust you, and therefore I speak frankly."

"Whatever confidence you repose in me shall be sacred."

"This wounded warrior is dear to me as well as to you; but while he had only a friend's regard for Bonibell, he has loved you almost to idolatry! It cost me a keen pang to hear what he had risked and sacrificed for your sake; and when you were in London, and they wrote me messages requesting my presence at the protector's court, I purposely kept aloof, but as soon as I learned through my brothers that war had again begun in good earnest, I left home, on the pretext of visiting the convent where I had been educated. When I saw the Lancastrians flying past in wild dismay, and Harold, Lionel Richmond's page, brought me the news that he had fallen, I listened to St. Alban's. Some of his own men informed me he was in the hospital, and hither I came, but you had forestalled me, and were already at your post. The sight of you was a great shock, but thanks to the good angels, who are ever watching to guide us, I have resolved I would not hate you, because you stood between me and Lionel Richmond. You have suffered much for him, and I can but reverence your character—here at his side, let us clasp hands."

The tears gushed into Valeria's eyes, and clasping the girl's fingers with friendly warmth, she murmured:

"Lady Bonibell, how nobly you have acted—how beautiful you are; the only wonder is that Lionel could have fallen in love with me when he had known you!"

"Nay, nay," cried the girl, "you overrate me; but how fares it with this wounded warrior? Has he recognized you?"

"Not yet, but the leech assures me his injuries are not fatal, and with such a hope I can patiently wait for a recognition."

"I will pass on now," observed Bonibell, "mayhap I can find some sufferer who may be grateful for my care," and she added in a whisper, "Do not grieve for me; I am young and buoyant, and I do not mean to grow bitter and cynical!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Valeria, and the girl continued:

"Ere I reach my life's summer, time may heal whatever wounds there may be to-night in Bonibell Seymour's heart."

"For that I shall hope and pray, dear lady."

And Bonibell glided away, moving from cot to cot with a world of compassionate interest in her dark, tearful eyes.

"Bonibell," at length gasped a young White Rose chief, who had fought gallantly during the battle of St. Alban's, and been left for dead in the marketplace.

"Who—who calls me?" asked the girl.

"Have you entirely forgotten Ralph Montague?" was the faint response.

The girl clasped her hands in surprise and terror, as a weary head was lifted from the cot in a remote corner, and a pair of yearning eyes were fixed upon her.

The leech and nuns had not yet reached him, and nothing had been done for his comfort, and springing to his side, she abandoned herself to a perfect passion of tears.

Then she tremblingly removed the helmet, and exerted every effort for his relief.

The leech was summoned to dress his severe wounds, and Bonibell bathed his brow, and stirred the languid air with a green bough, till he fell asleep.

Gazing at him as he lay there, a throng of bitter memories came rushing back upon the girl.

"Ralph Montague loved me once," she soliloquized; "though he was the hero of more than one battle field, he laid his brave, true, faithful heart at my feet. How much better it would have been if I had never, never dreamed of Lionel, and accepted him, but it is too late! The leech shook his head, and looked grave when I asked if he thought Ralph Montague would recover, and his wounds are so serious, and he has been neglected so long, that I fear his good mother will soon be childless!"

Thus she mused while the night hours wore on, and when his eyes unclosed, and he murmured Bonibell, in a tone which would have thrilled any woman's heart, she felt as if she would fain expiate her girlish errors by her future course.

CHAPTER XI.

FURTHER SUCCESSSES OF THE WHITE ROSE.

An old man, broken with the storms of state, is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

Henry VI.

THE day succeeding the battle of St. Alban's, Ralph Montague and Lionel Richmond were both removed from the crowded hospital—the former to the convent of St. Mary, and the latter to Beaufort Castle.

Notwithstanding his Lancastrian prejudices, the earl had granted his daughter's request, and under her care the White Rose chief soon grew convalescent.

The Duke of York accompanied Henry to London; and now that a decided victory had placed the king and his realm under the influence of the White Rose chief, he manifested the same moderation to which we have before alluded.

No vindictive malice was displayed against the conquered, and Richard Plantagenet, indeed, set an example worthy of imitation.

A second attack of the monarch's malady placed the Duke of York at the head of the kingdom, and while he was entrusted to his wife's care, the protector busied himself with the affairs of the state.

The ambitious queen was not, however, entirely occupied with her husband and son, and when public affairs were supposed to have lapsed into quietude, she and many partisans of the House of Lancaster were plotting to undermine the authority of Richard Plantagenet.

A council of the Red Rose chiefs was secretly convened at Greenwich, and this august body decided that York should be summoned to resign the office of protector, and Salisbury the great seal, declaring the king of sufficient years and discretion to rule without a guardian.

Henry was easily induced to give his consent to the plan, and Richard Plantagenet, and Salisbury were deposed, and summoned to appear before the Lancastrian Council.

They were, however, too cautious to put themselves in the power of such unscrupulous enemies, and declared that only parliament could remove them from these high offices.

When, after Christmas, the king appeared in the House of Lords, and demanded the restoration of his authority, every member looked up in surprise, as York resigned his protectorship.

The Lancastrians were not, however, content with the ascendancy they had gained, but resolved to exterminate the most formidable of the White Rose warriors.

At length, Henry and Margaret of Anjou, accompanied by many partisans of the House of Lancaster, set out for Warwickshire, hunting by the way, as the old chronicle tells us, under the pretence of more fully restoring the king's health by such agreeable pastimes.

A splendid pageant they formed, as they left Windsor Castle, and among the cavalcade were several lords and ladies, who had been of the hunting party that had gone forth on that memorable chase in Windsor Forest.

Lord Percy and Jasper de Vere were still attached to the royal retinue, but the graceful figure and beautiful face of Valeria Lyndhurst had disappeared from the queen's train; and her acceptance of a White Rose chieftain deepened the resentment of the discarded lovers, who, though they had twice been foiled in their guilty purposes, yet thirsted for revenge.

On reaching Coventry, the king and his followers stopped, and for a time the Lancastrian court was held in the ancient priory. Here letters were written to Richard Plantagenet, the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury, requesting them to join the royal party. Apprehending no evil, these noble warriors resolved to obey the summons, and were journeying toward Coventry, when a stalwart figure rose from a thicket by the wayside, and grasping the duke's bridle rein, cried:

"Hold, hold!"

"What!" exclaimed York, "are you one of the Warwickshire robbers, of whose lawless deeds I have heard so much?"

"Nay, nay, I have come with no evil intent; but if I mistake not, you are Richard Plantagenet!"

The duke bowed, and the stranger resumed:

"Then I must warn you—go not to Coventry to-day! Trust not any seeming kindness, for the king too easily yields to the influences around him. There is a plot to ruin you, Salisbury and Warwick beware, beware!"

"Ho, there!" shouted the duke to the earls, who were some distance in the rear, and his travelling companions were soon at his side.

A hurried consultation ensued, the stranger's warning was obeyed, and rewarding him for his friendly interpretation, our party abandoned the idea of visiting Coventry.

The duke, with only a groom, and Harold, the page in attendance, retired to Wigmore.

Salisbury found refuge in Middleham, a stronghold of the Nevilles, in Yorkshire, and Warwick sailed for Calais.

Such was the state of affairs, when Henry, acting on the better impulses of his nature, summoned another council, which he intended should be a peace conference.

He was now anxious to reconcile the partisans of the Red Rose, who had been so ingloriously defeated at St. Alban's with the Yorkists, and swore upon his salvation that he would entertain the duke and two earls in such a manner that all discontent should be removed.

The capital was fixed upon as a place of meeting, and at the head of thousands of soldiers, the lord mayor undertook to prevent strife.

Richard Plantagenet entered London, attended by Edward, heir to the throne of England, the son of his adoption, Lionel Richmond, who had recovered from his wounds, and a noble retinue. The Earl of Salisbury came also, with a band of retainers, and Warwick, landing from Calais, rode into the city, attended by six hundred men, with his badge, the ragged staff, embroidered on each of their coats.

The Red Rose warriors marshalled in full force—the Percys, the Cliffords, and others high in favour at the Lancastrian court, gathered in knightly array at the peace conference.

The drama was skilfully played, and the king, who was of course the umpire, in due time gave his award.

The Yorkists did not receive the justice they exercised when in power, but were heavily fined for the benefit of their living foes, and ordered to build a chapel to the memory of the Lancastrian lords who had been slain at St. Alban's.

Now, however, the White Rose chief seemed satisfied, and a procession was decided upon in order that the public might see how real was the harmony which existed.

The day of this pageant at length arrived, and London wore an air of festal excitement.

The banners of the House of York and Lancaster flaunted from the same flagstaff; a motley throng surged to and fro in the streets, watching for the procession; every window was crowded with eager faces; triumphal arches rose here and there, like some light bridge thrown up by the fiat of a fairy queen to span a rainbow torrent; bells—sent forth their jubilant chimes, and now and then a sudden peal of music swept through the city.

At length the procession was seen approaching, and every eye turned towards the brilliant scene.

Clad in royal robes, and with England's crown blazing upon his brow, walked Henry VI., his cheek flushed with pleasure, and his lips wearing a genial smile.

Before him might be seen Warwick and Ereter, the son of the fallen Somerset, and Salisbury, hand in hand—the representatives of two opposing factions apparently in perfect good faith.

Next came the noble figure of the Duke of York, with the beautiful Margaret of Anjou leaning on his arm; Lord Percy and the Duchess, Richard Plantagenet's stately wife, Lionel Richmond, and Lady Valeria Lyndhurst; and we must not forget to add Bonibell Seymour and the gallant White Rose chieftain who owed his life to her.

All these figures and many we cannot now enumerate, arrayed in the quaint and gorgeous costume then in vogue, with plumes tossing in the breeze, stomachers and beldricks blazing in the sunshine, and rich robes trailing in the dust, like the wings of some tropic bird, presented one of the grandest pageants ever witnessed in London, and as they moved on, the throng surged back like tumultuous sea waves, and young girls robed in white strewed the streets with flowers.

At length they reached St. Paul's, and sweeping into the grand old church, commenced the religious ceremonies of the day.

The tall tapers on the altar twinkled dimly through the clouds of incense, which made the air heavy with perfume; the acolytes in their spotless vestments, of chanted softly to the sweet accompaniment of the organ, and the numerous priests, the archbishop and the cardinal, with their mitres, and sacerdotal garments, lent a still more imposing aspect to the scene. High mass was celebrated to give more solemnity to the occasion; the stirring strains of *Te Deum Laudamus* shook the stately edifice, and after receiving the archbishop's benediction, the brilliant throng dispersed.

On reaching the Castle Baysard, where Richard Plantagenet had made himself a home during his stay in London, Valeria found a retainer belonging to her father's household, in the vestibule.

"My lady," he exclaimed, "it seems as if I had been waiting an age for you—I have ridden hither

with wild speed, that you might see the earl once more before he dies. All his worse symptoms have returned, since his unlucky fall yesterday morn."

"How did it happen?"

"His foot became entangled and as the drawbridge was up, he fell into the moat. I heard his cries, and flew to his rescue, but he has not been strong for years, and when I bore him into the castle hall, he had a violent hemorrhage. The family leech declares he cannot live, and your father has sent me to London to bring you back at once. It is his wish also to see Lord Lionel Richmond, and I doubt not you will soon be in readiness to return with me."

"Ay, ay; God grant we may meet him alive!" rejoined the girl, and with a hasty adieu to the duke and duchess, she hurried to her chamber. In a few moments she reappeared, leaning on Lionel Richmond's arm.

It was long past midnight, when two figures glided into the chamber, where the Earl of Beaufort lay on his death-bed, a luxurious couch with satin pillows and silken covering. The heavy curtains were knotted back from the windows, a silver lamp burned faintly, and the white sands slowly revolved in the quaint hour-glass.

"Father, father," murmured the girl, sinking by the bedside, "I have come—Valeria, your child."

The old man's eyes unclosed, and fixed upon her face with a world of tenderness in their steadfast gaze.

"Heaven has been merciful to permit us to meet again in this life—it would have been hard to die, my daughter, with only my old retainers about me, and I have been spared that trial. Is Lionel Richmond there among the shadows?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Come forward then, and kneel at my side with Valeria."

The young man obeyed, exclaiming:

"I scarcely dared hope I should ever receive such consideration from the Earl of Beaufort—I, a White Rose chief, and you a partisan of the House of Lancaster!"

"Lionel Richmond, I am going to a land where the barriers of pride and power will be levelled and full justice will be meted out, but ere my soul takes its flight, I have one confession to make. During Valeria's absence, I have been searching the old chronicles, and I firmly believe Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, to be the rightful heir to the crown of England."

A solemn silence ensued, broken only by the rustle of the ivy which crept around the casements.

"Valeria," continued the earl, when he had gained sufficient strength to speak once more, "I upbraid myself for so long withholding my sanction to your betrothal, but you now have my warmest approval, my dying blessing: Lionel, Lionel Richmond, to your care I commend my treasure, my child, and God deal with you as you deal with my daughter, and make her a faithful wife to the White Rose chief."

As he spoke he rose, extended his feeble hands, and placing them on each of these bowed heads, at for a time mute and motionless; then he sank back exhausted, and when the cool breath of the morning air stole into the solemn chamber, and the early sunshine melted through the stained glass of the windows, he was dead.

Valeria Lyndhurst sank down, sobbing out her passionate grief, but there was a strong arm to support her, a tender heart to pity, and a gentle voice to whisper consolation, and never before had she realized what a prize she had won in Lionel Richmond.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF TRADE.—In Birmingham a great deal of jappanned ware is made for foreign markets, and it is a curious and interesting study to notice the varied styles of art most popular. For Brazil the most saleable ornament is a shield surmounted by a crown and encircled with coffee berries. For South America, bright gaudy colours are mostly in demand. In Spain, the most favourite ornament is the representation of a bird. It would seem that the artists are not particular in following out the plumage of the birds they represent; the colours must be gaudy, and the Spaniards cannot but be impressed with the specimens of their ornithology.

GOURMETS.—The rich man's mode of living is propitious. Mixtures, and spices, and wines are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see:—You take, at a dinner-party, soup; a glass or two of lime-punch, perhaps; tarbot and rich lobster sauce, with it may be, an oyster paté, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and French beans, is set in ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or sauterne are added; a wing of a partridge, or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermi-

tage, succeeds; then you at once sit at ease, and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced-pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liquor; if you are not disposed to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Sifton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life.

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some high and noble enterprise of good
I'll ponder till it shall possess my mind.
Become my pastime, study, rest and food,
And kindle in my heart a name refined:
Pray heaven for firmness my whole soul to bend
To this my purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, with feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is due.

Charles Wilcox.

"But what then will you do, my child? I am an humble minister. As such I invite your confidence—trust in me."

These words were spoken by the old Lutheran clergyman to the beautiful man-hater, as he bent kindly over her, holding her hand, on the morning after their departure from the Rainbows.

He had been urging upon her the oft-repeated, oft-rejected invitation to make his house her home. For the last time she had gratefully declined the offered hospitality.

"But what then will you do, my child?" he resumed, seeing that she remained silent and thoughtful. "Your old grand-aunt has most unaturally renounced you; nor indeed if she had not, would Witch Elms be a desirable home for you. The people that Miss Pole retains around her, and the rumours that are afloat about the place, make it particularly objectionable as a residence for a young girl."

Still Miss Conyers looked down and pondered.

"My child, I cannot bear to part with you; knowing that you go out homeless, friendless and penniless into this great battle-field of life."

"I am strong enough and brave enough to hold my own and make my way," said Britomarte.

"And proud enough, no doubt. But ah, my child, you are but a child, scarcely older than my own tender Minnie. It hurts me—"

And here the old minister's voice broke, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Many young men have been thrown desolate upon the world at a much earlier age than mine, and they have succeeded very well," said Miss Conyers, gently.

"But you are a young girl," said the minister, sorrowfully.

"And I shall be glad to prove that a young girl can get on at least as well as a young man," retorted the woman's champion, with a rising colour and beaming glance.

Evidently the Lutheran minister was getting upon very dangerous ground; and in the absorption of his thoughts with the interests of the orphan, he did not even suspect it; in fact, his next words plunged him deeper and deeper into the quicksands.

"Ah, Britomarte! Britomarte! you do not know the obstacles that beset the path of a woman struggling alone through the world," he said, shaking his head.

Her brow suddenly flushed and her eyes flashed:

"Do I not? Oh, heaven, do I not know it? Dr. Rosenthal, have not your diabolical laws and customs not only barred against woman almost every field of labour, but reduced her to the lowest pittance of wages in those few fields in which you permit her to work? Take an instance: In any large clothier's, shoemaker's, or any other manufacturer's house where they employ men and women alike—they give their journeymen each from two to three pounds a week, and find them a shop to work in and fire to work by; while they pay their journey-women, or job-women, or whatever the poor victims may be called, each about nine or ten shillings a week, and require them to find their own work-room, fire, and light! The men work ten hours a day in their comfortable work-shop at the 'establishment'; the women work eighteen hours out of twenty-four in their miserable garrets at home. The men do half as much work for four times as much money; the women do twice as much work for one-fourth as much money—"

"My dear, I know it, but—"

"Go a little higher," vehemently continued Britomarte; "take the semi-professional classes—the

teachers. Where the male teacher gets from two to three hundred pounds a year, the female, for teaching the same branches, and doing the same amount of work, gets but fifty or sixty—"

"I know it! I know it, my dear, but—"

"I have not done yet. When I was in Edinburgh this spring, I heard it seriously mooted to employ women as clerks in various departments—because they could be made to work cheaper! Shame! shame! shame!"

"Softly, my child, softly! I heard that subject discussed. The argument was that women could be got to work cheaper than men; and not that they could be made to do so," said Dr. Rosenthal, mildly.

"And where is the difference, I pray you? A woman has helpless infancy or infirm age depending on her for support; she cannot see them starve; she must work, and take whatever you please to give her for her work, even though it be less than one-half of what any man would deign to do the same work for; and she is even expected to be very humbly thankful to the self-styled lords of creation for giving her anything at all! What can she do? She has no voice in making your laws; you make them all for yourselves and for her, and make them all in your own favour. It is so brave to wrong the weak! It is so generous to rob the poor! It is so manly—oh! so manly—to grind women down to the dust."

How her cheeks flushed—how her eyes burned! What a beautiful, terrible scorn flashed forth from the whole inspired face and form of the young man-hater.

The minister could hardly bear it.

"Heaven, Britomarte!" he began; but she ruthlessly interrupted him:

"I have a picture in my memory. In the city where I lately tarried, there is a public school in two departments, male and female. Both have an equal number of pupils, studying exactly the same branches. The principal of the male department is an old bachelor without family ties, and he gets two hundred pounds a year. The principal of the female department is a widow with five young children, and she gets fifty pounds for doing the same work. Shame, I say! it is a burning shame to manhood!"

"My dear, it is. The old bachelor should be made to marry the widow and five children immediately, or give up his place to some one who would," interjected Dr. Rosenthal. He could not for his life help this little joke slipping out.

The earnest champion did not even deign to notice it. She left him in doubt as to whether she had heard it. She continued:

"And, after all, it is not the semi-professional class among working women that suffer the most, for these at least can get enough for their work to keep body and soul together. It is the still harder labouring and worse paid class, who fill the garrets of the tenement houses, working day and night, to make fortunes for masters who afterwards build palaces, yet who do not pay these poor slaves enough to enable them to keep off the severest pangs of hunger and cold, disease and death! Philanthropists have made a great stir about freeing slaves abroad. A progressive step, doubtless; but in the meantime, I pray you take into consideration the humanity of freeing the white slave women at home. The poor, helpless victims who, by oppression, hard work, grinding wages, starvation, freezing cold, are done to death, or, what is worse, driven to sin; whom, when you have brought them to this pass, you send to prison to work for nothing. Oh, my sisters! my sisters! I would die to free you!"

She spoke passionately; her bosom was heaving, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were flashing and full of tears.

"Britomarte! dear Britomarte!" began the minister, soothingly.

"Pass on, Dr. Rosenthal! I cannot bear to talk to a man-to-day," she said.

"Do not quarrel with me, my dear. I had no hand in making these laws or encouraging these customs."

"You had! I beg your pardon for contradicting you, but you had, and you have!"

"You live under these laws without raising pen or voice to modify them. You profit by these customs without ever remembering that you do so. You ask me just now what I, a young, homeless, friendless, penniless woman, meant to do in rejecting your proffered hospitality. I will first tell you what I will not do. In the first place, so long as the barbarous law in chaining a woman to a man makes her a nonentity, I will not marry."

"That is understood. Justin told me as much," said the minister, mildly.

"In the second place, so long as your barbarous customs close half of woman's legitimate field of labour, and open the other half only to admit her to work at degrading rates of wages, I will not work for any wages whatever."

"Then what in the world will you do?"

"In the third place, so long as man continues to wrong woman, I will never accept assistance from any man whomsoever."

"Then again I ask you—what will you do?"

"The Society of Foreign Missions are in want of teachers to join a company of missionaries they are about to send out to Farther India. I shall offer my services to go with them."

"Miss Conyers, you amaze me!"

"It is better to labour for nothing in the vineyard of the Lord among the heathen than to slave here, where your cruel laws and customs in regard to women dishonour Christianity. Dr. Rosenthal, again I thank you for your proffered hospitality; but I cannot accept it, for you also are *particeps criminis* in these wrongs of women."

And when she had said this, she bowed with a grace and sweetness which was all the more beautiful for its contrast to the passion and earnestness of her former manner, and she left his side.

Justin Rosenthal strolled up and joined his father.

"Britomarte Conyers is mad—as mad as a March hare, or the maddest lunatic in Bedlam!" exclaimed Dr. Rosenthal.

"No; she is only as mad as Luther—as mad as Erasmus—as mad as William Tell—or as Roland, or Joan of Arc, or any other hero, martyr, or reformer, whose indignant spirit ever rose up to do battle against wrong and oppression."

"And a nice wife she would make."

"She will make a noble one, for such a noble maiden can make nothing less. And I love—I love her more than words can express. And I do not know whether I am the more happy in or the more proud of my love."

"What is the use? She will never be your wife."

"She will, my father. It is the first work I have on hand to make her so," said Justin, confidently.

"Before even settling down to some parli?"

"Before doing anything, for we must begin our life labour together."

"You had better be quick about it, then, my boy. She is going out to Farther India," said Dr. Rosenthal, chuckling.

"Ah, is that so? Well, no matter. Nothing on earth that she does shall interfere with my purpose of marrying her and beginning life with her by my side."

"I wish you joy of your undertaking, my boy."

"She will be worth all the trouble. She is the noblest, finest spirit I have ever seen clothed with woman's form. I will marry her, and then I will labour for many of these very reforms she advocates. But the work of a reformer is a life-long one, so I must marry her first. I cannot wait."

"But she says she will never marry until these very reforms are made."

"She mistakes," said Justin, with a slight smile.

"Lunacy is catching. I believe you are as mad as she is," said Dr. Rosenthal, with something between a sigh and shrug.

These conversations took place on board the steamer as she approached her landing, after her departure from the Rainbows.

Britomarte, after leaving Dr. Rosenthal, went down into the cabin to put up her effects to be ready for landing.

Erminie was already there, engaged in making similar preparations; but as soon as she saw Britomarte she threw herself into her friend's arms and burst into a passion of tears.

The prospect of separation from her friend was almost insupportable to the minister's gentle child.

"If it were only in pity for me, Britty, you might not leave me! I have no mother, nor sister, nor any one in the world but you! In mercy to me you might come with me," she sobbed.

"My darling—no one? Why, you have your father, your brother, and your lover," said Miss Conyers, gently caressing her.

"Oh! I mean no woman! It is so sad for a girl to have no woman friend. I feel it so. And yet it is not for myself either that I grieve, but for you who have neither father, brother, nor lover, as I have."

"No, thank heaven!" exclaimed the man-hater, fervently; and then, with a softened manner, she added: "But about your lover, my darling, since you are afflicted with such a nuisance—tell me, before we part."

"Yes, I wished to do so. I have no secrets from you, dear Britomarte. Well, then—we—we are engaged," murmured Erminie, with hesitation and blushes.

"You and—Colonel Eastworth," muttered Britomarte, slowly and with dismay. "Erminie, darling, it is customary to congratulate a friend on these occasions; but I—I cannot do it."

"Oh, Britomarte! you will surely wish me joy!"

"With all my heart and soul, I pray that you may

have life-long happiness, my dearest one!" said Miss Conyers, with a quivering voice.

"And you will not think that I shall love you less on his account, will you?"

"I do not know, dear. You do not know."

"Oh, Britomarte, it is so different from what you think! I do not love you less, but more, much more! Ah, indeed, it seems to me I love all the world more for loving him!" pleaded Erminie.

"Love, love, love, it is the whole burden of your thoughts and speech!" smiled Britomarte.

"Ah! but is it not the whole life of the world? Look at the sky, filled with the light of the sun, how it beams down upon the waters, as if it loved the water! And look at the water, how it smiles back to the sky, as if it loved the sky! And see yonder by the shore, how the waves kiss the sand! And up among the trees, see how the wind plays with the leaves, and how the leaves flutter with the wind, and lean together! All things love each other!" whispered Erminie, as if thinking audibly.

"Oman art thou lunatic?" laughed Miss Conyers. "This bright lover, the sky, sometimes grows black with clouds and storms, and comes down upon the water, and lashes it into such fury that all between them comes to swift destruction. The wind that dallies so fondly now with the trees, not unfrequently gets into a rage, and tears them limb from limb! It is with man as it is with nature!"

"Britomarte! Britomarte! that is only telling me that there is a Satan as well as a God, and I knew that before; but I believe that only God is omnipotent, and His name is Love," said the minister's daughter, fervently.

"Yes, my dear, but His visible reign has not commenced on earth yet, nor is Satan bound. But tell me, Erminie, when is this marriage of yours to come off?"

"Oh, not for two years. Papa will not consent to part with me until I am eighteen years old."

"Much may happen in two years," murmured the man-hater, but in tones too low to meet the ears of her favourite.

"My dears, my dears, are you ready to go on shore?" called Dr. Rosenthal from the head of the cabin stairs.

"Yes, papa dear!—Oh, dear Britomarte, think again! come home with me," pleaded Erminie.

"No, my darling. We must part here. Give me your parting kiss in this cabin, not on deck before all the men," said Miss Conyers.

Erminie threw herself into the arms of Britomarte, and clung long and wildly to her bosom, until a second and a third summons from Dr. Rosenthal compelled her to let go her hold.

Then the two friends went upstairs together.

The three gentlemen were waiting to escort them on shore.

Dr. Rosenthal placed his daughter in the carriage that was waiting for her; but when he would have led Britomarte to the same place, she courteously thanked him, and said that her way lay in another direction, and that she would go on foot.

Justin came forward and said:

"You will let me see you safe to the place where you are going?"

"No, thank you," she replied.

Justin argued, pleaded, insisted, but all to no purpose.

And at last she said:

"Mr. Rosenthal, since you compel me to say it, your attendance would be an intrusion."

"Then I have nothing more to urge, Miss Conyers. We will meet again."

"At Philippi, ghost of Caesar? Good-by, Mr. Rosenthal," laughed Britomarte, waving her hand.

Justin bowed and left her to enter the carriage where his party were waiting.

And Britomarte watched the carriage drive off and roll out of sight, and then she drew her black veil before her face, and walked on her way alone.

CHAPTER XVII

Oh, life! oh, silent shore,
Where we sit patient! Oh, great sea beyond,
To which we look with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more!
Would we were disembodied souls to soar,
And like white sea-birds wing to the Infinite Deep—
Till then, 'Till then, Just One, will our spirits keep.

BRITOMARTE possessed a few jewels of value. These she had never worn or shown.

She now took them to a jeweller, and sold them for enough to defray her expenses to the city from whose port the missionary company was to sail.

On arriving at that city she found a cheap boarding-house, and then sought out the secretary of the Society of Foreign Missions, and offered her services to go as teacher with the company they were about to send out to Farther India.

The secretary required testimonials, which Britomarte immediately submitted.

And then, after a little hesitation and investigation, her services were accepted.

Britomarte formed acquaintance with some of her destined fellow-voyagers.

But what do you think was proposed to the indignant man-hater?

Something that nearly lost her services to the mission—namely, that she should become the wife of one of the young clergymen who was going out with the company.

It was urged upon her that such was the custom, that it was expedient, and that young ladies called to the work not only married missionaries here, where they had a full opportunity of knowing them beforehand, but that many of them went out with the express understanding they should marry, on the other side, missionaries they had never set eyes on before.

To all of this Miss Conyers firmly responded that she should never marry at all, and certainly not in that way; and that if she were not permitted to serve the mission according to her own conscience, she could not serve at all.

In reply to this, those who had proposed the obnoxious measure good-humouredly apologized, and the subject was dropped.

Miss Conyers then devoted all her time and attention to making preparations for a sea voyage that was to last several months.

The missionaries were to sail on the first of October, in the great East Indianman, Sultana, bound from London to Calcutta; but their destination was Cambodia.

When her preparations were completed, Britomarte wrote to her friend Erminie, informing her of all the particulars of the projected mission, and asking her for the last news of their own school friends.

Quickly as the post could return, Miss Conyers received an answer from the affectionate girl.

And now that the missionary measure seemed irrevocable, Erminie did not distress her friend by any vain lamentations over her own loss.

Little woman-like, she praised, glorified, and rejoiced over her friend, and bade her God-speed.

She wrote that her brother Justin had just been ordained a minister of the Gospel, and that he was to leave them soon for distant duty; but she did not say where he was going.

"So, then, our paths diverge for ever, thank heaven!" exclaimed the man-hater, as she read this part of the letter; but, indeed, her heaving bosom, and quivering lips, and tearful eyes did not look very much like thankfulness.

Erminie further stated that Colonel Eastworth had taken apartments at a first-class hotel in the city, with the intention of passing the ensuing winter there.

Of their late class-mates Erminie wrote:

"There is the mischief to play with Alberta Goldsborough. It seems Vittorio Corsoni sued for the hand of Alberta, which was indignantly refused him by her father."

"Next, he was refused admittance to the house by her mother; after which, Miss Goldsborough, chancing to meet her lover in the streets, coolly informed him that if they could not see each other in her own home, they could do so at the houses of their mutual friends, and at the same time announced that she should spend that evening with her school-mate Eleanor Lee."

"That evening you may be sure that the Signor Vittorio lounged into Judge Lee's drawing-room to pay his respects to a former patron."

"In this manner they contrived to meet everywhere where they were both acquainted, until at last, oh, Britomarte!—they eloped. You don't know how shocked I was to hear it, and how ashamed I am to have to tell you! But you asked me for news, and I will keep back nothing."

"They made for the nearest point to cross into Wales, where they designed to be married."

"But Mr. Goldsborough, with two of her uncles, pursued and overtook them before they had gone far, and seized them both, as he had a right to do."

"Vittorio, they say, was dreadfully agitated, and even drew his sword—came in defence of his lady-love."

"But Alberta was as cool as ever, and bade him put up his sword and yield for the time being; for that, though their marriage was delayed, it was not prevented."

"Mr. Goldsborough talked of prosecuting Vittorio in a criminal court for stealing an heiress and minor. But Alberta calmly assured her father that in doing so he would only be degrading his future son-in-law, and by consequence, his only daughter, for that she was resolved to give her hand to Vittorio upon the very first opportunity after she should come of age."

"Whether or not this announcement influenced Mr.

Goldsborough's conduct, I do not know; it is certain, however, that he did not prosecute Signor Vittorio; but he brought Alberta here, and placed her as a parlor-boarder in a convent, where, behind grates and bars, she is secure from a second escapade.

"Mr. Goldsborough did not call on us until he had left his daughter in the convent, and then he only stayed long enough to tell us these facts. I called at the convent to see Alberta, but was refused a sight of her. She is in truth no less than an honourable prisoner there. And that is not all the trouble. I have a letter from Elfrida Fielding, in which she tells me all her secrets with the utmost candour, requesting me also to tell you, whom she supposes to be somewhere in our reach.

"Now, who would have thought that wild little monkey, Elfrida, would have acted, in similar circumstances, with so much more prudence and good sense and good feeling than has been displayed by our model young lady? Yet so it was.

"Elfrida had had a proposal from—whom do you think?—young Mr. Albert Goldsborough, who was intended for his cousin; but as she ran away with the flute-playing Italian, of course he could not be considered bound to her; so he followed the bent of his own inclinations, and offered his hand to Elfrida Fielding.

"The proposal was, in every point of view, a most eligible one for Elfrida, and much better, she says, than she had any reason to expect. The young suitor was handsome, amiable, intelligent, and possessed of a large fortune; and last and not least, he had the favour of his intended—but he differed in politics with Elfrida's 'pa and two uncles'.

"Now, you know what it is to differ in politics in these days.

"Elfrida's 'pa and two uncles' are enlightened, far-seeing, progressive men. Elfrida's lover is conservative, and believes in the eternal stability of 'institutions,' and the infallibility of the powers that be. Elfrida's lover, had he lived in the first year of the Christian era in Judea, would have been a Jew. Had he lived at the time of the civil wars, he would have been a royalist.

"Now, you know, of course, it is an irreconcilable difference between Elfrida's 'pa and two uncles' on the one hand, and her lover on the other.

"But Elfrida went run away with him, as he wishes her to do. She tells him plainly that he must convert her 'pa and two uncles,' or be converted by them, before she will endow him with her hand and the reversion of the old gig, the blind mare, and other chattels to which she is heiress; for though she don't care a pin for politics herself, she will have peace in the family.

"I have here quoted little Elfrida's own words. Now, who would have given that little monkey credit for so much wisdom and goodness?

"And in the meantime, you see, Mr. Goldsborough has his hands full, between his cool, determined daughter and his self-willed, refractory nephew, both of whom, instead of marrying with each other and keeping the family estates together, to please their friends, have taken the liberty to choose partners for life to please themselves.

"But after all, as these marriages are not yet consummated, who knows, but that young Mr. Goldsborough may 'see his own interest,' as the phrase goes, and persuade Alberta to 'see her own duty,' as the other phrase goes, and that they may yet marry and unite the two great branches of the great house of Goldsborough.

"But oh, I am wrong to write so lightly on such subjects. How hard it is, dear Britomarte, to keep from sinning with one's tongue and pen! I hope that all these lovers will be true to themselves and to duty. I hope they will wait patiently until they win their parents' consent and the reward of their forbearance."

Her letter closed in one deep, fervent, heartfelt aspiration for Britomarte's happiness.

Britomarte's tears fell fast over this letter.

The man-hater would like to have persuaded herself that she wept over the thought of the life-long separation from her bosom friend, or over the frailties of Alberta, or the troubles of Elfrida, or over anything or anybody rather than over the memory of Justin Rosenthal.

Erminie had written freely of Alberta and Elfrida and their lovers; but she had mentioned her brother only to say that he had been ordained and was going away.

And Britomarte could scarcely forgive her friend for such negligence.

The name that was written in the letter "Justin" she pressed again and again to her lips, while her tears dropped slowly and heavily upon the paper.

Suddenly, with a start, she recollected herself, and to punish herself for a moment's weakness, she deliberately tore up the letter and threw it away.

That old martyr who stretched out his right hand into the flames, and held it there while it slowly

burned to a cinder, had scarcely more resolution than this strange self-willed girl, who had ruthlessly cast her own heart on the altar fire of her principles—or pride—and was grimly watching its death agony.

With all her heart she loved Justin, and would have died for him.

With all her intellect she despised herself for loving him.

And with all her will she would have seen him dead before she would have married him!

Ah! what awful, riving, rending stroke of fate was that which had fallen upon this young creature, dividing her against herself; utterly divorcing her intellect from her affections; making her, as it were, two beings—a loving, suffering heart, and a regnant, imperious intellect!

And who shall re-unite this severed nature, and make this woman one?

In other words, who shall heal this wounded spirit and make it whole?

Britomarte was glad that the day of sailing was so near at hand.

Once away from the land, she hoped to leave all her weaknesses, as she called the holiest promptings of her nature, behind.

Once on the ocean, she hoped to suffer "a sea change into something new and strange," namely, a woman free from the frailty of love.

On the same morning that she was to embark, she wrote a last, little letter to Erminie.

It was only an acknowledgment of the receipt of Erminie's letter, and then a few short messages to friends and school-mates, and lastly a farewell and a God bless you!

Britomarte went out and posted this letter with her own hands, and then hurried back to her cheap boarding-house, to wait for the chartered omnibus that was to take the whole missionary party to the pier nearest the ship.

Their luggage had been carried on board the previous afternoon.

It was not a pleasant day for October. It was more like November.

The sky was overclouded. And there was a chill, penetrating East wind that threatened to blow up rain.

Not a cheerful day to bid good-by to one's native land, for an indefinitely long sea voyage and a home among pagans.

So depressed was Britomarte, sitting there alone with her bonnet on, waiting for her companions, and looking out of the befogged window at the overcast sky, that at length she felt obliged to kneel beside her humble bed and ask strength and cheerfulness from Him who is both able and willing to give us all good gifts.

She had scarcely finished her petition before the stopping of wheels at the street door assured her that the omnibus had arrived.

She got up, threw a last farewell glance around the little room that had been her home for so many weeks, and then hurried downstairs, where her landlord and landlady stood to bid her good-by. She shook hands with them and passed out. It was raining now—not with a fine, dashing, exhilarating shower, but with the chill, dark, depressing drizzle that is peculiar to the Scottish portion of our country.

A gentleman stood with a large umbrella hoisted, ready to escort her from the door to the omnibus. He was the Rev. Mr. Ely, the very person who had been proposed as a husband for Miss Conyers. He had, however, found another sister who was willing to become his companion for life, and so Britomarte was forgiven.

"A wet morning," he said, after bowing and extending his umbrella over the head of the young lady.

Britomarte thanked him, and permitted him to hand her into the omnibus, where she was introduced in form to the Rev. Mrs. Ely. Mr. and Mrs. Breton she already knew.

These, with herself, were the five missionaries that were to go out to Farther India.

The two young women were crying behind their veils.

They were strangers to each other. One had come from England, and one from Ireland, to marry these young men, and go out with them to India.

They had now been married but a few days. In a fever of enthusiasm, they had left all the familiar scenes and all the dear friends of their childhood and youth, to go out to a foreign land, to live and labour among heathen.

No wonder they wept bitterly behind their veils as the omnibus rattled on over the stony streets and under the drizzling sky.

The two husbands did not seem to know how to console them. They did not even try to do it.

Britomarte watched the two brides for a few moments, and pity for them filled her bosom.

"Here are two young women," she said, to herself,

"who have allowed themselves to be deluded either by their own hearts, or by the eloquence of these young men. Poor things! How much better off they would be without these husbands."

Then bending to the one that sat nearest to her, she whispered:

"I do not tell you not to weep, for weeping will relieve you; but I do bid you remember—the greater the cross, the brighter the crown, and be comforted."

"I know it, and I do try," sobbed the unhappy little messenger of glad tidings to the heathen.

And she did heroically try to take comfort.

"And you?" said Britomarte, softly turning to her other companion.

"Oh, my poor father! My poor father!" exclaimed this one, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"I am very sorry to see you grieve so," said Britomarte, gently taking her hand.

"It is for him! I was his youngest and his last, and he is old!"

"Why did you leave him, then, dear?" inquired Britomarte, utterly regardless of the presence of the "natural enemy."

"I thought it was my duty! They wanted somebody to go out with Brother Ely, and there was no one would consent to go, and so I thought it was somebody's duty!" sobbed poor little Mrs. Ely.

"And was your father willing to part with his only daughter?"

"He left it to me! He said he would 'hinder me not.' He said he would offer me upon the altar of sacrifice as Abraham offered Isaac," sobbed the little woman.

"It was a noble sacrifice, and made in pure singleness of heart, and God will surely comfort and strengthen him," said Britomarte, very tenderly and earnestly.

"Yes, I believe that. I know it. My heart would break if I didn't. I shall never see him any more in this world, but he said we should meet in heaven!"

"That you surely will, my dear," said Britomarte, with infinite gentleness, as she stooped over and consoled this mourner.

Indeed, one of the strangest peculiarities in her strange character was the contrast between the ineffable tenderness with which she loved her own sex and the inexorable sternness with which she regarded the other.

There was a mixture of both these moods in the curious expression of her countenance as she turned from the weeping woman to look at the man with whom that woman's fate was joined. The look somewhat reassured her.

"When the little creature has ceased to grieve for her father, she will begin to govern him, which is better than might have been hoped," she thought.

The omnibus meanwhile had bumped them very rapidly over the stony streets, and it now brought them up rather abruptly to the pier where they were to get out.

It was still raining steadily, with that dark, deadly, depressing drizzle that has not its counterpart anywhere else on the face of the earth, as I do hope and believe.

The two gentlemen got out and hoisted their umbrellas, and assisted the ladies to alight.

On the pier was a crowd of the church members, consisting of men, women and children, in omnibuses, in cabs, and on foot, the latter having large umbrellas hoisted, all waiting to see the missionaries off.

Beside the pier was chained a large boat, waiting to take the voyagers to that magnificent three-decker East Indiaman, that rode at anchor about half a mile in the harbour.

There were hearty, there were sorrowful, and there were cheerful greetings exchanged between the missionaries and their friends, accordingly as they happened to belong to the laughing or the crying school of philosophy.

On account of the inclemency of the weather, it was decided that the friends should not attempt to accompany the little band of missionaries to the ship, but should take leave of them on the pier. So there they parted, with many a mutual and fervent "God be with you," and "God bless you."

The two gentlemen handed the three ladies down into the boat and then followed them.

And at the last moment, just as the boat was putting off from the pier, two of the brethren from among the crowd that was left behind, simultaneously decided that they could not let this little band go off alone, and that they must go with them and see the last of them, and so they hastily jumped down into the boat, to the serious imperilling of its equilibrium.

Seats were found for them. The umbrellas were all hoisted. The steersman took the helm and the four oarsmen laid themselves to their oars, and the boat moved.

Ah! who can describe the feelings with which one for the first time leaves the firm land for the unstable sea, and their dear native soil for unknown regions?

Even on the row-boat two of the young women were nervous and frightened.

Miss Conyers, I hope you know, was superior to such weakness.

Their trial, however, was a short one. In less than fifteen minutes they were alongside of the great behemoth of a ship that lay upon the waters like some stupendous monster of the deep.

An officer stood upon the deck as if waiting to welcome them, and some sailors were letting down a rope ladder from the lofty deck to the boat.

But to attempt to climb up the side of that ship by that means seemed like trying to crawl up the front of a three-storey house by the rain-pipe.

The two brides were frightened nearly out of their senses at the bare thought.

But Britomarte volunteered to go first, and she set her foot on the lowest slack rung of the ladder, and took hold of the side ropes and began to climb. Mr. Breton following close behind her to keep her from falling, and also to keep her skirts in order, and Captain McKenzie bending from the deck and holding down his hand to help her up on board.

So Miss Conyers safely boarded the ship, and after bowing her thanks to the captain, turned round and looked down with a smile to encourage her companions to make the attempt to follow her example.

Mrs. Ely ventured next, and Britomarte stooped and extended a hand to hoist her up on deck. Then Mrs. Breton essayed successfully, and soon the whole party stood by her side.

The boat was to wait alongside to take back the two brethren who were to return to the shore. And these two last lingered as long as possible. They were loath to leave the little band till the last minute, for who could tell to what fate they were about to leave them, or when, if ever, they should meet again?

It was still raining steadily, and the deck was very wet, in addition to which disagreeable circumstance the sailors were all very busy and very noisy, getting ready to make sail.

So one of the brethren proposed that their party should adjourn to the cabin and engage in prayer together once more before parting.

Accordingly they went below and remained in prayer or mutual exhortation until the warning cry, "All hands ashore!" notified them that the parting moment had come.

They went back upon deck; and there, with fearful eyes, and trembling lips, and clasped hands, and fervent benedictions, the last adieux were spoken.

The two brethren went back in the little boat; but before she had reached the pier, the signal-gun was fired, and the Sultana stood out to sea.

(To be continued.)

It is said that the General Post-office has cast its eyes upon a site at the West End for a branch office on a grand scale, which would put an end to the flow of much foreign melody. But there are too many vested interests concerned in the question to make it an easy one for the Post-office to settle.

THE death of the fattest man in the world, M. Helm, is recorded. He was German by origin, and employed in Paris as translator of foreign correspondence. His age was forty-two; he weighed 500 lb., and latterly was unable to pass through doors of ordinary dimensions.

QUITE RIGHT.—Mr. Alderman Wilson has offered to present a very handsome new stained-glass window for Guildhall, to be painted by English artists. Mr. Alderman Wilson offered to place one in St. Paul's Cathedral, but his offer was not accepted, unless it should be painted at Munich. He is determined to try English talent.

LET it be once more remarked as a warning that the composition of the "Pharaoh's serpents" consists chiefly, if not altogether, of one of the most subtle and deadly poisons known to mankind—namely, prussic acid, properly called hydrocyanic acid, of which cyanogen is the active principle. The precise form in which this is found in the "serpent" is the sulpho-cyanide of mercury. The fumes if inhaled are most noxious, and render the air of a room unwholesome in the extreme for hours after.

LORD PALMERSTON, about twenty years ago, passed through Dublin and spending the Sunday there, he went to one of the churches, and heard a sermon which greatly pleased him. He made a mental memorandum of the preacher, and ten years afterwards the valuable London living of All Souls, Langham Place, having become vacant by the appointment of its rector, Mr. Baring, to the Bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol, Lord Palmerston wrote to the Lord

Lieutenant of Ireland, requesting him to offer the living to the aforesaid preacher. The latter called upon the Viceroy to decline it, and at the same time thanked His Excellency for having thought of him. The Viceroy explained that the offer had really come from the Premier, which of course made it the more flattering. Lord Palmerston did not lose sight of his favourite, and some years later offered him an Irish bishopric. This was accepted, and the lucky preacher is now Bishop of Cork.

THE SECRET CLOSET.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the morning of a beautiful summer day, when two young and lovely girls were walking in the gardens belonging to a fine old chateau in the environs of Paris. That they were sisters might have been inferred at the first glance; for the same contour of face and figure, the same luxuriant wealth of glossy dark hair, the same sparkling eye-glances and vivacity of expression, characterised both; but there was that difference of carriage, gait, and mien, which might be expected in two who, though resembling each other very strongly in person, were most unlike in temperament and disposition.

Josephine, the elder, was dignified, stately, and wore a slight air of *hauteur*, as became the first-born daughter of a peer of the realm and one of *la belle France's* proudest nobles; while Lisette—gay, happy, sunny Lisette!—the pet of her friends, and the admiration of her inferiors—was of more superficial character than her sister. Yet, nevertheless, both were lovely and beloved; and two fairer flowers never bloomed on the stock of any aristocratic family of that age when pride of lineage was nursed into exotic growth—that era, before the Revolution had laid its levelling hand upon French society.

On the morning whereof we write, Josephine was more than usually pensive, as she moved up and down the rose-bordered garden walks; while never had her young sister been in gay mood. From time to time, Josephine would cast a grave, almost compassionate glance upon Lisette, as though some dreaded evil were about to check the song of mirth on those scarlet lips, and dim that youthful exuberant gaiety.

At length, Lisette could not fail to observe her sister's mood.

"What is it, *ma chère Josephine*?" she asked, dancing up to her side, with her hands crowned with splendid flowers which she had just received from the hands of the gardener, who was busily at work, pruning and watering his plants. "Why your sober face and *déjà* air? One would think you had been forced to accept the hand of our noble cousin, Philip of Orleans, who is so distasteful to you! Now, I'm quite sure, that were I the fortunate *démouelle* who has won his tender regards, I should go into ecstasies at the bright prospect before me; but poor little me has no noble lover at her feet, and yet I manage to keep gay and happy, while *ma chère sœur*, *la comtesse* if she chooses, grows sad and sorrowful."

"Hush, Lisette! You chatter like a parakeet this morning!" said Josephine, gravely. "As though there were no other themes in these troublesome times, than our lovers! 'Tis true I did look with disfavour on Philip of Orleans, for he could love a traitor to his king, as I am sure he is, at heart! But not of him would I converse now. You surely know, Lisette, that we are dwelling in the midst of perilous days of anarchy, and that Robespierre and his comrades are aiming at the best interests of our government."

"Oui, certainly; my grave little *diplomate*!" returned Lisette, her bright face clouding for a single moment, to be succeeded by smiles the next. "So I have often heard you and our dear papa say, in your wise evening talks. But why should a little girl like me trouble her head with these things? Rather let me enjoy these summer days in our own beautiful chateau and grounds, and allow ambitious politicians to fight their own battles, up at great, noisy Paris."

"Thoughtless Lisette! What a child you are!" said Josephine, half sadly.

"Ah, now you look so sober again, sister!" cried the gay girl. "As if I was not the truest philosopher! I was not born for a *Madame De Staël*, *ma chère*; but, instead, to be one of the butterflies of society. Now, hearken you, good sister! do you know that I have quite fallen in love with our handsome new gardener, and have been weaving quite a romance concerning him? He wears such a *distingué* air, that I verily believe he is some noble in disguise—some prince or duke, who has come here to take care of our flowers because we are two beautiful and noble princesses, you know, who are to be wooed in secret—just like the old stories nurse Eliza used to tell us, you remember. See, what a noble air distinguishes Jacques

from the other servants! Ah! he looks this way. Would I could flatter myself that 'tis poor little me on whom he bestows his homage; but, *Adieu*! 'Tis the regal Josephine before whose shrine he bows!" and laughing Lisette merrily aloofed her long speech.

"Macpie!" chattered, said her sister, with a half-smile, while a strange confusion mantled her countenance, which she hid from Lisette by pretending to busily regard a splendid oleander that bloomed near by. "Go back to your flowers and your frolics, while I return to the oblation. Ah, there comes Pierre! he looks as though he bore some message. Perhaps our sire has returned from Paris! And then, receiving tidings from the servant to that effect, who bent her steps towards the stately brown edifice, rich in the light, fanciful architectural adornments of the age, which rose amid the luxuriant groves that bordered the garden."

Only once glancing back to where the gardener—a handsome-looking young man, who seemed strangely out of his position in the attire of a peasant—stood at his tasks, Josephine murmured to herself:

"Giddy Lisette knew not how her shafts of gay *badinage* pierced my heart. Strange that there should be such a bridge between us—*he*, a peasant gardener—I, daughter of a noble duke!"

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Josephine entered the presence of her father, the noble Duke de Chantilly, she found him viewing the polished floor of his apartment in a state of deepest agitation.

His riding surcoat had not yet been removed, and his gauntleted gloves and riding-whip lay on the floor, whither he had flung them at his entrance.

Unwonted excitement pervaded the whole aspect of this noble of the old *régime*, whose usual demeanour was marked by a courtly repose and high-bred stateliness.

"*Mon père*!" exclaimed Josephine, saluting him with the graceful courtesy of the age, kissing his hand—that thin pale, halo hand, over which fell a fringe of finest Valenciennes. "Why this agitation? You bring ill news from Paris?" she said, quickly.

"*Hélas*, yes, *ma fille*!" replied the old duke, with a sigh. "The traitors are in full tide of power, and all France is in a state of anarchy and terror. Already the work of horror has commenced, and guillotines and scaffolds are erected in the public squares. It needs no prophet to predict that our royal king and his faithful adherents will soon be hunted, proscribed, if they escape; or if taken, martyrs of the block or the vaults of La Conciergerie. But this is not the bitterest drop in King Louis' cup. Revolutionists may desecrate, imprison, or behead him; and his royal soul will never falter, but it is the desertion of those who should stand firmest—the base treason of his own cousins—which strikes the keenest pang to his noble nature. Josephine, my daughter, to-day I thank God that your wise, womanly intuition made you recoil from the love that I was, one month ago, so eager for you to accept! The child was more prescient in reading base souls than the sire!"

"*Hélas*! what mean you, *mon père*?" asked Josephine, though half comprehending the drift of his words.

"I mean, daughter," replied the old nobleman, with set teeth, "that Philip of Orleans, the elder, has taken sides with the infamous Robespierre and his band against his king—and that his son Philip—who, I thank heaven now, you rejected—is also one of the most open and violent of Louis' opponents. But oh! it is a galling thought, that we, too, are linked by ties of kinship with these traitors! Yet it never shall be written on the pages of this direful Revolution that all King Louis' kindred deserted him in his hour of peril! No, Jerome, Duke de Chantilly, will stand by him to the end; and perish on the scaffold before he swerves from the oath of fealty to the true noblesse of France owe their sovereign. *Hélas*! *hélas*! that I should have ever seen this refulgent day! and tears mingled with the broken words and sighs that agitated the old duke."

"Then, *mon père*, you are in actual danger?" said Josephine, whose brave, straightforward nature at once came in contact with the crisis. "What can be done?"

"For me, nothing *ma chère fille*; but for you, *mes pauvres enfants*—for you and Lisette—I must provide a place of safety. I shall never desert my post; but you must be sent immediately into Austria to your maternal grandfathers, the Counts Vau-Buis—where you will find peace and shelter. Blessed be God that my beloved Adela, your sainted mother, did not live to behold this day!"

"Never, *mon père*—I will never leave you!" The place of a daughter is at her father's side in storm as well as sunshine!" exclaimed Josephine, energetically.

"But if danger, perhaps, of the most appalling kind, is imminent, 'twere surely foolhardy to remain where you could effect no good!" expostulated the duke.

"Say no more!" cried the heroic girl. "I shall not depart, unless you absolutely command me. But perhaps we are conjuring needless terrors. It must be only in Paris that Robespierre wields his cruel *baton* of power so fearlessly. Let us remain here at the chateau in quiet, *mon pere*, and surely he will not send his minions to harm you!"

"Perhaps you are right, my daughter; and yet, 'tis scarcely to be credited, that the waves of this conflict may not surge outward beyond the city's walls. But not for myself do I cherish a fear. I stand by the fortunes of my king. But, my dear child, you, surely, will not be so rash as to needlessly remain? Rather should you have a motherly care over our child Lisette, whom I must send at once into Austria. Who will befriend that *poivre enfant* if ill should befall me?"

For a moment a struggle went on in Josephine's heart. Filial affection and sisterly love were contending with each other; and she hardly knew to which she ought to yield. At length she said:

"Do not drive me from you, my sire! Let us hope for the best—that they may not trouble you, there are so many more active and younger men at the court of Louis. But lest you should feel over-anxious for us both, why not send Lisette at once to our grandsire's, in charge of some trustworthy servant; and then, I faithfully promise you, that as soon as practicable—that is, when I am assured of your safety—if necessary, I will follow her."

"Well planned, Josephine, since you are resolved not to leave me," said the duke, much moved by his brave girl's heroism. "I will have Lisette depart to-morrow, with her maid, under the charge of our faithful new gardener, Jacques Marchmain, whom I select as well-fitted for the trust; for, know you, my daughter, that I have most entire faith in the honesty of this man. I know not why; but I have a presentiment that Jacques is to prove our staunchest friend in our troubles. Mayhap this is because I have suspected our other servants of a leaning toward the cause of the revolutionists; but I would stake my life on the faithfulness of the gardener. Now, summon your sister, my daughter."

With a vivid flash of gratification mantling her features, the Lady Josephine turned away.

It was evident that—nobly born though she was, and far removed in rank from the peasant gardener—his praise had power to please her.

CHAPTER III.

The morning following the conversation between the Duke de Chantilly and his daughter was bright and fair; and preparations were going on for the departure of Lisette, attended by her waiting-maid and Jacques Marchmain, to seek the protection of her maternal grandsire.

The travelling-chariot was not to be used, because the journey was to be as secret as possible; but two feet and saddle-horses were in readiness for the women; and their escort was also to ride another, selected from the duke's own stables.

Everything was in readiness, save that the last adieu was unspoken, when the gardener came rushing into the family apartments with an aspect of great alarm, and at the same time a confusion was heard in the courtyard without.

"My lord duke, a body of soldiers from Paris are surrounding the mansion! Even now they demand admittance, crying that your lordship has saddled horses ready for your escape. But they cross not this threshold save over one corpse!" he added, drawing the rapier with which he had provided himself for the perils of his journey, his handsome face heroic with valor.

"No, my friend—sacrifice not yourself for me," said the duke, mildly, laying his hand on the young man's arm. "Rather remain to be a protector to my children, for, *heavens!* I see that my old servants have fled, either in fright or from complicity with the traitors. My hour is come, but my children must not be sacrificed. Would that I had sent them from me yesterday!"

"Nay, nay! we will not leave you! we will follow you to prison," exclaimed both the girls, clinging to him.

"No," cried the old duke, "your—young fair faces in the gloomy Conciergerie? Never!" he said, with a shudder. "Ah! a thought strikes me! You can escape these lawless minions of Robespierre. This way!" and he drew them into his bed-chamber, then pushed aside a panel in the wall, and touched a secret spring within, when a door suddenly sprang open, revealing a small closet sufficient to hold two or three persons.

"Enter, my children! Here you are safe till the

soldiers have departed; then Jacques can take you hence, and set out on your journey under cover of night. Quick, my children!" for he heard the clambour of the soldiery coming nearer.

"And leave you to encounter that lawless mob alone?" Never, my father!" exclaimed Josephine.

Jacques Marchmain could not refrain from bestowing a glance of admiration upon the heroic girl whom he worshipped in secret; but he added his entreaties to the old duke's.

"Say no more! I am resolved. Enter, Lisette! you can add more to our sire's happiness by obeying him. Enter, Rosa!" to the terrified maid, and, fairly pushing them into the closet, Josephine shut the door, and back the panel, and led her father to the ante-chamber just as the feet of the soldiery came up the polished staircase and over the threshold.

Evidently the minions of the tyrant Robespierre expected to find the Duke de Chantilly surrounded by a band of faithful servants, ready to defend their master to the death; what then was their surprise at beholding him with no defenders save Marchmain, who had replaced his rapier at the duke's command, a few terrified women-servants, who frantically wrung their hands in terror, and the noble Josephine, who stood, with proud, uplifted head, dilated nostrils, and scornful eyes fixed on the invaders.

"Entrez, Messieurs! Ye are right welcome to the home of the noble Duke de Chantilly, since ye come on such honourable errand!" exclaimed the girl in clear, sarcastic tones, addressing their leader—a handsome, bold-faced noble—who was foremost among the traitorous horde who had denied his king, and one whom she recognized as having met in Parisian society. "Entrez, Count Cornelle! Doubly welcome!"

For an instant the eyes of the noble drooped in shame; then he said, angrily:

"Surrender, my lord duke! you are our prisoner!"

"I shall not refuse to attend you, though I deny your right to summon me!" said the old duke, calmly. "You may destroy my body, but never my loyalty to my king! Insult me not with promises of liberty, or emolument and power, if I will raise the blood-red hand of the regicide; a De Chantilly copies no servile Philip of Orleans, in turning traitor to his sovereign. I ask no mercy for myself, but for this poor girl I do crave most kind treatment."

The eyes of the evil Count Cornelle flashed exultingly under their veil of pretended regret, as he said, hypocritically, "The Lady Josephine will always find in me one true friend, my lord duke."

Instinctively the hand of Jacques Marchmain sought his weapon, and he made a movement forward. He read the man before him.

"For my sake, Jacques, remain, and be true to your trust!" whispered Josephine, laying her white hand on his arm; her eyes full meeting his, with an appealing, eloquent look.

"Anything for you; but I shall yet rescue you!" whispered back the young man, his eyes returning her gaze, with added love, worship, adoration.

Summer passed; autumn, too, lapsed over the ill-fated land where anarchy and terror held rule.

Winter came, and with it the fatal January when King Louis XVI. was led forth from his prison cell to execution.

With the fated king were also sacrificed many of the nobility who had adhered to their sovereign's fortunes; and the scaffold ran red with the best blood of France, and day by day the horrid guillotine was performing its sickening work.

The Reign of Terror had broadened and deepened, till the once smiling country which had borne the name of *la belle France*, seemed but a vast slaughter-house, where humanity were the victims.

During this period, and for the next successive year also, the old Duke de Chantilly had been spared the fate of the guillotine, though he had been constantly immured in the prison *La Conciergerie*, and denied the consolation of his daughter's society, for Josephine was separated from him immediately on arriving at Paris.

"I would it were in my power to permit you to see your father," said Count Cornelle, hypocritically.

"But Robespierre has issued sternest orders, that none of us dare set aside. Yet I shall endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and, if possible, save him from the fate that I much fear awaits Louis and his adherents."

"Only save my sire, and you have my eternal gratitude!" exclaimed the poor girl, warmly—for in the terror that beset her, she immediately turned to the first friendly word.

"Ha! I intend to play my cards so well that I shall win more than your gratitude, my beautiful Lady Josephine!" colloquized the count, with exultation, as he left her in the humble but respectable lodgings he had procured for her.

So eighteen months passed by, and still the old duke was held a prisoner; spared the guillotine, it is true, at the solicitation of Cornelle, who, however, had not yet cared to solicit his liberty of Robespierre; firstly, lest he should be suspected of leaning toward the royal side, so bitterly violent was the arch traitor, who would spare none of his own leaders if he once doubted them; and secondly, because he had been absent from Paris most of that time, holding authority elsewhere under the new Government.

But now the Count Cornelle had again returned to Paris, and began to turn his attention to the Lady Josephine, resolved to win her—for he had long experienced a violent passion for her.

Meantime, Lisette, who had been safely conducted into Austria by Jacques Marchmain, was installed in a peaceful home at the old castle Van Balan, where in the care of her aged grand-parents, and the love which was fast springing up in her young heart for her handsome cousin, the young Baron Wilhelm, she would have known perfect happiness, except for the thought of her aged father in peril, and her heroic sister who remained in Paris.

Jacques Marchmain had long ago returned to France, and sought Paris, to discover Josephine and stand at her side, her sworn friend; but in that great city, so skillfully had the Count Cornelle chosen her retreat with a view to keeping her aloof from friends or relatives who might seek her, he had never been able to find her.

Josephine's correspondence also was carefully watched by the same system of espionage.

Cornelle had envied her with this; though in the same city with her father, she was unable to see him or to inform her friends of his safety.

One evening, sitting in her little apartment in the Rue de —, she was surprised by the entrance of Count Cornelle, it being his first visit after his absence from Paris; and still more was she surprised at a declaration of his sentiments.

"Be mine, beautiful Lady Josephine, and I will move heaven and earth to obtain the release of your father."

It was a bitter struggle in the girl's heart, not that she did not at once make her decision to submit to any sacrifice to procure her sire's release, but because she could not conquer the repugnance she would have felt under any circumstances to Cornelle, much less to him now, a traitor to his sovereign.

"That day on which you bring my sire to me—freed from all fear of arrest, and provide him with a pass into Austria, where he may find a safe retreat—I will become your wife, Count Cornelle," was her reply.

A dark frown gathered upon the noble's brow.

"You doubt my honour," he said, angrily. "Be come my bride at once, and let the possession of your hand inspire me with zeal to find a way to move Robespierre to grant my request. You know not half the perils I must encounter!" he urged.

"Let the hope of possessing my hand incite you, Count Cornelle. Then claim your reward!" said Josephine, proudly and firmly.

Cornelle was on the point of breaking out into full declaration of his power over her; but he prudently restrained himself, and left her with muttered maledictions.

Hardly had his footstep died from the paved courtyard, when a quick step sprang up the staircase, and along the passage—a tap came on the door—and Josephine of Chantilly opened it to stand face to face with Jacques Marchmain.

Faint and trembling, she would have fallen but for his friendly arm.

"*Mon Dieu!* At last, Lady Josephine!" he said rapidly. "Weeks and months have I sought you, and to-night, by merest chance, in passing this house, I met his face—a face I shall never forget—and turned into the court he had just left. Questioning the old porter below, I learned that a beautiful demoiselle, whose father was in prison, lived above. And now, tell me first how I can be useful to you, dear Lady Josephine."

What were Marchmain's counsels to Josephine of Chantilly may be inferred from the fact that her betrothal to Cornelle became more repugnant to her than ever; and she now had a double part to play—to conceal from him the occasional visits of Jacques, who, from time to time, brought letters from Lisette, and also to avoid betraying her aversion to him. Jacques comforted her constantly with one hope.

"Do not excite his anger; play a part when he is present, but cherish the belief that you will one day be freed from him. The old nobility are rallying, and in less than a year Robespierre will be overthrown, and the old Government will be re-established."

And thus Josephine passed her days and weeks, trembling between hope and fear; now cheered by the assuring words of Marchmain—now filled with terror by the importunities and threats of Cornelle, who grew more and more impatient and threatening,

in proportion as he realised the impossibility of his obtaining the release of the duke, when the bloody Robespierre regarded as too prominent a member of the old aristocracy to be pardoned.

So the weeks passed, shaping themselves into months, until six more of these had been added to the past; then the last act of that sanguinary drama which must ever rest a foul blot on the pages of French history, was brought to a close.

More suddenly than they had leaped into power were Robespierre and his confederates hurled to their downfall, arrested and executed; and on the following day the doors of many a vaulted prison throughout Paris were flung wide, and white-haired nobles, stalwart middle-aged men, delicate ladies and titled marchionesses—each and all stood once again beneath the blessed sunlight of Liberty. The doom of the Revolution was sealed, and the star of peace again uprose in a sky which had been lurid with the blood-red rays of fraternal discord, till Paris was one vast chancel-house, and the horrible guillotine was sated with its spoils.

Pen cannot describe the rapturous meeting between the aged Duke de Chantilly and his heroic daughter, who had never quitted Paris since his imprisonment.

Added hoary hairs and deep furrows on his brow, told the story of suffering, hardships, and mental agony; but the old nobleman was steadfast as ever in his devotion to his unfortunate country.

Josephine's joy knew no bounds, for she was not only restored to the arms of her parent, but freed from the hateful bondage that had grown more galling with the lapse of every week.

Cornellie had not been taken prisoner by the Government, which would have been but just retribution, but had effected his escape from the country, cursing more the loss of his coveted bride than any change in the affairs of the country he had pretended to love so well.

It only remained to summon Lisette to France, and return to the old Chateau de Chantilly, which, fortunately, had been spared the ravaging hands of the Revolutionists, who had defaced and devastated many of the seats of the old nobility.

In attendance upon Lisette came her cousin—the young Baron Van Bulan—a frank manly Austrian, whose noble qualities so won upon the old duke's heart that he could not bring himself to deny his request for Lisette's hand. And so the preparations were commenced for the bridal which should return Lisette to her Austrian home again.

One day another request was also laid before the Duke de Chantilly. This time it was Jacques Marchmain who spoke.

"I am not what I seem, my lord duke. Marquis de Vere, I was placed at a military *école* as Julian de Vere, to receive an education that fitted me for the army. At a *fête* given by the Bishop of Orleans three years ago, in honour of Josephine de Chantilly, who was then on a visit to Orleans, I became completely enamoured of her. I dared not, however, aspire to her hand, for though of noble blood, yet I had no patrimony but my sword, for my sire's noble estates and title were to be inherited by my elder brother. But I formed the romantic plan of leaving the army, and disguising myself as a gardener, entered your service in order to be near my idol.

But now affairs are changed. My sire and brother taking part with their king have also both shared his fate. I am Marquis de Vere, and may not blush to claim the hand of a De Chantilly. I have the vanity to believe that Josephine loved me a little as Jacques Marchmain, and will not refuse me as Marquis Julian de Vere. What sayest thou, my lord duke?"

"That this is a most happy day, and its brightness shall not be marred by a single ungratified wish. You belong to each other, my children," and he placed Josephine's hand in that of her lover's. "And there shall be a double bridal. I am proud to call you son. De Vere, I always had strongest faith in you from the day you first came to the chateau, and Josephine will tell you how I spoke in your favour that day when she refused to desert her old sire for a refuge in the secret closet." O. A. J.

A BEAUTIFUL specimen of virgin gold was lately found in a tin stream in work in Cornwall; it is the length and thickness of a lady's little finger, though less regularly formed, and weighs two ounces. Its intrinsic value is £20, and as a specimen it is invaluable.

THE Emperor Maximilian, says a letter from America, has already allured many distinguished Confederates to his Empire, many of whom have announced their intention of becoming citizens. The following are some of the names:—Generals Price and Magruder, Governor Harris, of Tennessee; Truxton Polk, of Missouri, formerly a United States senator; General Shelby; Governor Allen, of Louisiana;

Lieutenant M. F. Maury, of nautical fame, whom Maximilian has made an Honorary Councillor; General Bee, of Texas; General Lyon, of Kentucky; Thomas C. Hindman, of Arkansas, formerly a United States senator; and General Reynolds, of Missouri. Maximilian has already caused a large emigration of planters to flow from the South to his dominions, and will, no doubt, secure quite an addition to the number of his subjects by his generous offers.

AHAB THE WITTY.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. Ahab slept in the deepest and most wretched prisons, and Mornay slept in his, dreaming not so much of the magician and his temptations as of Leoline and Boabdil.

Some hours must have passed over him in his happy reprieve from wakefulness and mental suffering, before he was again called out of his elysium to face and feel the reality of his situation.

The interruption that now occurred was one of the most unexpected and wonderful.

The door of his prison was open, and a lady of dazzling beauty stood on the threshold.

Sir Raoul believed that he was beholding a vision. Perhaps the Madonna herself vouchsafed to appear for his comfort and consolation.

So much was he affected by this fancy, that he could neither rise from his straw nor speak.

He crossed himself devoutly, and waited to see what manner of salutation this would be.

In those days, the most extravagant tales of miraculous interpositions were received as gospel-truth, and repeated for the strengthening of the weak and the confirmation of the strong.

The raiment of the lady served greatly to augment the illusion, for she seemed to float in a cloud of fleecy lace.

The purity and whiteness of her complexion also imparted an ethereal cast to her features.

Pale rays from a small silver lamp, borne in her left hand, creeping over her spotless brow, were sufficient to produce that halo which Sir Raoul was prepared to see.

Looking with devout tenderness into her face, the dark glory of her eyes made him tremble. She addressed him.

Her voice faltered at the beginning, but rolled on lightly and smoothly anon.

"Thou art a Christian knight."

She stopped, then went on.

"Thou hast honour and truth. Nor are these qualities all thou possessest to commend thee to the heart of a lady."

Mornay began to doubt if this were the Madonna.

"Thou hast a form and a soul to excite the deepest sentiment in woman."

She averted her eyes, and a beautiful blush tinted the lily on her cheeks.

"In thy country, brave Frank, it may be shame for dame or damsel to make the confession I am now making. Love of thee has brought me hither!"

"Who art thou, lady?" asked the knight, who had arisen at the sound of her voice, and now stood before her in an attitude of respectful attention.

"If I answer, 'One that loves thee,' is not that enough?" she replied, gently.

"This is our first meeting, lady," said Mornay.

"You can have no personal knowledge of those qualities which you are pleased to attribute to me."

"Knight of the Red Cross, look at me attentively. Observe these poor features closely."

"Nay, lady, I recall nothing familiar in your face; but your voice hath a chord in it that touches me," responded Mornay, intensely mystified.

"Thou hast heard it before, and looked also into these eyes. Mine ears have heard thee utter those noble sentiments that so well become thee, and which have made me thy slave, and induced me to risk life and honour to offer thee liberty. Christian knight, I will renounce my religion, my kindred, my station, my country, and fly with thee to Spain, or any other land thou wilt! See! I have the king's signet-ring, which will carry me like a potent talisman from the Alhambra. Two mighty steeds are waiting us on the bank of the winding Darro! In the king's stables there are none equal to them in speed. If all Granada pursued, we yet could escape. Sir Raoul Mornay, wilt thou come?"

"Sweet and gentle lady," replied Mornay, in a mournful voice, "I may not stir from this prison through guile, or by giving or suffering to remain on your mind a false and deceitful expression. I discover in your speech, and now somewhat in your countenance, that you are the youth Zegrin, or rather the one that personated him. This being the case, you must be aware, by the sentiments you have heard me express, that hypocrisy is a sin I would not be guilty of."

"Lady, your beauty might turn a pilgrim back from the sepulchre of the Nazarene, and make him forget both his vows and his religion; and I know not how far I might prove recalcitrant to my faith at your bidding, were not my thoughts already placed on a maiden whose loveliness is only equalled by your own."

The Knight of the Red Cross spoke in a subdued and earnest tone.

"I expected to hear this confession. It wounds me, but does not affect my purpose. I offer you love and liberty the same. I make the great sacrifice the same!"

Her tones were sweeter, her manner more bewitchingly persuasive than before.

"Thou art charming!" exclaimed Sir Raoul. "It is hard for the heart of mortal man to withstand your enchanting allurements. Ask me to go as the slave of your beauty, without putting trammels on my heart, or making it false to another, and I will go, and be led by your white hand by a silver chain!"

He bowed his head, and stood submissively before her.

Her cheeks grew hot and red, as if lightning were flowing in them instead of blood.

"Thine answer is given!" she cried, passionately. "It is enough! Thou hast rejected one who never before sued to man; one who has thousands of slaves, but not one master. Thou hast chosen! Thou hast accepted Death, cold and dreadful, for Love, warm and rapturous! Be it so! Perish, hard and unfeeling Christian! As for me, I shall have peace no more!"

"A thousand, thousand pardons!" exclaimed Mornay, throwing himself upon his knees. "I implore you to pity the pain of my position. I tell you I will be your slave!"

"I want no slave!" retorted the lady, with flaming scorn, and shrinking from his touch. "Thou hast chosen. Farewell!"

She turned away with the grace of an insulted sultana, and the door was shut in his face, and he was left in darkness, with innumerable distracting thoughts for companions.

CHAPTER XIII.

INSTEAD of being carried to the torture-chamber on the following day, as he expected, he received no visits except from his gaoler; and, in short, a month passed away without any change in his condition, or any further intimation of the fate in store for him. His food was of the coarsest and most unpalatable description, barely sufficient to keep off the pains of hunger.

This kind of existence grew irksome beyond degree. He was anxious to know what was passing in the world from which he was excluded. The Christian and the infidel were doubtless in arms, and the Crescent and the Cross meeting in the shock of battle. He was harassed with continual uncertainty, and haunted by the wildest conjectures respecting Boabdil and Leoline.

He was brooding over these subjects one night, when his prison-door (as had happened on two occasions since his incarceration) was opened by some one other than his keeper. The movements of the visitor were silent and stealthy, as if a greater measure of secrecy was required than ordinary. It was Ahab the Witty who came in this cautious manner. Never was servant and friend more unexpected or more welcome. Entering, he looked himself in with his master. The youth was much changed in his outward seeming. Raoul now beheld him in the gay dress of a page, which transformed him so entirely, that had it not been for his calm, phlegmatic face, he would not have recognized him.

"Is it you, Ahab?" exclaimed the knight, joyfully.

"Surely, I must be dreaming!"

"It is all the same! Dreams, my master, are as good as realities, any day. Yet this is no nightmare; your devoted Ahab stands in your presence, with his wit and his legs as much as ever at your service. I am not a fair-weather servant only, but one that will stick to you through the ugliest storms that human fortune is liable to."

The Moorish youth fingered the young shoots of what was to be a beard, and manifested the *sang-froid* that distinguished him from all others.

"I am right glad to see you, Ahab. The old king has used me roughly, as you see. How did you gain access to me?"

"It is simple enough to a person of my wit. The mother of Boabdil dwells in this tower, and it was by getting information to her through one of her maidens, that I finally accomplished my purpose. I am now in the service of her rival, Sultana Zoraya, and a likelier page you cannot find in Granada. This piece of business done, a ring procured from her, by the greatest art and ingenuity, enabled me to despatch the most

essential part of my errand to the Alhambra, which was to obtain an interview with you."

"Thanks, faithful boy! If I but escape from this difficulty, no other page will I have but Ahab the Witty."

"Your lordship is very likely to escape, but with this one drawback and disadvantage—that you will get away without your head; and I should be loath to serve a master without a head. But we ought not to trouble ourselves about these matters. As I have often told you, no accidents ever happen. If it be written that your head be cut off, you are better without a head than with; and ought to be the last person to find fault, either before or after the event."

Ahab adjusted his dagger in his belt, and tucked up his scimitar with praiseworthy unconcern.

"I have many questions to ask. Speak to me of Boabdil and his sister."

"Which shall I come at first?"

"The lady," replied Sir Raoul, smiling.

"The last I heard of the lady, she was as lively as a cricket," quoth Ahab.

"Thou art a most unromantic knave," said Raoul. "Boabdil I saw not many days ago, and he sent by me this message:—'Tell my friend and brother, Sir Raoul Mornay, that I absolve him from every obligation to keep faith with me, and that I will hold myself in readiness to be delivered to the king, my father, at such time and place as he shall appoint, on condition that he obtain liberty through this means.' In short, my master, the magnificent Moor will change places with you, which considering the extreme fickleness of the whole business, is an excellent offer."

"Generous Boabdil!" exclaimed Mornay. "Go back, good Ahab, and tell him to look well to his own safety, and take no thought of me. The offer is noble, but no torture in prospect can tempt me to accept it."

"Torture in prospect," rejoined Ahab, "the way I look at it is a very different thing—from torture in reality. I can bear torture in prospect as well as another; but bring me the real thing, and I shall tell you like a bull, and wish the whole posse of them in Eblis. My master, take the advice of a fool, and let this unlucky prince step into your shoes as soon as he can get to them. After that, you can put that iron pot on your head, with the ball under your chin, and go about lancing folks to your heart's content. When you have done enough of this to make yourself feared, envied, and hated by everybody, you can wed the princess and live happy all the days of your life."

"The prince," added Raoul, without heeding the remarks of Ahab, "if he observe not the strictest prudence, will fall into the hands of his ruthless father."

"He has fallen into something worse than the hands of his father," observed Ahab. "He has fallen in love!"

"In love?" repeated Mornay.

"The same," said Ahab. "And a person had better fall into the sea, or into the fire. A wet person may be dried, and one that is burned may be healed; but whoever heard of any one's recovering from love?"

"Who is the favoured lady?" asked Raoul, quickly.

"The daughter of Sadoe. The poor prince does nothing but wander up and down the vestibule of the stone palace, muttering to himself, and seeing nothing, though it be two inches from his nose. And listen, my master; I have great doubt of the good faith of the Jew, who has an unquiet eye, a grasping hand, and a money-loving soul. For gold, I think, no one would be safe with him, save that star of maidens, Salome. But, what is the odds? It is all the same!"

"Now, faithful Ahab, you truly alarm me!" said Mornay, with emphasis. "At this moment I feel most acutely the loss of liberty. Should Boabdil and his sister be betrayed to the King of Granada, I should never sleep soundly again. Not even the blast of the trumpet that should summon me to the field where spurs are won and lances broken, would have any music in my ears. Oh, Ahab, what would I not give for freedom!"

"In my view, you are thinking more of the sister than the brother; for I cannot think so badly of your taste as that you would go mad for an unlucky Moor, not of your religion. But that is not the matter. You want your liberty. The quicker you obtain it, and the farther you go from Granada, the safer you will be."

"True in substance, but difficult of solution," said Sir Raoul, thoughtfully. "You inform me that you are in the service of Zoroya, favourite sultana of the king. Now, the situation must have been of no easy attainment. I am astonished at your success, for the influence of Boabdil's mother, who is little better than a prisoner in the same tower, must necessarily be in-

considerable. There is some secret at the bottom of this. Describe the person of this idolized wife, who wields such power over Aben Hassan; for I shrewdly suspect that the prince owes more of his misfortunes to her jealousy than to the predictions of the astrologers."

"My mistress is whiter than a white dove, lovelier than the dawn, and floats about the gardens of the Alhambra like a houri from Paradise. She can speak sweetly and fairly, and her anger is fatal to those that offend her. She has as much authority in the palace as the king himself, and you may see any day his signet-ring on her snowy finger."

The Knight of the Red Cross arose and walked his prison, visibly agitated. He thought of the midnight visit of that mysterious lady, who, with the smile of a seraph and witchery of a siren, had offered him love and life and liberty! Was this the woman who had power to shape the destinies of thrones? He dared not immediately receive the astounding conviction. His mind suggested query after query. Did the sultana speak like a woman who barters all for one mad passion, or did she but try him with words of guile? He was disposed to accept the first, and more complimentary to human nature, view of her conduct.

"Ahab," he said, abruptly, "show me the ring that enabled you to pass the guards, and procure the key from the gaoler?"

Ahab held up his hand.

"It is the same," cried Mornay.

"What is the same, my master?"

"I am in doubt whether to trust you with a secret of so much importance," answered Mornay.

"You will save me the trouble of finding it out myself, if you take me into your confidence. But it is all the same."

Fully persuaded that he could rely upon the fidelity of Ahab, the knight briefly informed him of the nocturnal visit of the lady, and her object, describing as well as he could her figure, features, voice, and manner.

"I know so little of fine ladies," observed Ahab, "that I am not certain whether, when they say 'Yes,' they mean 'No,' or whether when they say 'No,' they mean 'Yes.' Their tempers change so suddenly, that you seldom know what to expect from them. Usually their anger is short and their love long. Stay a woman's anger for a day, and ten to one if it ever kindles again. To scorn the love of an ordinary damsel is bad enough, but to reject that of a sultana is a thousand-fold worse. My master, it don't appear to my poor wit that you will ever regain your freedom. The proud sultana would not care to have the tale of her proffered and rejected love made a jest of by the knights of Spain."

"Ahab, your sense expels your wit."

"Hush!" whispered the youth, making a warning gesture, and approaching the door on his toes. He returned to Mornay in a moment. "I heard some one breathing outside!" he added, softly. "I am very acute of hearing. No cat has more vigilant ears."

"What is to be done?" asked Mornay, startled at this discovery. "I would not involve you in my fate."

"I never was at a loss in my life. I know that what is to be will be, and it is all the same!"

The Moorish lad's wonderful coolness appeared in no manner disturbed. He drew out his dagger and examined it, then pushed it slowly into its sheath, and unlocking the door without noise, opened it suddenly. A swarthy slave stood unmasked and confused before them.

Ahab sprang on him, and struck him in the breast with his dagger.

The unfortunate wretch sank to the earth with a hollow moan, and after a few convulsive movements ceased to breathe.

"He will never tell what he has heard," said Ahab, wiping his weapon and returning it to his belt.

"Thou art a bold, quick lad, and I freely own that I have underrated both thy wit and thy courage."

"It is all the same," answered Ahab, stoically.

"What wilt you do with that lump of earth?" asked Mornay.

"No more than I have already done. I will not soil my hands with it. Let it remain for others to bury. It is, of no importance, whatever—slaves perish in the Alhambra daily without exciting inquiry. Burden not your mind with the circumstance, for it troubles no one in the tower. The carrion will be taken away; some one will jestingly ask how it happened, and that will be the end. Satisfy your conscience with the fact that he was in the secret service of the Sultana Zoroya. Our conversation would have been repeated, and I should have been flung from the battlements of the tower, had not my dagger stopped his tongue. It was thus written. I must leave you, my master."

"If you distrust Sadoe, the Jew, find some way to put the prince on his guard," said Mornay.

"If the Israelite comes to Granada, I shall be likely to discover him. If my suspicions of him are well founded, my mistress will know of any compact or agreement which may be made for the betrayal of Boabdil; and if her woman's tongue don't let out the secret, it will be miraculous. For your sake, I will watch everything that occurs at the palace, and communicate the same to you. I must not tarry longer. May the Prophet bring you speedy comfort and relief!"

With this friendly benediction, Ahab turned the key upon Sir Raoul and departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FEW days after Ahab's visit, Sir Raoul Mornay was taken from his dungeon, and conducted to a large square apartment not far from it.

The nature and uses of this place were at once apparent. Implements that he had never before seen, machines that he had never heard of, and horrible engines without names, met his gaze on every side. He regarded all these appalling appointments with a firm countenance.

The Moorish chief, El Zagal, stood like a dusky statue, against a column; while four lusty slaves, with bodies bared to the waist, waited, with a sort of ferocious sullenness, the orders of their superiors.

Mornay remembered that he was an English knight, and prepared himself to endure with fortitude the sufferings which he could not avert, and the penalties which he did not merit.

"Wilt thou confess?" demanded El Zagal.

"What shall I confess?" asked Sir Raoul.

"Nay, if thou standest on terms, I will put the question in a different form. Wilt thou cease to conceal?"

"The interrogatory is most vague."

El Zagal, who was looking at Mornay when he pronounced these words, saw him start and become suddenly pale.

Abaddon and Zegrin had entered together.

The coming of those singular persons had a powerful effect on Sir Raoul's mind.

He bowed slightly to the magician, and turned his regards upon that mysterious youth, Zegrin.

Notwithstanding the latter's face and hands were stained with the juices of plants, the features were unmistakably like those of the lady who had come to him in his prison.

Let what would come of it, he resolved not to betray her secret, but to treat her precisely the same as if she were simply Zegrin, the assistant and accomplice of Abaddon.

The demeanour of the disguised lady confirmed him in his determination; for she noticed him no more than on former occasions.

Her eyes were downcast, her manner self-occupied and modest.

"You have come," said Mornay, calmly, addressing the magician, "to witness the truth of your predictions. I know not what strength God may give me, but I shall endeavour to bear my sufferings with the fortitude and resignation of a Christian knight, and an innocent man. When your own hour of pain comes, may it find your conscience as clear as mine."

He looked at El Zagal, and added:

"Let your sullen hounds begin!"

"I am here, not so much to test the truth of my art, as to see how one so valiant, when in the full enjoyment of the healthful functions of life, will bear the agonies which he affected to despise," answered Abaddon, his cold eyes glittering.

"If this be your only purpose, you are welcome. May you be less satisfied than when the matchlock failed to fulfil your treachery. Were I King of Granada, you and your swindling brethren should dangle from the Alhambra's highest walls!"

"Worthy Abaddon," interrupted El Zagal, "be ready to take down, in characters, this Christian's confession. Slaves, lay hold of him, and let us try his nerves with a snow-testing machine."

Mornay invoked all the saints, commended his soul to God, and submitted unresistingly to the tormentors. In a few moments, his manly form was stretched upon the rack, and the slaves stood watching at the levers.

"Your name is Sir Raoul Mornay?" said El Zagal.

The knight replied in the affirmative.

"Sage Abaddon, write his name at the top of your page. His confession will follow."

"El Zagal," said Mornay, "I have heard of you as a brave and hardy soldier; and as a soldier, I ask you once more, what is required of me?"

The swarthy chief seemed moved by this appeal.

"To answer like a soldier," he replied. "We wish simply to extort from you such information as may lead to the arrest of Mahomet Abdallah, also called Boabdil. This is the main part of the inquiry, and its

truthful exposition will assure your liberty; while obstinacy will as surely result in your destruction. Shall I proceed or stay my hand?"

"Do as your master bids you. My honour seals my lips."

Zegrim had imperceptibly neared the machine; and with the coiled lamp in his hand, the two red jets darting upward, like the angry tongue of the reptile it represented, contrived to attract the attention of the principal agent in operating the engine.

Mornay could not tell whether he addressed any words to the slave; but he did see a threatening glitter in his eyes that awed the trembling vassal.

El Zagal lifted his hand, the great rollers moved, the pulleys creaked, and Mornay felt a tension in his limbs.

(To be continued.)

ELEANOR CREVELING.

THE snow was clicking softly against the windows of the unpretending yet substantial old city mansion—windows whose draperies of deep red velvet, lined with delicate pink silk, cast a rosy glow over the marble mantels, and carved cornices; and the rose-wood clock on the dainty bracket above the pier table had just struck four.

Four o'clock! and Eleanor Creveling, rousing herself from some all-engrossing reverie, looked wearily up at the miniature dial, wondering at the slow progress of time. Only four o'clock!

She was dark, and very handsome, with brilliant black eyes, whose white lids drooped with a weary weight, and cheeks of olive tint, while there was not a vestige of enlivening colour about the heavy black dress she wore. And, altogether, there was a look in Mrs. Creveling's fair face that spoke of some great crisis of grief or calamity, grappled with and undergone.

"Eleanor! Nelly! Are you there?"

The door had noiselessly swung open, and a slender blue-eyed girl, looking not unlike an animated apple-blossom in her pink merino dress, and cheeks and lips to match, tripped into the room.

Mrs. Creveling's marble lips parted in an involuntary smile.

"Mary—darling—what is it? Has he gone?"

Mary Davenant knelt on the carpet at her cousin's side, and opened a flat velvet case that heretofore she had carried half hidden in the folds of her dress.

"See, Nelly! From him!"

"Diamonds!" ejaculated Mrs. Creveling. "And superb diamonds! Mary, it is a gift worthy a queen's acceptance."

She fastened the necklace of sparkling stones round Mary Davenant's slender throat, watching the shifting glimmers of white fire with rapturous admiration.

"Truly, darling," she said, with a tender smile, "Paul Carroll is a princely lover. Such gifts as these are as rare as they are splendid."

Mary's cheek flushed up.

"I should love him just as dearly, Nelly, were he poorer than the humblest labourer."

Eleanor Creveling's face grew sad.

"I dreamed the same thing once, Mary—yes, and I woke from the dream."

"Dearest Nelly! and I too may be a widow in the days that are to come. But I should die, Nelly. I cannot fancy how you lived on, with your husband in his grave."

Mrs. Creveling's jetty brows contracted with an involuntary spasm.

"We never know how much we can endure, Mary, until the time of trial comes."

"But, Nelly, tell me about your husband."

"I had rather not speak of him, dear."

"Oh, pardon my careless words, Nelly. I should have remembered that the wound can scarcely yet be healed."

She threw her arms caressingly round Mrs. Creveling's neck, and there was a moment's silence. And then the servant entered to light the gas, and the brief tête-à-tête was over.

"Mrs. Creveling, ma'am—I beg your pardon for interrupting you—but there is a person below asking to see you."

It was past ten o'clock—the snow still clicking on the window, and the wind shrieking down the chimney—and Eleanor was sitting alone in the drawing-room absorbed in a book.

"A person, Saunders?" she repeated, mechanically.

"It must be a mistake."

"No, ma'am, it isn't," persisted the servant. "It's a common-looking man, ma'am, with his face muffled up, like, and I showed him into the reception-room, ma'am—his wet feet would have ruined this carpet."

Eleanor shut her book.

"I'll go down, Saunders, and see what he wants."

She drew the heavy mourning shawl over her

shoulders and went down the softly carpeted stairway, thinking to herself that it was some mistake.

A single gas-burner glowed brilliantly over the reception-room mantel, and as she entered, its light fell full on the face of a shabbily-dressed man who stood leaning over a chair.

"Eleanor!"

Her face blanched to ashy whiteness, and a wild smothered shriek escaped from her lips, as she caught at a table to sustain her falling limbs.

"Hush!" ejaculated the man, brutally gripping her arm.

"Let go my arm!" she gasped. "How dare you touch me?"

"Well, then, stop your screaming—unless you want the whole household summoned in to witness the interview between you and your dear husband."

She turned on him with sharp, sudden agony.

"Richard, this is not fair! You promised me that I should never look upon your face more."

He uttered a short, derisive laugh.

"Do you suppose I come here as a mere matter of pleasure, Mrs. Creveling? Not if it's necessity drives me to it. I must have money!"

"Money! Did I not give you all I had?"

"Well, you were pretty well drained, I must confess. But that's not the question just at present. I tell you I must have more! I've got entangled—involved—no matter how—and nothing short of a golden rope will pull me out of the stream."

"How came you back here? I thought—"

"You thought I was safe in Germany, my love? The climate didn't agree with me, Nelly—in short, it got too hot to hold me. I heard of an advantageous opening in London—and to England I came."

"But you promised me never to return!"

"So I did, my dear—but one can't always control Fate, you know. At all events, here I am—and, Nell, I must have three hundred pounds by this time next week!"

"Three hundred pounds! Richard, you are mad!"

"I am like to be, at this rate!" he retorted, savagely. "Look here, Eleanor; I don't ask you if you've any affection left for me, for that sort of thing's over between us long ago; but if you've a spark of pride or self-respect, you'd better raise the funds; or else there'll be a general exposure—an explanation with the police, Mrs. Creveling—and your husband's name will be a by-word high and low! I tell you I can't help myself; I'm in a trap set by keener heads than mine; and I must have money, or else—"

"Well?"

"Die a felon's death, as scapegoat for the villain who have slipped their own heads out of the noose!"

"Die, then!" exclaimed Eleanor, passionately. "Do you suppose there is a lingering spark of regard in my heart towards the man who has darkened the prospects of my whole life?"

"No, certainly not," returned Mr. Creveling, drumming carelessly with his hands on the mantle. "I said so before, I think, and appealed merely to your pride. Will you be kind enough to ring up your cousin's servants?"

"For what?"

"To prepare a room for me, darling, and bring some warm water and a boot-jack. If I'm going to be arrested it shall be in a comfortable place."

"Stop!" ejaculated Eleanor, as he leaned towards the bell-rope. "I—I will try for the money. Only go away—only leave me!"

"Now that's sensible," said the fellow, with a confirmatory oath. "I always knew you were game, Eleanor; and see here, my girl, if you once succeed in helping me out of this scrape, I don't mind pledging you my word that I'll never return to this country again."

"Your word?" she repeated, in accents of the bitterest scorn.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ay, but I mean to keep it this time; particularly as it will be as much as my neck's worth to show myself here again. When will you have the money ready, Mrs. Creveling?"

"When must you have it?"

"This time next week is the latest I can wait."

"Very well; I will send it to you."

"No, my dear—I prefer you should bring it yourself."

He tore a fly-leaf from an elegantly-bound volume lying near, and scrawled a hurried address.

"Bring it to that place, Nell, at five in the afternoon, and things will be all right. Adieu, my dear wife—as reverend!"

And he had vanished out of the door before Eleanor had fairly read the almost illegible words.

White and rigid as a walking corpse, Eleanor Creveling returned to the warmth and brightness of the drawing-room, but not to the quiet perusal of the volume she had laid down.

She sank on the sofa, hiding her cold face among

its cushions, with a heart whose agony of despair can hardly be conceived, much less described.

The grey light of dawn was just struggling through the curtains of Mrs. Creveling's room, as Mary Davenant's soft accents mingled with the troubled thread of her dreams, and Eleanor, opening her eyes, saw her cousin, in a travelling dress and bonnet, standing at her bedside.

"I am telegraphed for, Nelly. Aunt Teresa is dying, and I must go to her by the very first train. Here are the keys and things, and, Nelly—"

"Yes!"

"The diamonds, dear—in this case. You'll take special care of them, won't you? Justine Fenington says they are worth over three hundred pounds. Good-by, love; I shan't be gone more than two or three days."

Eleanor sat up in bed, with the soft fragrance of Mary's kiss yet hovering on her pale lips, forgetful of all save one brief sentence.

"Three hundred pounds! They are worth three hundred pounds! Oh, Mary, if you only knew!"

The palace of jewels and bijouterie was nearly full that bright February afternoon as Paul Carroll sauntered leisurely through its marble aisles, and approached the railed-in desk where Frank Trevor, the junior partner, was perched on a high stool, glancing over some accounts.

"Frank, are you busy?"

"Not particularly. I'm never too busy for you, Carroll, you know. What's wanting now?"

He slipped down from his stool and came genially out, passing his arm through Carroll's.

"Anything nice for la belle Marie?"

"Yes. I was thinking of a bracelet—"

"Set with rubies? There was a superb pattern came in last night. How do you like these?"

"Pretty well. The stones are of course real?"

"They are real!" returned Trevor, shrugging his shoulders. "The 'of course' isn't my commendation."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the young man, laughing, "that this world isn't half so honest as it is used to be, and the false is sometimes scarcely less brilliant than the genuine."

"Do you suppose I could not tell the difference?" said Carroll, a little superciliously.

"I know you could not, in some instances. See here, Paul—we don't talk of such things generally, but you and I are old cronies. A young lady brought a diamond necklace here, a few days since—an imported article—whose stones were magnificent. And what do you suppose she wanted?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"That we should purchase the real stones, replacing them with paste, so perfectly that none but a jeweller could pronounce that they were not the genuine diamonds."

"And did you?"

"Certainly. The necklace will be sent home tonight—probably to flaunt its deceitful lustre in the eyes of some duped husband or papa. Would you like to see it?"

"Very much!"

Frank Trevor disappeared in the throng; a minute or two after he returned, bearing a velvet casket, which he opened with a spring.

"There—I call that no bad counterfeit presentment. We gave four hundred pounds for the diamonds; these are scarcely worth fifty; yet they have a pretty sparkle too. Why, Paul, what's the matter? You are ill?"

Paul Carroll had bent over the gaudy trinket, whose peculiar setting could hardly be mistaken, with a face whiter than death.

"Not ill; but, Frank Trevor, this is the necklace I gave Mary Davenant the night after our betrothal!"

"Impossible!"

"I would it were impossible; but I cannot be mistaken. I ordered this necklace from Paris—and she—"

"I am sorry for you, Paul, Carroll!" ejaculated Trevor, in a low, earnest voice. "From the bottom of my heart I am sorry for you, old fellow!"

"So lovely, yet so deceitful!" murmured Carroll, setting his teeth together. "I would have given my right hand that this thing had not happened. And it is at so low a rate that she values the token of my love! Well, it is over now. I have been a dupe—yet not so complete a dupe as Miss Mary Davenant hoped and intended."

He turned and walked silently out of the establishment, while Frank Trevor looked after him and mentally ejaculated:

"Blockhead that I am! why couldn't I have held my tongue, and kept the tricks of the trade to myself?"

It was the fatal Friday afternoon on which Mrs.

Creveling was to have the last interview with the fallen, degraded man whom she called husband; and she had just attained herself for walking, when a low tap sounded at the door.

"Mrs. Creveling, surely, ma'am, you are not going out in this rain?"

"I am, Watson," returned Eleanor, briefly. "I beg your pardon," coughed the woman—"but would you please step into Miss Mary's room a minute as you go by? I don't think she's well."

Eleanor Creveling stayed to hear no more, but went direct to her cousin's room.

Watson was right. Mary Davenant sat on the floor, with her head buried in the silken cushions of an easy-chair, while on the carpet beside her lay an open letter.

"Mary, my own love, what is it?"

Mary Davenant pushed the letter towards her cousin without lifting her face, and Eleanor took it up with strangely conflicting sensations, and read the few cold words that had been such a death-blow to Mary's happiness.

"Miss DAVENANT—You will scarcely be surprised at my resigning all right or title to your hand and heart after the singular disposal you have made of my betrothal gift. Do not trouble yourself to reply to this note, as any further attempts at dissimulation will be totally in vain.

"PAUL CARROLL."

"What does it mean?" wailed poor Mary. "What have I said or done to forfeit his love? And what does the word dissimulation signify? Oh, Eleanor, my heart is breaking!"

Eleanor Creveling said not a word. She merely laid the note in her cousin's hand, and went on her way.

"Discouraged!" she murmured to herself, while every pulse seemed to stand still. "And shall I win a hollow peace at the expense of Mary Davenant's happiness? Not if the whole world urges me on! Could the secret but have remained inviolate one short month, I could have replaced the jewels. As it is—I can't at least do it!"

Mr. Paul Carroll's confidential servant opened his eyes wide as the tall lady in black demanded to see his master.

"Mr. Carroll is at home, madam, but he told me he did not wish to be disturbed."

"No matter—I must see him."

And to Fiske's great indignation, the lady walked past him, and tapped calmly at the study door.

"Mr. Carroll!"

"Mrs. Creveling!"

And Eleanor told the whole story of her daring exchange of jewels.

"Mary knows nothing of it; in her innocence, she values the paste-gems as highly as the white-watered diamonds; and to her your note is incomprehensible."

"But, Mrs. Creveling, may I ask why—"

"Ask nothing," said Eleanor, imperiously. "My lips are sealed, save in Mary Davenant's vindication. I return you the four hundred pounds. The person for whom I risked all this does not deserve that his safety should be purchased with Mary Davenant's happiness. Had the substitution remained unknown—but I do not question Fate!"

Paul Carroll rose and stood at the door.

"I will go to Mary at once. I will ask her pardon for my vile suspicions, and promise never to doubt her pure truth more. Mrs. Creveling, will you accompany me?"

"I cannot, Mr. Carroll. I have one favour to ask of you. Do not, any further than is necessary, betray my share in this plot. Let Mary still believe in her loving cousin, for such indeed I am!"

"Believe me, your secret shall be respected," said Paul, courteously bowing an adieu to the pale guest whose face seemed as if it were sculptured in stone.

Through the narrow and sordid streets, where vice and poverty congregate in sickening swarms—through noisome lanes and reeking alleys, Eleanor Creveling's swift footsteps sped onward, while her mind's eye, abstracted far enough from all outward surroundings, scanned the future with a dim despair.

"It has come at last," she pondered—"the exposure, the disgrace, worse than death, and I have no power to avert the trumpet blast of infamy. Well, be it so; I am weary of this restless strife with destiny. One event is certain—I will not live to hear my name coupled with that of the outcast—the felon!"

There was a little crowd gathered round the green baize doors of the place which Richard Creveling's note indicated, but Eleanor was not one to be lightly diverted from her purpose.

She pressed through the throng, and pushed open the door.

Barrels piled one over another, a sanded floor, and a counter garnished with rows of bottles, sufficiently

bespoke the character of the place, but as she advanced, a rough-looking man touched her sleeve.

"Better go back, lady. There's a sight in there not fit for eyes like yours to look upon; better go back."

"What do you mean?" demanded Eleanor, recoiling.

"There was a disturbance here 'bout half an hour ago, and Dandy Dick was killed. His body lies in there, waiting for the inquest."

"I must go in, were there a dozen corpses!" urged Mrs. Creveling, pushing forward in a sort of desperation; her only idea that of despatching her business and retreating as soon as possible.

There were a dozen or so of curious lookers on around the dead body, but its face, serenely calm in a sort of savage beauty, was turned towards her—the face of Richard Creveling!

No need for the sparkling jewels now—no need for the ill-gotten money—death had settled all accounts for ever!

Eleanor Creveling—poor, hunted, despairing Eleanor—felt no pang of sorrow in the moment that she looked on her dead husband's brow; she scarcely felt a shock, so numbed and torpid were all her powers; but the only sensation that found its way to her heart was one of intense, overmastering relief. At last—at last she was free!

And all that complex network of plans by which Richard Creveling had become the dupe and victim of longer-headed knaves than himself, was broken through by his violent death.

The inquest was hurried over—a man more or less, killed in a street brawl—and Richard Creveling was laid in the grave under the assumed name he had always borne, unwept and unlamented, a fitting end to a life like his.

And on Mary Davenant's bridal eve, Eleanor, now a widow indeed, told her of the fiery ordeal through which she had passed, and entreated her cousin's forgiveness.

"Forgive you, my poor Nelly—of course I forgive you! What must you have suffered! yet thank heaven it is over now. And this was the mystery of the diamond necklace!"

A. R.

TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH.

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possessed of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce the favourite part in all.

Churchill.

FROM the day of the denouement of the picture, in which the jealousy of Mademoiselle Josephine was so signally exposed, and which ended in that lady's quitting the house, to the great delight of the rest of the lodgers, Mrs. Watkins felt an increased interest in the welfare of Sally and her little protégée. Their evenings, when not engaged at the theatre, were spent with her. It is almost superfluous to add, that from these cheerful rambles the young painter was not excluded. His manly declaration when discovered in the chamber of poor Sally, together with the delicate compliment of the portrait, won the heart as well as the confidence of his landlady.

It was from no doubt, therefore, either of his honour or the prudence of Sally, that the old actress exacted a promise from each that for the future their interviews should take place in her presence.

The evil surmises of the world, as she observed, often put wicked thoughts into the hearts of those who otherwise would have remained pure.

The young lovers submitted with a good grace to this restriction—which, after all, was no very great hardship, since their Mentor permitted them to walk every Sunday for several hours in the park by themselves; and four nights in the week Barry saw the object of his affection safe home from the theatre—always, be it understood, with Meg to play propriety.

The good old creature contented herself by following them at a respectful distance, and generally paused a minute or two after they had entered St. Martin's Court, to give time for the parting word—the parting kiss.

As the painter used to observe, it was extraordinary what tact she had acquired.

Fanny—whose profound awe of the rustling faded brocade, stately manners, and tawdry head-dress of the mistress of the house, had gradually given way to that feeling of confidence and affection which kindness is sure to inspire in the heart of childhood—became the pet of the whole house. As for the blind lieutenant, he was never tired of listening to her voice.

To him it was as a melody of the past—a dream of his youth. Every time he heard her singing upon the stairs or in the room above—for old Weitzer insisted upon giving her lessons, in music—the solitary man would gently open the door of his chamber and listen, with the tears streaming down his venerable cheeks.

In declamation the landlady undertook to instruct Fanny herself—that was a duty to be intrusted to no other hands. The task, however, proved not so easy as the old actress had imagined. Her pupil frequently startled her by some sudden burst of sensibility totally at variance with the antiquated traditions of the school in which Mrs. Watkins had been trained.

"It was not exactly bad," her instructress used to observe; "only it was so exceedingly odd!"

Genius generally does appear odd, according to the notions of those who judge it from their own point of view—which is seldom elevated above mediocrity.

But even, with these defects—for such she considered them—her kind friend felt delighted with the progress of Fanny; her voice possessed those low, rich, murmuring tones which feeling and passion only breathe—tones such as Shakespeare loved.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman!

"She will be a great actress," Mrs. Watkins frequently used to declare. "I shall live again in my pupil."

"Main God! No—no! She shall be wine singer!"

Such was the reply of Herr Weitzer, who could not endure the thought of such a voice being thrown away—as he termed it, to the great indignation of the old actress—"upon Shakespeare and de stage."

At such times the lady would draw herself up to her full height, and remind her lodger, in a tone of freezing dignity—which, by-the-by, was quite thrown away on the poor German—that Miss Fanny was her pupil, and destined for the legitimate profession.

In the magnificence of her ideas of the stage, the speaker classed the lyric drama, pantomimes, and farces in the same category.

"All very well," she would say, "after the play!"

Covent Garden at last was about to open for the winter season, and Sally, to her great delight, was engaged at the enormous salary of one guinea per week. This was during the management of John Kemble, when his sister, Mrs. Jordan, Blanchard, Munden, and the late Mrs. Glover adorned the stage. Where, alas! are we to look for their successors?

To the warm-hearted girl the addition of six shillings a-week to her income was an accession of wealth absolutely embarrassing. She felt puzzled how to dispose of it. Her first thought was of Fanny—her dreams were of new frocks, a cloak and bonnet for her protégée; but before deciding she determined upon consulting Mrs. Watkins on so important an occasion.

Her landlady heard her with a benevolent smile.

"You forget," she observed, "the five guineas!" Sally had either forgotten them, or considered that the old lady was fully entitled to them for the care she had taken of Fanny—who since the death of the signora had not earned a shilling! She expressed as much.

"No—no!" said the actress. "True, our state is somewhat altered, but we are not reduced to eat the orphan's bread!"

After much reflection and consultation, it was at last decided: that the money should be expended in clothing the child for the winter—an outlay the more necessary, as she had long meditated a project for the advantage of her pupil.

About a week before the opening of the theatre, Mrs. Watkins directed Fanny to equip herself in her new dress, and be ready at twelve the following day to accompany her upon a visit.

It was so rare an event for her to leave the house, that the announcement created quite a sensation.

Whilst Sally superintended the toilette of the orphan, Meg was no less assiduous in arranging that of her mistress, whose black lace cardinal she had revived the day before. It was a relic of the actress's former splendour, and only paraded on very solemn occasions.

The young painter, who had been invited to escort them, was ready to the hour, and dressed in his very best.

Poor Meg, to use her own words, had a tedious work of it: such pinning, fastening, and alteration before the old lady was fully satisfied.

The faithful creature endured the petulance and caprices of her aged mistress with the most untiring good humour; and "Thank you, Margaret! that will do very nicely!" which at last rewarded her patience, was sufficient recompense.

Exactly as the clock struck twelve, Mrs. Watkins, in the full glory of her many-coloured satins, lace, and furbelows, sallied into St. Martin's Court, leaning on the arm of Barry, whose quiet, gentlemanly appearance toned down the somewhat too striking

dress of his companion—little Fanny, still in deep mourning, held by his disengaged hand.

As the neighbours appeared at the doors and windows of the narrow court to admire them, the actress grasped her tall, gold-headed cane more firmly, and walked with increased dignity. She felt that all eyes were upon her; she was again, as the French say, *en scène*.

"May I inquire where we are going?" demanded the gentleman, who mentally trusted that the distance would prove a short one—for, much as he respected his venerable landlady, he began to suspect there was something like ridicule attached to his position.

"To Covent Garden!" replied Mrs. Watkins, in a solemn tone.

"Market, madam?"

"No, sir—theatre!" said the lady, with a dignity which was intended to impress him with the importance of the news; "the temple of Shakespeare and the drama! It is long since I paid a visit to my former colleagues! I am about to present my pupil!"

"Fanny?"

The actress nodded in the affirmative.

"She is too young for the stage!" observed the painter.

His venerable companion explained to him that *King John* was about to be produced with extraordinary splendour. "Mrs. Siddons was to be the Constance, her brothers John and Charles the King and Faulconbridge; and the Arthur," she added, with a look of triumph, "if I have any influence left, our darling Fanny!"

This was the project which the retired actress had meditated for her *protégée*—a project in which benevolence and vanity were both combined. The engagement would be of serious advantage to the child in a pecuniary point of view, and, as her pupil, a source of intense gratification to herself.

With far less annoyance than the painter expected, she partly passed through Covent Garden. The basket women scarcely knew whether to laugh or curtsy at the stately vision which sailed majestically past them. Fortunately, before they had time to decide, it had disappeared from their gaze.

In Bow Street—where there is always a crowd of idlers hanging round the police offices and the theatre-matters at one time began to look threatening. Several rather equivocal expressions by the would-be wits of the day were made. One uttered an observation rather loudly about the Queen of Sheba taking an airing; whilst another, quoting Scripture, declared, "That Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

At last, to his infinite relief, they reached the stage door.

"Whom do you want, ma'am?" inquired the door-keeper.

"I am going to the green-room!" answered Mrs.

Watkins, with great dignity.

"Can't pass, ma'am—orders most strict!"

"My name is Watkins, ma'am!" exclaimed the lady.

"Dare say it is, ma'am, but it's not on the list!"

"Don't know you!"

"Don't know you!"

And yet five years previously she had been in the habit of passing him daily—for nearly forty years had been a member of the company. The words fell with a dull, earth-like sound upon the ears of the once popular actress. Forgotten—forgotten, even by the stage door-keeper. Perhaps she mentally asked herself if the public had a better memory.

At this instant the manager arrived: he was then in the very zenith of his popularity—courted by royalty—the very glass of fashion—and, let us add, in its best form—that of a perfect gentleman.

Well does the author recollect the magnificent John Kemble, who came on a visit to his father's house when he—the writer—was a mere child. The actor used to take him upon his knee and make him recite the soliloquy from *Cato*.

How the world has changed since then. Dreams have become realities—hopes ashes—and—Pshaw! digressing again!

The Thespian monarch recognized the old actress in an instant, and gracefully extended his hand.

The door-keeper felt that the old lady was some one whom he ought have remembered, and drew back from the entrance.

"What brings you to court, fair lady?" demanded the manager, "where for those long years past we lacked your gracious presence?"

"A boon, my lord!" replied the actress, in the same theatrical tone.

"Speak! I am bound to hear!"

"So art thou to grant, when thou shalt hear!" answered Mrs. Watkins, playfully changing the text of Shakespeare to suit her purpose.

John Kemble gave the old lady his arm to conduct her to the green-room—Barry and Fanny following, as a matter of course—the Cerberus at the door was muzzled.

To the young painter, the introduction to the green-room of Covent Garden was more than an event—it was a study. The mortification and apprehension he had so lately endured were amply recompensed.

In a chair which had figured the preceding night as the throne of the guilty Thane, was seated Mrs. Siddons, waiting the commencement of the rehearsal. Her person already had begun to assume that matron outline which rendered her the dignified representative of Voluptuosa and Constance. She was beautiful still—not with the freshness of youth, but life's maturer graces.

Time, as if loath to touch perfection, even to the last laid his hand most leniently upon her.

Her brother Charles was leaning over her chair, endeavouring to dispel her ill-humour at the non-arrival of John, whose absence delayed the rehearsal.

Blanchard, Bannister, and Egerton—Silver-toned Egerton, as he was called—were listening to a capital story, which Fawcett, the stage manager, was relating about Mrs. Jordan and the Duke of Clarence.

The witty actress, in reply to a letter in which her royal lover informed her that the king thought the allowance he made her—£600 a-year—too much, tore off the bottom of a play-bill, and sent it him.

At that time, after the prices to the various parts of the theatre, the following line appeared on the bills of the day:

"No money returned after the rise of the curtain."

Besides those I have named, there were many literary loungers of the day who had their *entrées* into the green-room—no mean privilege! In those days—and several of the principal members of the company—it being Saturday or treasury day.

The appearance of John Kemble, with their former comrade on his arm, was welcomed by a burst of pleasure. Even the august brows of Mrs. Siddons relaxed. The old lady had been a general favourite. The position she had held in her profession had been too distinguished to be forgotten, and yet not sufficiently brilliant to excite envy or jealousy.

"It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!" exclaimed Blanchard, with a start, at the same time giving an excellent imitation of the manager.

"Oh, Romeo—Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" reply Mrs. Watkins, answering him from the same play.

The joke told—for Blanchard played only the old men, in which line he was inimitable.

Munden entered the green-room, looking exceedingly discontented. He had just received his salary, and the treasurer had given him a light guinea.

"Hast thou forgotten Jaffer?" said Fawcett, pointing to his old acquaintance.

"My grief was blind! I did not see your grace!" muttered the penurious actor, at the same time dropping the coin into his purse; "I did not see your grace! Most humbly on my knee I crave your blessing!"

We need scarcely remind our readers that this is one of Richard the Third's speeches to his mother, the Duchess of York.

"Thou hast it!" said the old actress, taking up the cue: she hesitated—the words which followed appeared like a satire.

"May thy charitable heart and mind," whispered Blanchard, prompting her, "love one another!"

The laugh was general—even Munden joined in it. Actors were merry creatures in those days, when quips and quirkas passed harmless.

To the young painter all this was delightful. "What an admirable picture it would make!" he thought—and the thought was not destined to remain barren.

It was not till the close of the rehearsal that Mrs. Watkins found occasion to solicit the manager that he would give Fanny a trial in the part of Prince Arthur—the request was an ambitious one.

"She is my pupil!" added the pleader.

John Kemble "hum'd and ha'd," and referred her to Mrs. Siddons, who very graciously consented to hear the child rehearse the part in her own dressing-room—her brothers and Barry forming the audience.

"Don't be alarmed, my love!" said the old actress, encouragingly; "we are all friends! Now begin the first speech!"

Her *protégée* commenced: "Heaven shall forgive you Ocar de Lion's death!"

"Hand to heaven!" whispered her instructress.

"The rather that you give his offspring life—"

"Shadowing their rights under your wing of war."

"Arms extended."

"I give you welcome with a perilous hand—"

"Hold it out!"

"But with a heart full of unsound love."

"Hand to heart."

"Welcome before the gates of Anjou's duke!"

"Shake hands with Austria."

This was the last interruption poor Fanny was

subjected to by her benevolent friend—who looked upon the rules of the *ricoco* school of acting, in which she had been a professor, as upon the laws of the Medes and Persians—things which altered not.

"Don't confuse her!" whispered Charles Kemble, good-naturedly; "you can correct her action by-and-by!"

The rest of the scene was rehearsed to the satisfaction both of the manager and—what was of still greater importance—of his sister—who expressed herself perfectly willing to accept Fanny as the Arthur of the play.

The point was gained, and the triumph of the benevolent old lady complete. Her pupil was engaged at the nightly salary of five shillings during the run of the piece.

On leaving the theatre, *fortunately* it rained; we say fortunately, for it gave Barry an excuse for sending for a hackney-coach, and so avoiding the ridicule of once more parading through the streets with his venerable but eccentric-looking friend.

During the rehearsals, which lasted a month—they did not produce a play of Shakespeare's in a week in those days—it was with the utmost difficulty that Mrs. Watkins could be prevented from accompanying Fanny every day to the theatre.

Under the plea that her health would suffer from the exertion, Sally and her lover at last persuaded her to intrust her pupil to their care. The future actress and the painter alike profited by it. It released the child from the restraint which the whispered instructions of Mrs. Watkins would have imposed, and enabled the latter to complete his studies for the picture, the first idea of which had been suggested by his visit to the green-room.

The night—the important night—at last arrived: *King John*, with new dresses, scenery, and decorations, was to be given to the public. Barry, it was arranged, should escort his landlady—who had the *entrée* as a matter of right, after so many years' services, to the boxes. Meg and Madame Weitzer were to go to the pit: as for the old musician, he positively refused to be present: his indignation at his pupil—as he persisted in calling Fanny—being sacrificed to *Shakespeare* as he invariably pronounced the name of the immortal bard—was too great.

"Mein Gott—mein Gott!" he exclaimed; "mit such fine voice for de Opera!"

It is not to be supposed that the talents of a child, however great, could obtain much notice, contrasted with the genius of such masters of their art as John Kemble and his sister; still in the earlier parts of the play there were murmurs of applause, which became more energetic in the scene with Hubert.

Mrs. Watkins was in ecstasies.

"I taught her!" she frequently observed to her companion, jealous lest her share in the triumph of her pupil should be forgotten.

In the fourth act, where Arthur leaps from the tower and is killed, the audience were excited to the highest pitch by what they supposed the extraordinary acting of Fanny.

No sooner had she raised herself on one arm, after the fall, than her features became violently agitated. Her eyes rolled with an expression of intense agony.

With apparent difficulty, such as might be expected in the death-struggle of the martyred child, she uttered the lines:

Ah me! my uncle's spirit's in these stones!
Heaven take my soul and England keep my bones.

Her gaze suddenly fell, and she sank upon the stage so naturally that a round of applause followed.

"Beautiful!" muttered Barry.

The old actress made no reply.

She had not taught her that—it was against all her ideas of acting.

But was it acting? No! Fanny had recognized in the first row of the pit the eyes of her old enemy, Miles, glaring like those of a famished wolf ready to seize its prey, fixed upon her: hence her look of agony, her broken voice, and the real, not affected, insensibility that followed.

When the actor who at the conclusion of the scene had to raise her in his arms and bear her off, lifted her from the ground, he found to his surprise that she was cold and senseless. A surgeon had to be sent for.

"How fortunate," thought the prompter, "that she had finished her part!"

A nervous fever ensued; it was weeks before the little sufferer was pronounced out of danger, during which time old Meg frequently observed a suspicious rough-looking fellow lingering in the court.

Once he ventured to ask her if any one was ill, and tried to draw her into conversation—but Meg had no time to waste, and repelled his advances with more than her usual gruffness.

"*Shakespeare* shall not have her!" exclaimed the German musician, with a chuckle, the first time he heard the sound of her voice after her recovery; "I will make her great singer yet!"

During Fanny's illness, the curiosity of those who watched over her was greatly excited by her ravings. Frequently, in the most piteous accents, she implored them not to let Miles come near her; at other times she would hold her arms out as if they were tied, and ask only to be permitted to say her prayers.

Neither Mrs. Watkins, Sally, Barry, nor Meg could make it out.

The latter, who happened to be present when the sufferer was sufficiently strong to relate her fearful recollections of the scene when the harlequin rescued her from her intended murderer, suddenly remembered the man in the court, and could not avoid exclaiming, as she clenched her not very delicate fist:

"Only let me catch him again!"

"Again," repeated Fanny, turning white with terror; "have you, too, seen him?"

Barry made the old woman a sign to be cautious. "Didn't you say he was in the pit?" replied Meg, with great presence of mind; "on the front row—near to me and the German up-stairs? We both saw him, with his ugly eyes fixed upon you as if he could devour you! But don't be afraid, darling!" she added; "if ever I see him again, I promise you, faithfully I'll strangle him!"

All present smiled at the quiet energy with which Meg expressed her not very feminine resolution. In reality it was no laughing matter—for, with her extraordinary strength and devotion to those whom she loved, she was as likely as not to keep her word.

The young painter resolved to question her yet more closely upon this subject in private. For several weeks after hearing her description of the man, he kept a close look-out. But Miles, if it was Miles, no longer ventured into the court.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

THREE Cornish engines have drained the Lake of Haarlem, which contained 800,000,000 tons of water, a quantity which would supply London for seven years, and which covered 45,250 acres to an average depth of fourteen feet. These engines, when all the pumps are working, are capable of raising 109 tons of water ten feet at each stroke.

SPOT ON THE SUN.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to be informed that the very remarkable solar spot which first made its appearance on the south-western limb of the sun on the 7th of October last, and was distinctly visible to the unaided eye for many consecutive days, can now be seen again on the south-western limb, having been brought round again to view through the sun's rotation.

It is inferred to be the same identical spot—not so much from its magnitude and form, as from the period of time at which it was expected and from its position, though somewhat nearer the heliacal equator. It has been seen through an equatorial of 9 ft. focal length and of 6 in. aperture.

In some observations on Sun Spots which appeared recently in this journal, we gave numerous details respecting the spot which appeared in October last. Whether the spot which is noticed in the above communication be identical with the former one, can scarcely be definitely ascertained at present. The large spot now on the solar disc is not visible without the aid of a telescope, though a very small optical power—about 30—will suffice. With this it presents as elongated penumbra, enclosing two unequal black spots, the smaller being situated nearest the sun's equator.

Three other spots, much smaller and fainter than the two preceding ones, are also now observable on the solar disc, with the same telescopic power.

While on the subject, we may add, as an appendix to our recent notice of the sun's spots, that a telescope of six-inch aperture is now fitted up at the Kew Observatory of the Royal Society, under the superintendence of Mr. De la Rue, for the purpose of taking daily photographic delineations of the sun's surface.

The experiments have as yet been attended with complete success; and, combined with the valuable independent observations of such gentlemen as Mr. Carrington, Mr. Nasmyth, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Brodie, and others, important results in the field of solar observation may be expected.

Already, in fact, from a strict examination of the sun pictures obtained at Kew, and from Mr. Carrington's maps, Mr. De la Rue and his assistants have arrived at the conclusion that the sun spots are cavernous, and lie below the general level of the luminous surface.

They further conclude that this luminous surface is of the nature of cloud, and that the spots appear to be influenced by the planet Venus. This is very strongly borne out both by Mr. Carrington's pictures and those taken at Kew; and it would seem that the influence

of Venus is exerted in such a manner that, as the spots approach, by the sun's rotation, the neighbourhood of the planet, they decrease; but as the solar surface passes away, in the same manner, from before the planet, the spots break out on its opposite side.

With respect to the penumbra of the spots, Weiss noticed, in the course of last year, two spots, both bordered by penumbra, one of which was partly concealed by the penumbra of the other. This observation, if confirmed, would be a very strong argument in favour of the superincumbent cloud theory.

The theory, however, would appear to be open to doubt; for Mr. Howlett, who noticed the same spots as Weiss, states that, in his opinion, their appearance on the occasion was due to their mottled and patchy aspect, "exhibiting a disposition to run into wavy bands of different degrees of luminosity." The wavy bands affected the whole of the penumbra, and not merely such parts as might overlap.

V. FASSEL.

NEW METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE HEIGHT OF THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

As the height of the earth's atmosphere is still a debatable question, I would suggest a new method to determine the height of the same. Joule concludes, from experiments on gases, &c., that the absolute zero of heat (absolute cold) is 450 deg. Fahr., or 491 deg. below the freezing point of water, and that at such a temperature, atmospheric air changes from a gas to a liquid, solid, or non-elastic.

The greatest degree of cold that has yet been produced artificially is 280 deg.; but the proof is so clear that Joule's deduction is correct, that there can scarcely be a doubt on that point.

Accepting it as reliable, it looks as though it might furnish data to accurately measure the height of the earth's atmosphere. It is well known from observation that the air diminishes in temperature as we ascend at the rate of about one degree Fahrenheit for each three hundred feet.

Then, if a sufficient altitude is attained to bring the temperature down to 459 deg., this altitude would be the upper limit of the earth's atmosphere, for beyond this limit the atmosphere could not exist as a gas, and, of course, not as a solid.

By this mode of figuring, at the equator, where the mean temperature of the air at the earth's surface is for 24 hours, say 70 deg., the height of the atmosphere would be a fraction over 80 miles high; and at or near the poles, where the mean temperature for a given day is zero, the height of the atmosphere on that day at that point would be a fraction over 26 miles.

Scarcely any two authorities agree as to the height of the earth's atmosphere.

Olmosted does not place its height at any definite point, but leaves one to infer that it may be a hundred miles or more; but says:—"With regard to the actual height of the atmosphere above the earth, it is not a point easily determined. Efforts have been made to ascertain its height by means of twilight, but no great reliance is placed upon this method by those who are most competent to judge of it."

Draper says:—"The atmosphere terminates at an altitude of about 50 miles."

Cooke says of the height of the atmosphere: "There is probably a limit to the upper surface of our atmosphere as definite as that of the surface of the ocean. At this elevation the repulsive force of the particles is supposed to be balanced by their gravitation towards the earth. If we assume that, at this point, the repulsive force is equal to a column of mercury one millimeter high, we can easily calculate the height of the atmosphere."

This, he then calculates by geometrical progression, taking for data the height of the barometer at different altitudes, and places the height of the atmosphere at 290 miles.

"The height of the earth's atmosphere is about 45 miles."

F. A. M.

If the immense bell which is in a large chamber at the base of one of the towers of Notre Dame, in Paris, be struck with the closed hand, a large volume of sound will be produced and will be audible at a considerable distance all round; but it has been discovered that it will be perfectly inaudible if the person advances within the bell to the centre, the sound diminishing as he proceeds from the circumference.

BRAKES OPERATED BY ELECTRICITY.—Monsieur Achard, civil engineer, has invented a method of operating brakes so that they can be instantly applied to all the wheels of a train, by touching a small lever, which has the effect to break an electric circuit, and thereby release the brakes, which are then forced against the wheels by springs. If the locomotive breaks from the train, or any coupling breaks, the electric wire will also break, and the detached cars will be stopped. The conductor, engineer, or any other attendant can instantly release the brakes in case of danger; and it is suggested that passengers

also may be allowed to do so. This invention has been recommended to the Emperor for the prize of fifty thousand francs offered for the best application of the Voltaic pile. The first trials of it were by order of the Minister of Public Works, and at the public expense; and the directors and engineers of the Eastern Railway Company aided in the practical improvements which made the invention successful. Since the preservation of life is the highest duty of railway managers, the invention of Monsieur Achard should receive their serious consideration.

GUNPOWDER, at the moment of explosion, probably exerts a force equivalent to 63 tons upon the square inch of surface exposed to its force. Count Rumford estimated this force at 10,000 atmospheres.

WOOD shavings are now extensively used for the manufacture of paper. To ascertain whether a given kind of paper contains wood, it is dipped in a warm solution of aniline and dilute sulphuric acid, when it will be immediately coloured orange if wood be present. The more intense the colour the greater the proportion of wood.

A NEW ALLOY.—Gilding is much practised in the ornamentation of buildings in modern times, but silver is little used for a similar purpose, because of its liability to tarnish when attacked by sulphide of hydrogen, thus limiting the decorator to the use of gold. M. Ch. Lange, of Paris, has invented a new alloy, equalling silver in brilliancy when used in the decoration of buildings, and said to have a base unalterable by atmospheric influences. He calls this alloy metalline, and it may be used for any imaginable purpose, such as coating statues in terra cotta, porcelain, biscuit ware, or any article which it is desired to silver.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—Both on the Continent and in this country, the manufacture of "artificial ivory" is conducted on a scale of some magnitude. The process by which the most successful imitation of natural ivory is obtained appears to consist in dissolving either india-rubber or gutta-percha in chloroform, passing chlorine through the solution until it has acquired a light yellow tint, next washing well with alcohol, then adding, in fine powder, either sulphate of baryta, sulphate of lime, sulphate of lead, alumina, or chalk, in quantity proportioned to the desired density and tint, kneading well, and finally subjecting to heavy pressure. A very tough product, capable of taking a very high polish, is obtainable in this way.

PLEASANT WAYS IN SCIENCE.

HEAT, magnetism, and electricity are ceaselessly occupied in generating motion, so that no substance we are acquainted with is absolutely still. As a mass it may be at rest; that is, it may only partake of its necessary share of the common motion of the globe and the system to which it belongs; but its molecules are never quiet. The least change of temperature moves them more or less, the least change of position places them in a different relation to the magnetic axis of the earth, and then again a change is produced, at any rate, in most bodies.

Every house affords an illustration of the way in which internal motions occur in substances that might be thought free from detrimental disturbance. Bell-wires become rotten because the particles of the copper have re-arranged themselves in a new form, by which cohesion is lessened; and iron has a tendency to grow brittle, apparently under the influence of continued concussions, though this is not perfectly clear.

A piece of glass tube might be thought a settled thing, so far as its internal structure is concerned, but thermometer makers tell us that if newly-made tubes are exactly graduated, sufficient changes are likely to occur in the course of a few months to affect the accuracy of the instrument.

Metallic substances, such as gold and German silver, are employed to make the vacuum chambers used in the construction of aneroid barometers, and these, too, are subject to molecular motions, which change the elastic power of their delicate walls, and no one has yet arrived at the art of making these vacuum chambers so as to insure this action being so small as to have no practical effect in lessening their accuracy. Those which stand tests for six or more months are likely to remain good; but a new instrument, good to-day, may be worth little next year.

From the internal motions to which all bodies are subject, it is very difficult to make a good standard measure of length, and such a standard can only be perfectly right at the exact temperature in which it was adjusted. Instruments have been contrived by which motions of expansion and contraction can be measured to infinitesimal portions of an inch, and by which the exact length of any object can be taken, or the minutest deviations from a true plane surface detected.

As a specimen of this class of instrument we may mention a *planometer*, and our description is taken

from one constructed by Mr. Browning. An aluminium circle stands upon three legs, arranged at equidistant points of its circumference, and of precisely the same length. In the centre of the circle is another leg, which can be elevated or depressed by a delicate screw, and the extent of this movement read off on the edge of the circle by a vernier. If all four legs are exactly of the same length, and the instrument is placed on a plate of glass, or any other substance which is not a true plane, one or more of the legs will not touch the surface when the others do, and if a slight angular shove is then given to the instrument it will revolve about the central leg if that leg touches any point, which it can easily be made to do.

We took a plate of glass which all four legs touched, and then we expanded a portion of the glass by the heat of one or two fingers imposed upon it for a minute. The particles of the glass experienced sufficient motion to lift some legs of the instrument higher than the others, and this extremely slight movement allowed us to rotate the instrument about its central leg. This particular instrument will measure inequalities not exceeding a fifty-thousandth of an inch.

WHO DISCOVERED THE SPHERICAL FORM OF THE EARTH.—The actual discovery is nearly lost in the darkness of remote antiquity. Anaximander—a disciple of Thales—was the first to invent a terrestrial globe, and to construct, at Sparta, a gnomon that enabled him to observe the equinoxes and solstices, and determined the obliquity of the ecliptic with tolerable accuracy. The celebrated philosopher, Aristotle—born 384 B. C., and died 322 B. C.—determined the figure and size of the earth by astronomical observations. He found proof of its spherical form in the appearance of the circular shadow it projects upon the disc of the moon, and from the unequal elevation of the solar meridian in different latitudes. This information will be found at further length in the works of Arago. Aristotle's theory of astronomy was undoubtedly wrong, but to him is due the credit of having established this important truth.

FACETIE.

A FRENCHMAN wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "de butter of de poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A SCHOOLBOY having good-naturedly helped another in a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the dominie: "Why did you work out his lesson?"—"To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

"I'll bet a sheep," said Old Meredith, to his better half, "that our boy Otto is going crazy; for he's grinnin' at the plow, he's grinnin' at the barn, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes."—"Old man!" said his wife, "you don't know nothin'." The critter's got a love-letter!

On one of the occasions when Lord Palmerston was returned as member for Tiverton, a Radical butcher of the name of Rowcliffe attracted the attention of the crowd at the hustings by calling out in stentorian tones, "My lord, I want to ask you a plain, straightforward question."—"My good friend Rowcliffe," was the reply, "I will give you a plain, straightforward answer." (Immense cheering.)—"My lord, will you, or will you not, vote for the 48 franchise?"—"Friend Rowcliffe, I will not—tall—tall—tall!" (Boars of laughter, and immediate collapse of the butcher.)

For hours previous to the most remarkable displays of his tact and eloquence in the House of Commons, the late Premier was accustomed to prepare himself by masticating many blades of grass. This fact is familiar to all who are "posted up" in the history of the British House of Commons for the last century. It is not, perhaps, so generally known that the grass which his lordship prized the most was a peculiar sort which is indigenous to the Palmerston estate in Sigo, and the freshness of which may be preserved for several years by a process not easily described. We hope that a large supply of the grass will be at once forwarded for the use of the M.P.'s and the Members of the other House.

LORD PALMERSTON always went to the House in his carriage at half-past four o'clock, partly to avoid recognition from the idlers about Westminster Hall, and also because he was busily engaged all the morning until the House met. A great-coat and a stout umbrella were taken in the carriage for the walk home. A Cabinet Minister tells an amusing story about this umbrella. The House was counted out early one summer's evening, and, as their way home lay together, he offered Lord Palmerston his arm. The offer was accepted. As he was the younger man, he offered to carry the summer overcoat. The Premier thanked him, but declined to take it

off his arm. The Minister then insisted on carrying the umbrella. It was a very stout, useful umbrella, well known in and about the House of Commons—quite Sairey Gampish, indeed, in its outline and proportions—a sort of gig umbrella raised. In Lord Palmerston's hands it passed without notice, but the smarter and younger Cabinet Minister was painfully conscious, first, of the attention it excited, and secondly, of its unusual and inconvenient weight. He could compare it to nothing but a good thick blue-book tied to the end of a stick. Up Parliament Street, through the Horse Guards, and up the steps at the foot of the Duke of York's Column, they walked together, the umbrella seeming to get uglier and heavier at every step. The stout old Premier would have used it as a walking-stick, and flourished it as a drummer wields his baton. In his colleague's hand it was so much dead weight. He declares that he never was so glad to get rid of anything he had been entrapped into carrying, and that, whenever he gave Lord Palmerston his arm again in the street, he was particularly careful not to offer to carry his umbrella.

A BROAD HINT.

Fine: "Well, how much do I owe you for that?" Cobby (dryly): "Why, sir, I'd rather leave that to you, for my mouth is so precious dry I can hardly speak the truth."

WHAT IT MEANS.—One of the latest fashions with the ladies is wearing long ends of narrow ribbon around the neck. Few of the uninitiated know the significance of the same, but the secret is now out. When they wear the ends hanging in front, it means that "the lady is married;" over the right shoulder, that "she is engaged;" down the back, that she "has a lover comin' to see her, but isn't engaged;" over the left shoulder, it means, "Fellers, come follow me." Young men, bear this in mind.

"A CHARMING GAME FOR CHILDREN."

(See Handbooks to Croquet.)

Master Owen (in an injured tone): "Oh, auntie, do speak to Teddy, and make him behave himself; when I just hit him on the head with the mallet, he will burst out crying!"—*Fun Almanack.*

A JUVENILE ESSAY ON CORPULENCE.

Clara: "Oh, Diggs, Mama wants you to pack a hamper of fruit and things for aunt—" Little Ethel: "And please, Diggs, you must put in lots of bebagables, 'cause auntie's a Bantam." (But she only meant that her aunt was "Banting.")—*Fun Almanack.*

"TICKLED WITH HISTOIRE."

Governess reads (impressively): "Henry the First, after the death of his son, was never known to smile again—" Miss Mamie: "But please, Miss Bingay, what did he do if they tickled him?"—*Fun Almanack.*

GOTHIC FURNITURE.—Master George (on the arrival of the new cabinet): "Oh, papa, do let me have it for a rabbit-hutch!"—*Punch.*

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—No wonder that ghosts enter rooms, though the doors are locked. They are all provided with skeleton keys.—*Punch.*

A SENSIBLE CHILD.

Mother: "Will you stay and listen to Dr. Growler's improving conversation, or go to bed?"

Boy: "If you please, mamma, I would much rather go to bed!"—*Punch.*

NOW, LADIES!—Lord Lyttelton, ladies, a most intelligent and accomplished nobleman, young, though not exactly a boy (born 1817), said, at Bilton the other night, "I know very well what my club in London is doing. I could not enjoy my life in the metropolis without it. I should be very miserable indeed." No more nonsense against clubs, ladies, now that you know what our betters say.—*Punch.*

MODERN HOUSES.

Mistress: "Whatever was that noise, Mary? It shook the whole house." Mary: "Please, m'm, it was only the cat sneezed in the kitchen!"—*Fun.*

ANY PORT IN A STORM.—We see it announced that the commercial travellers of Great Britain have subscribed the cost of two life-boats. This is right, for by their old wine rules they must know what heavy losses may accrue on account of a bad port.—*Fun.*

NOT A BAD CRITICISM.

Constance: "But, captain, don't you think 'King John' was very beautiful last night?"

Captain: "Why, yes, weally I don't think it was bad. It—at amuses the children, you know!"—*Fun.*

POOR DEER!—"Professor Gamgee is appealing to any public-spirited nobleman, who may be able to spare a deer from his park, to send one or two to the Albert Veterinary College, with a view to determine

whether the animal is liable to infection by the cattle plague." Perhaps this is the very coolest "appeal" ever made in the interests of (veterinary) science. Cannot Professor Gamgee rest satisfied with his licence to kill, and to prevent all attempts to cure diseased cows and oxen, without seeking an apology for the destruction of a distinct species of animals, among which no symptom of the cattle plague has yet appeared? We trust that all public-spirited noblemen, with more deer than they know what to do with, will hit upon some better plan of getting rid of them than sending them to try and catch the affection so learnedly and complacently pronounced by Professor Gamgee to be incurable.—*Fun.*

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO THAW OUT FROZEN PUMPS.—A pint of salt has been found generally sufficient. Two pints have been found enough to thaw through three feet deep. An hour's time suffices in ordinary cases.

ONE THOUSAND parts of wheat yield 740 parts of starch; of barley, 790; of rye and oats, 640; of peas, 500; of beans, 420; of potatoes, 160 to 200; of beet, parsnips, carrots, &c., under 75; grasses, from 65 to 20.

FATTENING TABLE FOWL.

The place in which poultry are fattened should not be close, but should be free from draughts of cold air, and kept at a moderately warm and uniform temperature; the roof, therefore, if of tiles, should be thickly lined with straw. Quietness being so especially desirable, it should be so situated as not to be accessible to those fowls at liberty; and it should be partially darkened, if possible. It is also important in the highest degree that it should be perfectly dry, as it is scarcely necessary to add that a fowl suffering from cold and inflammation is not likely to fatten, and it must be kept scrupulously clean.

The fattening coops should be two feet six or eight inches high in front, and about two feet deep, with a boarded roof, sloping backwards; the back and ends should be closed, and the bottom made of flat bars with rounded edges, two inches wide at the top and narrower beneath. It is very important that the bars should run from end to end of the coop (not from back to front), as the fowls cannot stand towards the front when they are in the latter position, and they should be two inches apart on the upper sides. The front of the coop should consist of rounded bars, three inches apart; two rods connected together by a loose cross-piece below, and sliding through holes made in the roof, will be found more secure than a door, as it cannot be left open by a careless feeder. Before the front should run a ledge to support the feeding-troughs, which are best made by joining two pieces of wood at a right angle, and securing the ends by letting them into grooves in stout end pieces.

The coops should be raised on legs from the ground; the most scrupulous cleanliness must be observed, otherwise disease will be produced. The coops, therefore, should be frequently lime-washed with freshly slaked lime and water, and then thoroughly dried before a fresh batch of fowls are introduced.

In cold weather, the front should be covered up with matting, or some other warm material, at night. The length of the coop must depend on the number of fowls that it is required to contain; but it is not advisable to place more than ten or a dozen together; and if strange fowls are put up, care must be taken that they agree well together, as otherwise the constant excitement would prevent their fattening.

The age at which fowls should be put up to fatten is a very important consideration. When a pullet has once laid, she cannot be made into a first-rate fowl for the table. She should, therefore, be cooped before she shows symptoms of laying. The young roosters should be put up when the curved sickle-feathers begin to show beyond the straight feathers. If these ages are exceeded, the birds do not fatten so readily, and the flesh is not equal in tenderness and delicacy to that of younger birds.

The best food for fattening poultry is sweet fresh oatmeal or barley meal, mixed either with scalding milk or water. Cooped fowls should be supplied with fresh food three times a day—namely, at daybreak, or as soon after as possible, at mid-day, and again at roosting-time; as much as they can eat should be given on each occasion, but no more than can be devoured before the next meal; should any be left, it should be removed and given to the other fowls, as if kept it is apt to become sour, when the birds will not eat it freely. The troughs for the soft meat should be scalded out daily, which can only be done conveniently by having a supply of spare ones.

In addition to soft food, a supply of fresh clean water must be constantly present, and a little grease must be given daily, otherwise the grinding action

the gizzard, which is necessary to the due digestion of food, does not go on satisfactorily; the supply of a little green food will be found very advantageous to health; a little sliced cabbage, or some turnip-tops, or a green turf to peck occasionally, being all that is required.

A variation in the diet will be found very conducive to an increased appetite, and therefore the occasional substitution of a feed of boiled barley for the slaked oatmeal is desirable. Some feeders have a division in their troughs, or still better, a small extra trough, which always contains some grains for the fowls to peck at.

Should the birds be required very fat, some mutton suet or trimmings of the loins may be chopped up and scalded with the meal, or they may be boiled in the milk or water preparatory to its being poured over the food, and the fat of the fowls so fattened will be found exceedingly firm.

In the course of about a fortnight to three weeks, at the utmost, a fowl will have attained, under this system of feeding, the highest degree of fatness it is capable of, and it must then be killed; for if the attempt be made to keep it any longer in that state, it becomes diseased, from an inflammatory action being established, which renders the flesh hard and even unwholesome.

When the fowls have arrived at a state fit for killing, they should be kept for twelve or fifteen hours without food or water, in order that the intestines may be as empty as possible, otherwise the bird turns green and useless in a short time.

An objection to this mode of fattening will probably be made—namely, that it is expensive, owing to the cost of oatmeal.

Barley-meal may be substituted, but it is not equally efficacious, and we strongly doubt whether it is any cheaper in the long run, as we believe that a fowl may be fattened at the same, or even less, cost on oatmeal than on barley-meal.

In situations where good sweet Indian corn meal can be obtained at a low rate, it will be found to answer quite as well as oatmeal; it contains a very large amount of oil.

STATISTICS.

In Ireland there is one policeman to every 420 persons. In England and Wales there is but one policeman to every 897 persons.

HONEY IN FRANCE.—The imports of honey into France in the first seven months this year were 78 tons against 109 tons in 1864, and 48 tons in 1863 (corresponding periods). The exports of honey, from France to July 31 this year were 121 tons against 256 tons in 1864, and 135 tons in 1863 (corresponding periods).

As regards exports, hardware and cutlery show a satisfactory increase, the total values for the nine months of the three years being respectively 2,669,494, 3,081,869, and 3,187,008. Of steam-engines, exported the values for the nine months of the three years were, for 1863, 1,149,876, for 1864, 1,180,310, and for 1865, 1,458,842. Other sorts of machinery, 1,881,227, 2,232,124, and 2,403,179. The exports of iron, wrought and unwrought, do not exhibit any remarkable feature in the way of increase or decrease; of railroad iron of all sorts the declared value of the exports for each period of nine months was 2,561,069, in 1863, 2,632,134, in 1864, and 2,535,714, in 1865. The total values of iron and unwrought steel exported were 9,576,266, 10,393,400, and 9,865,670, the last amount being the value of 1,182,949 tons. The exports of copper and brass for the three periods were in declared value 3,071,959, 2,677,081, and 2,388,989.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.—The influence of the gold discoveries on emigration and of emigration on wages are curiously shown by the following figures:

—In 1850, 1,182 male emigrants arrived in Sydney, and wages were 4s. 6d. per diem; in 1851, the male emigrants numbered 742 (the news of the gold discovery in May not having begun to operate), and wages were 7s. 8d. upon an average of the year; in 1852, the number of male emigrants was 1,835, and the rate of wages 9s.; in 1853, 2,796 male emigrants arrived, and wages rose to 10s.; in 1854, 2,816 male emigrants arrived, and wages rose to 21s. per day; in 1855, the number of male emigrants was 3,141, and wages were 17s.; in 1856, 2,884 male emigrants arrived, and wages dropped to 13s.; in 1857, 4,415 male emigrants arrived, and wages rose to 14s.; in 1858, 2,860 male emigrants arrived, and wages dropped to 10s. 6d.; in 1859, 2,112 emigrants arrived, and wages were still 10s. 6d.; in 1860, 1,351 male emigrants arrived, and wages were 11s.; in 1861, 794 male emigrants arrived, and wages were 11s. 6d.; in 1862, 1,172 male emigrants arrived, and wages were 10s.; in 1863, 1,966 emigrants arrived, and wages were 10s. A variety of causes influenced the rate of wages, besides the number arriving from Great Britain; but it will be seen

from this analysis that the arrival of male emigrants, so far from depressing the labour of existing workmen, in some instances advanced it in a very marked degree, and can in no instance be assigned as a cause of depression.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

HEAVEN has been very good to me,
Through four long years of strife and pain,
That I should live unscathed to see
My dear old home again.

There is no change. On yonder hill
Our church still lifts its modest spire;
The dripping wheel of the old mill
Sparkles with sunset fire.

There is the well-remembered gate,
Still keeping ward athwart the "pike;"
And—yes! there gleams the shining pate
Of the bald toll-man, Mike.

Ah, Michael, in our prankish days,
How oft we youngsters rattled through
Your toll-bar, crying, "Eag-last pays!"
But we no lag-last knew.

The bridge that years and years ago
Shook with premonitory threat
At every tread, still spans the flood,
And vainly trembles yet.

Midway between the bridge and mill,
My dear old home looks quaintly out
Through orchard vistas, down the hill,
To where I stand in doubt.

In doubt! My father's house stands here;
But half-way down yon shaded dell
She dwells who is to me more dear
Than tongue of mine can tell.

Nay! "At your dear old home," she said,
"All's well!" they surely will not chide,
That by heart-longings I was led
First to my darling's side.

So here I turn from home awhile,
And—ha! a lissome form I see,
All halo'd in the sunset's smile—
Leap, leap, my heart! 'tis she!

God bless you, darling! One more kiss!
How beautiful you are, my maid!
You saw me coming? Oh! with this,
Forty such years were paid!

Come with me, dearest! hand in hand
Through the old orchard we will roam,
Till by our father's knee we stand
Within the dear old home! C. D. G.

GEMS.

We all suffer more from our own tongue than from anybody's else.

Don't always turn back because there's danger ahead; there may be danger in the rear.

If you would have a blessing upon your riches, bestow a good portion of them in charity.

ALL our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but then it must be in their own way; what a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in ours!

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything, and satisfied with nothing.

It is observed that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another that has any of his own.

PRIDE is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more that your appearance may be of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follows it.

THE SILVER MINES OF CALIFORNIA.—Just before the departure of the last mail from California, some little excitement was caused by a rumour that the Government was about to tax the mines. A new mining district has just been discovered in Washington township, near Summit Lake City. Messrs. J. R. Newman and Julius Danielewitz first found the new deposit, which is in rich quartz rock, and a specimen of it, found only fourteen inches from the surface,

yielded by assay fifteen dollars, 95-100 in gold, and nine 41-100 in silver to the ton. This produce of silver in California will soon be considerably increased, as new mines are constantly opened, and the effect of the application of capital has not yet had time to become fully visible. It was in April, 1864, that some person, now unknown, carried to San Carlos a piece of argentiferous quartz, which he had found by accident in the river Owen, and wanted analysed. This did not attract much attention, but an adventurer named Hill explored these regions the following autumn, and discovered the Kearns mines, which yielded 900 dollars' worth of silver to the ton on analysis. He could not then turn his discovery to account, the season being far advanced, and the silver-laden land covered with a protecting deposit of snow. Last spring, as soon as the weather began to grow milder, Hill, with several companions, reascended the mountains whence the Owen river flowed, and vigorously followed up the veins. The news of the discovery made a great sensation in the country, and recently a company bought the mines, paying a royalty to the first proprietor, and afterwards gaining 700 dollars per ton of quartz for themselves. The latest advices from Reese River state that large quantities of silver ore are being piled for future working, and that new mines are constantly being discovered in the neighbouring mountains. The telegraph has just been completed from this place to San Francisco.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By comparing the note yielded by vibrations whose velocity was known with that of the buzzing of a gnat, it has been estimated that this little insect vibrates its wings 15,000 times in a second.

It is rumoured that an English whist-player has challenged the French whist-players to play one hundred rubbers at £100 a rubber, and £5,000 extra on the greatest number of rubbers.

GIANTS—NO END TO THEM.—There is at present living in Sweden a young man aged nineteen, who is 9 feet 5 inches in height; at eight years of age he was 5 feet 4 inches.

A MUTUAL provident society has been established at Beblenheim (Upper Rhine), one of the rules of which is that no person shall be admitted as a member who does not send his children to school.

A COMMENCEMENT has been made of the works for the Pneumatic Railway, which is to connect Waterloo Terminus with Whitehall by means of a tunnel under the Thames.

A NUMBER of false twenty-franc pieces have been exported from Belgium to England for "commercial" purposes. They are said to be somewhat smaller than the real Bonaparte, but otherwise looking as genuine as the real article.

It appears that there are no fewer than 70,000 barrels of gunpowder stored up in a Government magazine close to Southampton, and that if this should take fire Southampton would, in all probability, be left without one stone standing upon another.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH, the newly-appointed Judge in the Queen's Bench, is a Baptist, and is married to the daughter of a London Baptist minister. Mr. Justice Lush has never left the Baptist communion, but has uniformly acted in accordance with his denominational views.

A RENEVOLENT member of the Stock Exchange has placed at the disposal of the National Lifeboat Institution a sum of £400, to enable it to place a lifeboat, to be called the "Palmerston," at Callercote, near the mouth of the Tyne, in lieu of the former lifeboat there, which was becoming unfit for further service.

A FEW days since a seal entered the house of John Henan, of Ballykinder, and the inmates succeeded in capturing the animal, which measured eight feet in length and four feet in girth at the broadest part. In its passage from the water it had to climb over eleven perches of a sandy bank to get to Henan's house.

THE late Lord Cowper discovered, among the "archives of his house," a letter to Lord Chancellor Cowper from his steward, informing his master that his orders had been attended to at the sale of the Grevenor Fields. The steward refusing to bid more than £5,000, they were sold for 5,000 guineas. What is the value of the said fields now?

WE very sincerely regret to record the death of Mrs. Tealby. The lady was the founder of the home for lost dogs, and through her perseverance, the warm interest she maintained, and her pecuniary assistance, the institution was born, bred, and flourished, becoming an established fact, which we hope will not be allowed to pass away.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MON FRENCH.—Request shall be acceded to.

T. M.—We are much obliged for the lines on "Lord Palmerston," but must nevertheless decline them.

ROSA J.—The marriage of the mother removes the onus of further payment by the father.

IMPROVER.—Any arithmetical work will afford you all the information you require. The handwriting is good.

CARRY.—A nursery governess is merely a better kind of nursemaid, and her duties are simple; the salary is generally small.

P. J. Q.—Amongst the "fancy bets" at Doncaster, Mr. Morry laid 2,000 to 1,000 that he wins the Derby before Sir Joseph Hawley.

MADDALENE.—There are *quasi* Protestant "houses" in which English women seclude themselves from worldly affairs; but we regret that we cannot assist your object.

EDWIN R.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the lines entitled "England's Isle," which are declined with thanks.

THOMAS R.—A youth under fourteen cannot legally appropriate himself without the knowledge and consent of his parents.

W. JONES.—The lines entitled "Always be Contented," although unimpeachable in their philosophy, in poetical structure fall short of our standard, and are declined with thanks.

HARRY W. is in want of a partner for life. Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, is considered good looking, and has an income of 300l. a year. The young lady should be a year younger than himself, and be musical.

BUTTERCUP.—The premium from apprentices to either the millinery or confectionery business mostly depends on the character or standing of the house; it may be 10l. or it may be 20l.; or it may be a matter of mutual arrangement.

NANCY. who is seventeen years of age, and fair, has blue eyes, and an amiable disposition, would like to correspond matrimonially with a tall dark gentleman; if in the medical profession preferred.

DISCREET. who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with brown eyes, and curls, is affectionate, domesticated, and is engaged in tuition, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony.

A YOUNG WIDOW.—The special duties of a matron depend on the kind of institution, &c., and candidates for such engagements are often advertised for. Application might also be made to the board of directors or governors.

INCOGNITA.—We thank you for your commendations; but are unable to tell you whether the marriages contracted through our columns are in their results more or less happy than marriages in general.

W. A. would be most happy to correspond with a young lady of about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, handsome, and of good temper; is a professor of the organ and pianoforte, and has capital expectations.

F. M. S. WINDSON.—The literary inquiries are obviously of a kind that could not be answered in print, and we do not reply by post; we must therefore beg to refer you to our standing announcement on the subject at the end of this page.

M. H. M. who is twenty-six years of age, rather *petite*, and has dark brown hair and large dark hazel eyes, would like to enter upon a matrimonial correspondence with a tradesman, about thirty years of age, and able to keep a wife comfortably.

ANNIE S. wishes to correspond with a gentleman desirous of marrying. Is twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, has dark hair, grey eyes, and dark complexion, is considered good-looking, is thoroughly domesticated, accomplished, and in a respectable position.

MAY C.—If you neither "laze" nor suffer from indigestion, do you take sufficient walking exercise, and abstain from malt drinks? You should try the effect of doing so; and if they fail to remove the redness complained of, consult a medical man.

R. R. would like to correspond and exchange *cartes* with a young lady from seventeen to eighteen years of age. Is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, has blue eyes, dark hair and complexion, is very respectably connected, and belongs to the nautical profession.

F. W. who is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, neither dark nor fair, good tempered and cheerful; and M. P., who is thoroughly domesticated, and of an affectionate disposition, desire to correspond matrimonially with two steady young gentlemen.

ELLA and **BESSIE**, the former being nineteen and the latter sixteen years of age, wish to correspond with two gentlemen with a view to matrimony. "Ella" is a tall brunette

with dark hair and eyes, and of a kind and loving disposition. "Bessie" is a brunette, with light brown hair, and blue eyes, fair complexion, and very affectionate; both are thoroughly domesticated.

H. A. N.—If the whole earth's orbit, measuring nearly 200 millions of miles in diameter, were filled with a sun, that sun seen from Saturn would be only about twenty-four times greater in its apparent diameter than is the actual sun seen from the earth.

JANE S.—You should get a divorce, which can be obtained by suing in *forma pauperis*, as set forth in our last number (see reply to "J. A. H."). In the meantime, procure a magistrate's protection order for your goods and earnings, which will render you secure against your husband, should he return.

LOVING L. is willing to accept matrimonial overtures from a gentleman who is (preferably) tall and dark, bearded, and about thirty-five years of age. Is seventeen, rather *petite*, and inclined to embonpoint; has brown hair, very dark blue eyes, is considered pretty, is very good tempered, can play and sing well, and is thoroughly domesticated.

ONISSEY and **OCTAVIA**, two young ladies, who are considered handsome brunettes, the former twenty and the latter eighteen years of age, wish to correspond matrimonially with two gentlemen of about their own age, who are tall, handsome, and have a good business. "Onissey" and "Octavia" will each possess 1,000l. on their marriage.

VIOLET wishes to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with a gentleman (if tall and fair preferred). Is twenty-one years of age, of medium height, and has wavy hair and dark eyes; is highly connected, fond of music, thoroughly domesticated, and would endeavour to make home happy. Money no object.

BONHOMME, who has a Government appointment with at present 230l. per annum, is thirty-three years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of fair complexion, with brown hair and grey eyes, wishes to correspond with a young lady well educated, very good tempered, passably good looking, of domesticated habits, of any age under thirty, and having a permanent income equal to his own.

LITTLE MAY.

'Twas when the summer's early flowers,
Were bright on hill and in the moor,
And wild bees sought the jasmine bowers
Around our cottage door;
When zephyrs had a soothing tone,
And forest birds were gay,
She came to bless our quiet home—
Our darling little May.

The summer died, and autumn came,
With all his gracious store
Of purple fruits and golden grain;
And with the wind he bore
He marked our pretty garden tower,
With all, yet fairer decay,
But left us still the sweetest flower—
Our lovely little May.

Now on our rustic cottage porch
The fallen snow is white;
The trees that guard the village church,
Have lost their verdant bright;
Only the daisies creep
Around its walls of grey,
And in its lonely shadowy nook—
Our blue-eyed little May.

A. G.

EMMA R. who is seventeen years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, of fair complexion, with hazel eyes, light hair, is prepossessing in manner, and of a merry disposition, is willing to entertain matrimonial overtures from a gentleman, who must be tall and dark, of a disposition similar to her own, possess sufficient means to maintain a wife comfortably, and be highly respectable.

CHARLES HENRY G. and **MICHAEL AUGUSTUS K.** who are respectively twenty-three and twenty-one years of age, wish to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with two amiable young ladies, of prepossessing appearance and good temper. The former is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, has light blue eyes, and fair complexion; and the latter is 5 ft. 10 in. in height, has auburn hair, hazel eyes, and fair complexion.

DRAMATICS, who is thirty-three years of age, of gentlemanly habits, and kind disposition, is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with an educated young lady, of from seventeen to twenty-six years of age, who has a graceful figure, and ladylike bearing, and possesses a taste for the stage. Money is not absolutely necessary, and should the lady have any fortune, it would be settled upon herself.

S. M.—An accountant by profession, and a gentleman by birth and education, finding want of capital a great drawback to his advancement, wishes to correspond, with a view to matrimony with a lady from thirty to forty years of age, having some money at command, and who would not object to assist him in advancing his profession. (*Cartes* exchanged if desired.)

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

C. H. O. again intimates that he will be glad to exchange addresses and *cartes* with "Ruth."

FORGET-ME-NOT, who is sixteen years of age, is willing to correspond with "Walter" or "Dick," with a view to a matrimonial engagement.

HARRIETTE thinks she would make "T. C." a very affectionate wife. Is twenty years of age, fair, of medium height, has blue eyes and brown hair, and is very domesticated.

GERTRUDE, who is thirty-two years of age, tall, rather plain, but very graceful, would like to correspond with "Dick."

GERALDINE wishes to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "J. L." whom she thinks she could make happy. Is twenty-five years of age, well educated, and accomplished.

LOTTIE would be happy to correspond with "Frederick." Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, of fair complexion, is considered pretty, and is thoroughly domesticated.

H. D. who is about thirty-six years of age, wishes to correspond matrimonially with "W. D. R." the widower, whose home she would, she thinks, make happy, being affectionate and domesticated.

R. C. would be glad to correspond with "Alfred" or "Flora May." Having travelled over most of the habitable globe, and served as a cavalry officer in the late American war, and seen enough of this world outside of England, is

resolved to settle and search in it for domestic happiness. Is not particularly busy, nor a perfect Adonis, and has enough of this world's "dross" to make home comfortable, and will be glad to exchange *cartes* with either of the ladies named above.

M. M. will be very glad to open a correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "J. R." whose £200 per annum she thinks will be very useful, but does not care for money, her object being to obtain a loving husband.

VIOLET would like to correspond, and exchange *cartes* as a preliminary, with "T. D." to whom she would make a loving little wife. Is twenty years of age, considered good looking, and the daughter of a professional man.

X. Y. solicits an exchange of *cartes* from "Alfred," with a matrimonial view. Is nineteen years of age, tall, and considered very good looking; is in receipt of a small fortune, and in a respectable business.

J. H. T. would be happy to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with either "Ella" or her friend, "Alfred." Is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, twenty-one years of age, has brown hair, blue eyes, is good looking, and of a respectable family.

FRANZ, possessing all the qualities specified by "Frederick," and being about his own age, domesticated, accomplished, and affectionate, would be happy to correspond with him matrimonially.

DOROTHY will be happy to hear further from "T. D." (No. 198). Is nineteen years of age, rather *petite*, well educated, thoroughly domesticated, but has no fortune. *Cartes* to be exchanged.

FRED, who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, with dark brown curly hair, large whiskers, blue eyes, and is considered very good looking, is in a Government office, and in receipt of a good salary.

LILLIE MARJOR, preferring "good qualities to good looks," would be pleased to correspond matrimonially with "A. D." Is eighteen years of age, considered good looking, and can sing and play the piano well.

ELVIRA wishes to correspond and exchange *cartes* *de visite* with "T. D." with a view to matrimony. Is eighteen years of age, has brown curly hair, and brown eyes, is well educated, affectionate, amiable, and fond of home.

SYDNEY R. who is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark brown curly hair and blue eyes, and wears whiskers and slight moustache, would be glad to lead "Flora May" to the hymeneal altar.

WALTER S. presents himself to "Agnes T." as a suitor. Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, of rather light complexion, tolerably good-looking, good tempered, of good moral character, fond of domestic comforts and refinements, and has a flourishing business.

MISS LILLIE VALA, a young lady twenty-one years of age who possesses a moderate share of good looks and a good share of common sense, and is very affectionate and domesticated, would like to correspond with "Frederick," with a view to matrimony.

W. C. and **G. W.** would be most happy to correspond matrimonially with "Fanny" and "Agnes." "W. C." is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with dark hair and eyes; "G. W." is 5 ft. 5 in. in height, with dark hair, and eyes, and both are considered very good looking.

SCURV will be most happy to exchange *cartes*, &c., with "Flora May," with a view to a matrimonial alliance. Is twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, with brown hair, blue eyes, and fresh complexion, and is considered good looking.

G. W. and **C. H.** who are both nineteen years of age, would like to enter into a matrimonial correspondence respectively with "Fanny" and "Agnes." Each will in a short time be in a position to marry, and both are dark complexioned and considered tolerably good looking.

HARRY and **FANKE** would respectively wish like to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Lily R." and "Rose P." with a view to matrimony. "Harry" is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and dark; has moustaches, is the son of a barrister, and at present has 150l. per annum.

JOHN H. who is twenty-four years of age, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, of rather dark complexion, with brown beard and moustache, generally considered very good looking, is in a good position, and most respectably connected, thinks that he would make "Emma H." a good husband, and to that end would be glad to hear from her.

WATTS offers himself as a candidate for the hand and heart of "Flora May" (No. 150), with whom he would be happy to exchange *cartes*. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 11 in. in height, dark, with slight moustache, has an excellent temper and a very loving disposition; is the son of a tradesman, and has a very good prospect.

S. S. presents his compliments to "Emma H." and requests to be allowed to correspond and exchange *cartes* with her as a preliminary to marriage. Is twenty-four years of age, of medium height, with dark hair, eyes and whiskers, is considered good looking, has a very good appointment, with a moderate but increasing income.

LUCIA STUART and **MABEL BEDFORD** would respectively like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "Edward J. E." and "George H." "Lucia" is twenty years of age, has dark auburn hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion; "Mabel" is seventeen years of age, has dark brown hair, hazel eyes, and fair complexion; both are amiable in disposition, and thoroughly domesticated.

DON CARLOS would be happy to be accepted as a husband by "Flora May." Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, not a beauty man, but is well travelled, having traversed North and South America, from thence to Africa, India, China and Europe, and having sufficient means, does not make money a consideration; only requiring that the lady should be such an one as he could introduce with pride to his parents as his daughter.

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